J. Fowlerton Leather.

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, ABSTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,

WITH

ORIGINAL DISQUISITIONS, ARTICLES OF BIOGRAPHY, AND OTHER LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

By SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES, Esq.

VOLUME II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT-COURT, FLEET STREET,

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER-ROW, AND J. WHITE, FLEET-STREET.

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

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PREFACE.

I FEEL some satisfaction in having brought this Work to the conclusion of a second volume. From its very nature, it must become more useful in proportion to its extent; and in a moderate course of time, if its progress shall receive as much encouragement as its commencement, will embrace the account of no small Library of curious, or useful publications, of which the lapse of years has latterly confined the knowledge to the diligence of expensive collectors, or of the researchers into forgotten literature.

If the larger part of the scarce books noticed in this volume, belong to the department of Old English Poetry, the reader, who has any acquaintance with my habits, or those of my principal Correspondents, will scarcely wonder at it. By the aid of those Correspondents, I have brought forward a description of some tracts of uncommon rarity, even among the best informed Bibliographers. The "Chips" and the "Chal-

 lenge"

lenge" of Churchyard, the poems of Verstegan, and the Satire of Roy on Cardinal Wolsey, in particular, are of such unusual occurrence, that they may be deemed almost inaccessible. The memorial of these, at least, therefore, and others of the same sort, will, I trust, be considered as a grateful service to all minds embued with a spirit of liberal investigation.

In studying the varieties of the human intellect, every one who reflects deeply, will open old books with the most poignant interest, as the registers of the movements of departed minds. And what a superiority does this circumstance give to authors above all other votaries of Fame! When their bodies are mouldering in the dust, when the eye can no longer beam intelligence, nor the tongue speak, their thoughts still survive; their language yet lives; and their eloquence still exalts our understandings, or melts our hearts!

It is however well-known, that books not unfrequently become first neglected, and then scarce, from causes totally unconnected with want of merit. It is indeed notorious, that the extent, to which a work is originally circulated, too often depends more on the mechanical means used to push

it

it abroad, than its own intrinsic worth. What is most calculated to be popular, is commonly superficial; and unless where authority supersedes the real taste of the generality, many a curious and many a profound work is first unnoticed, and then lost.

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

But the flowers of the mind, the gems of fancy and sentiment, which lie buried in the gloom and dust of ancient libraries, or entombed in the sepulchral pages of Black-Letter Printers, it is my humble, though perhaps Quixotic, endeavour to rescue from undeserved obscurity.

Yet let it not be suspected, that I am so prejudiced as to think that all wisdom, and all genius, were exhausted with the ages that have past away. Every year exhibits proofs, that both Imagination and Learning are still in full vigour in this country. And if I feel a strong delight in discovering to the world the merit of some rare piece of literary antiquity, I open and peruse with at least equal avidity, and zest, the compositions of my contemporaries, which almost every month produces.

I think Gibbon has said he would not exchange his love of reading, for all the riches of the East. The sentiment is not only noble, but just. What pleasure is so pure, so cheap, so constant, so independent, so worthy a rational being? But we cannot mingle much with mankind, without meeting, among a large proportion of those, with whom we are conversant, an opinion expressed, or implied, that books are, for the most part, an useless incumbrance upon our time and our faculties. They value nothing which does not increase, what they call, practical wisdom, and which does not tend to advance them in life, by rendering them expert in the common affairs of daily occurrence.

It must be admitted that books, more especially with those, who are much occupied by them, seldom produce these effects. They rather abstract the mind, and absorb those minute attentions to surrounding trifles, which are momentarily necessary for one, who would obtain the credit of the mob, for possessing what they are pleased to denominate "good common sense."

There have been various definitions of common sense. It appears to me, to mean nothing

nothing more than an uneducated judgment, arising from a plain and coarse understanding, exercised upon common concerns, and rendered effective rather by experience, than by any regular process of the intellectual powers. If this be the proper meaning of that quality, we cannot wonder that books are little fitted for its cultivation. Nor is the deficiency at all discreditable to them.

The persons, who thus censure them, have but very superficially estimated the capacities, or the purposes of our mental endowments. They little conceive the complicated duties of society, and indescribable variety of stations, for which the human faculties require to be adapted. If the most numerous portion of mankind, are only called on to move in a narrow circle, and to perform their limited part with (what I shall venture to call) a selfish propriety, there are others, to whom higher tasks are assigned; whose lot it is to teach rather than to act; and to contribute to that acuteness, enlargement, and elevation of intellect, by which morals and legislation are improved, and the manners and habits of a kingdom refined and exalted.

It will surely be unnecessary to use any arguments in favour of a truth so obvious, as

that these purposes must be principally effected by books. In books, the powers of the mind are carried farthest, and exhibited to most advantage. How indigested, how tautologous, how imperfect, but above all how fugitive, is oral information! The same luminous arrangement, the same rejection of superfluities, the same cohesion of parts, nay the same depth of thought, the same extent of comprehension, and richness and perspicuity of detail, is impossible.

Through books we converse with the dead; bring remote ages to communicate with each other; and impel the selected wisdom of distant periods into collision. Through books, we preserve memorials of the progress of language, the gradual refinements of sentiment, and the changes of time. If it would gratify us to call up those who have slept for centuries in the cold tomb, that we might listen to their opinions, and be instructed by their information, do not old books produce to us much of the same effect? By a recovered volume of ancient date we often draw back the veil of oblivion, and unfold the secrets of the grave. We find the record of some name, that has long been buried; some proof of intellectual vigour; some animated touch of the heart; and

and thus we seem to repeople the world with some of its departed inhabitants.

But among books how immeasurable is the variety and distance, between the good and the bad; between the heavy masses of the laborious compiler, or the dull narrator of facts, and the inspired sentiment, and living imagery of the great poet! The latter indeed lives too much "in the blaze of his own flame" to require the aid of collateral light to draw attention to him. Yet there are many intermediate degrees of excellence, that need to be rescued from among the forgotten spoils of age.

I believe Mr. Malone somewhere calls Churchyard a poetaster; but surely he had some merits above those of a poetaster. It is true that his poverty seems to have urged him to write a great deal too much; and sometimes too meanly; and whoever has an opportunity of inspecting the greater part of his very rare publications will probably find many trifles, and much contemptible trash among them; but the writer of The Legend of Jane Shore was certainly not deficient in genius, and amongst his other pamphlets I have no doubt that there will at least be found many curious notices of the times. The same remarks may be made on Wither,

who

who lived half a century after him; but Wither's pretensions to genius are still less doubtful. His writings were equally multifarious; and many of them still more objectionable, because they were dictated by party virulence and sectarian cant; but amongst his numerous verses, which he seems to have scribbled with endless profusion, and with a total disregard to the art of blotting, there are entire compositions, which could not have proceeded, but from one, who was endowed with a strong poetical spirit. In those instances he is generally characterized by an easy elegance, and a copiousness of unaffected sentiment. A man of real taste, who has an opportunity of comparing all his publications, many of which can now seldom be met with, would do an acceptable service to the literary world, by giving a judicious selection from them.

Many pages of this volume, and some will think too many, have been occupied in a digested Catalogue of early books on English Agriculture. But the subject is both interesting and useful: and I suspect that an accurate examination of these works, will prove that the present age has not all the claims to discovery in this science, to which it has made pretensions. It is true

that

that the knowledge is more generally diffused and put into practice; but the theory of most of the great principles was as well known in the time of Fitzherbert as it is now. It is a great misfortune that we have lately had a large number of authors on this subject, who have ventured to write, before they have studied, or endeavoured to learn what has been already said by their predecessors. Hence we have been disgusted and satiated with the publications of uneducated farmers, whose heads have been turned by seeing their own crude conceptions in print, and fancying themselves enlightened legislators, desirous and capable of reforming errors and abuses, which their own narrow and partial views of things have exaggerated, or invented. I am not so unreasonable as to expect in every writer on Husbandry the elegance and the genius of the Georgics: but I think it would be well, if some little acquaintance with literature, some slight skill in composition, were generally required from these presumptuous consumers of paper and print. The List I have given will prove that the matter was ordered far otherwise in former times: then Judges, and Poets, and Statesmen, and great classical scholars, alone,

ventured

ventured to occupy this department of knowledge. Very few moderns, except Walter Harte, have trod in their steps: and what an interesting book has that accomplished scholar produced? Instead of crude assertions, of which the triteness is disguised only by vulgarity of language, we have extent of erudition, justness of thought, vigour of sentiment, and beauty of expression: both theories and experiments are traced to their origin through flowery and classical paths; and the deductions of reason are confirmed by the authority of ages, and their uninterrupted progress along the stream of Time. But how can rude wits venture to treat of this innocent and sublime art;—this art "so intimately blended with the most touching emotions of the soul, and most brilliant imagery of the fancy?" Which "is altogether conversant among the fields, and woods, and has the most delightful part of Nature in its province; which raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, while it teaches us; and makes the driest of its precepts look like a description*?" "Virgil (says Dryden) seems to think that the blessings of a country life are not complete,

* Addison.

without

without an improvement of knowledge by contemplation and reading.

> " O fortunatos nimium, bona si sua norint,
> Agricolas!

" It is but half possession not to understand that happiness which we possess: a foundation of good sense and a cultivation of learning, are required to give a seasoning to retirement, and make us taste the blessing. Eden was not made for beasts, though they were suffered to live in it, but for their master, who studied God in the works of his creation. Neither could the devil have been happy there with all his knowledge; for he wanted innocence to make him so. He brought envy, malice, and ambition into paradise, which soured to him the sweetness of the place. Wherever inordinate affections are, it is hell. Such only can enjoy the country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their passions behind them in the town. Then they are prepared for solitude; and in that solitude is prepared for them

> " Et secura quies, et nescia fallere vita *."

* Dedication of the Georgics to Lord Chesterfield.

I am

I am sorry that my present volume contains so few articles of History. It is my intention to make amends for this defect in the next. For if historians have not often written with that force of penetration, and eloquence of reflection, which give such interest to the higher efforts of the mind, we cannot survey even the indigested materials of the dullest memorialist, without drawing from them many rich materials for thought, and many results of experience, which will extend and increase our practical wisdom. Of productions in this department those alone are more mischievous than useful, which, being without the foundation of proper documents and authorities, flow from the pens of mercenary writers, to gratify the indiscriminate curiosity of common readers. For the defects of these no ease or elegance of style can make amends; founded as they are in vulgar errors and mere popular and temporary prejudices. The invaluable State-Papers and Memorials, relating to the period of Sir Robert Walpole's Administration, which have lately been brought to light by Mr. Coxe, have exhibited proofs of many striking instances of this kind in our common histories of that time. And in how

different

different a light from that of vulgar authors, did Lord Hailes's publication of Cecil's Secret Correspondence represent a most important point of the life of the great Sir Walter Raleigh?

But my limits will not allow me to extend this Preface farther. I have now therefore only to return thanks to my Correspondents; and though the delicacy of my friends, Mr. Park and Mr. Gilchrist, would be offended at my dwelling too largely on the subject, I must say, that to their constant aid I am indebted for the most valuable parts of my work. There is indeed one friend, the companion of my early studies, the correspondent of my youth, the severe director of my first efforts as an author, but who long since has left me behind him in that road of ambition, in which I earnestly hope that he will attain the exalted station he merits; to him I dare not express with more particularity the obligations, which I feel to him, for having stolen an hour from his more important occupations, to add variety to my pages, by an article containing abstruse information of singular interest, which few, if any, besides himself could have imparted.

May

May this volume, though it is far from satisfying the wishes or the hopes of the Editor, be received with as much candour as the former!

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

April 21, 1806.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER V.

[Being the First Number of Vol. II.]

ART. I. *Puttenham's Art of Poesie*, 1589, 4to.

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. I. P. 349.]

THE second book treats "of Poetical Proportion;" in the first chapter of which the author defines poetry to be "a skill to speak and write harmonically; and verses or rime to be a kind of musicall utterance, by reason of a certain congruity in sounds pleasing to the eare." In the third chapter describing "how many sorts of measures we use in our vulgar," are the following verses which he says "sound very harshly in mine eare, whether it be for lack of good rime or good reason, or of both I know not."

"Now suck child, and sleep child, thy mother's own joy,
Her only sweet comfort to drown all annoy;
For beauty surpassing the azured skie,
I love thee, my darling, as the ball of mine eye."

As Sir Toby observes, "it is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan," or one might suspect our critic of prejudice in this instance, for the lines will not, as I think, sound harshly in the judgment of this advanced period.

The whole of this division of his work, being occupied with the mechanical rules of poetrie, contains little worth noticing in this place, unless, the piece itself being lost, the plot of his comedie Ginæcocratia, printed towards the conclusion of the book, could be considered interesting.

Pass we now to the third book, "of Ornament," in the third chapter of which he instructs the maker, or poet, to choose his language from the court or the shires lying near London: he adds "our maker at these days shall not follow *Piers Plowman*, nor *Gower*, nor *Lidgate*, nor yet *Chaucer*; for their language is now out of use with us," and he guards his readers against the many "inkhorne termes brought in by men of learning, as preachers and schoolmasters;" a conceited practice against which Wilson also exclaims in his "Art of Rhetorick:" I know them, says he, that think rhetorick to "stand wholly upon dark words; and he that can catch an *inkhorne term* by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman and a good rhetorician." Not far distant from the former quotation, Puttenham, in ridicule of their inflated language, says, "they cannot be better resembled than to these midsummer pageants in London, where to make the people wonder are set forth great and uglie gyants marching as if they were alive, and armed at all points, but within they are stuffed full of brown paper and tow, which the shrewd boys underpeering do guilefully discover and turn to great derision."

Butler tells us that

——————A rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools;

and,

and, indeed, this were no small matter, according to Puttenham's ample catalogue, which amounts (if my fingers err not) to one hundred and nineteen; and all of them "inkhorne terms." The following epitaph (introduced for the purpose of illustrating Metaphora, or the figure of transport), "to the memorie of a deere friend, Sir John Throgmorton Knight, Justice of Chester, and a man of many commendable virtues," may not be unacceptable as a specimen of the critic's poetical talents:

Whom virtue rear'd, envy hath overthrown,
And lodged full low under this marble stone,
Nor ever was his value so well known
Whilst he liv'd here, as now that he is gone.
No sun by day that ever saw him rest
Free from the toils of his so busy charge,
No night that harbour'd rancour in his breast,
Nor merry mood made reason run at large.
His head a source of gravity and sense,
His memory a shop of civil arte;
His tongue a stream of sugared eloquence;
Wisdom and meekness mingled in his heart.

In like manner each of his rhetorical figures is exemplified by some piece of poetry, original or selected, or some curious anecdote, for the most part of his own period, and relating to persons whose names are "familiar in our mouths as household words." It is in this that the chief entertainment of his book is found: to transcribe every tradition of this garrulous old courtier would be to copy half this division of the work, and it is rendered less necessary since ample use has been made of it by Seward in his collection; nor, perhaps, would their introduction be altogether correct in this

place. Enough, it is hoped, has been said for the purposes of this work, which were to give a general idea of the volume, and having nothing of much importance to add to the accounts of the author by Ellis and Ritson, it is thought unnecessary to extend this review. O. G.

ART. II. *A Brief Examination of the Roll of Battle Abbey; with a copy of that Roll, containing the names of those who are supposed to have accompanied William the Conqueror to England.*

In the First Number of this work, in my account of Du Chesne's Scriptores Normanni, I promised the Disquisition which I now insert.

A Table pretending to contain the names of those who came over with William the Conqueror to England, was formerly suspended in the Abbey of Battle in Sussex, with the following superscription:

Dicitur a bello Bellum locus hic, quia bello
Angligenæ victi sunt hic in morte relicti:
Martyris in Christi festo cecidere Calixti:
Sexagenus erat sextus millesimus annus
Cum pereunt Angli, stellâ monstrante Cometâ.

To this list we hear vain persons making perpetual references for proof of the antiquity of their families, and even authors to this day occasionally cite it. Holinshead and Stow have both printed copies of it, but so variant from each other, that the former consists of 629 names; the latter of 407 only. Fuller, in his "Church-History," p. 155—161, has reprinted both

in opposite columns; and the learned Andrew Du Chesne, in the Appendix to his Collection of the Historians of Normandy, has inserted a copy which agrees mostly with Stow's.

Yet nearly two centuries ago the learned Camden, who excelled as much in the depth and extent of his knowledge as in the elegance of his taste and his language, and though one of our earliest, was surely the most judicious of our antiquaries, pronounced, that "whosoever considereth it well, shall find it always to be forged, and those names to be inserted, which the time in every age favoured, and were never mentioned in the notable Record of Domesday *."

I shall here insert the copy printed by Du Chesne, from the communication of Camden, but reduced into a more exact alphabetical order, accompanied by remarks, which are anticipated for the sake of avoiding a tiresome repetition of the names, but with a reservation of my main arguments till the conclusion of the list.

Roll of Battle Abbey, with Remarks. †

1. *Abel.* A name which has not a very genuine sound, as a surname.
2. *Akeney.*
3. * *Albini.* Nigel de Albini, ancestor of the ancient Earls of Arundel of that name.
4. *Amonerdville.*
5. *Augenoun.* Probably the same as Argentoun.
6. *Angilliam.*
7. *Archer.*

* Camden's Remains, p. 153, 6th edit. Lond. 1657, 4to.

† The names to which the asterisk is prefixed, are in Domesday Book.

8. **Arcy.*

8. * *Arcy.* Ancestor of the Lords D'Arcy, Earls of Holderness.
9. * *Argentoun.*
10. * *Arundell.* Lords Arundel of Wardour.
11. *Asperemound.*
12. *Aspervile.*
13. *Avenant.*
14. *Audley.* See p. 27.
15. * *Aumerle.* Albemarle.
16. *Augers.* Aungier.
17. *Bandy.*
18. *Banistre.* Perhaps Balister or Balistarius.
19. *Barbason,*
20. *Barbayon,* } Intended probably for Brabazon.
21. *Bardolph.* A family who do not seem to have risen into notice till the reign of Hen. II.
22. *Barchampe.* Probably a corruption for Beauchamp.
23. *Barnevalle.*
24. *Barrett.*
25. *Barre.*
26. *Barte.* Intended, no doubt, for Bartie; a name of no note till the reign of the Tudors.
27. *Basset.* A family whom, from the silence of Domesday book, I strongly suspect, though of great note, not to have come to England till some years after the Conquest.
28. *Bawdewyne.* Not at this time a surname.
29. *Baylife.*
30. *Bayous.* Odo, Bishop of Bayeux?
31. * *Beauchamp.* One of the powerful attendants of the Conqueror, whose family history would fill volumes.

32. *Beauper.*

32. *Beauper.*
33. *Beer.*
34. * *Beke.* Settled at Eresby in Lincolnshire, from whose heiress came the Willoughbys of Eresby.
35. *Belasyse.* A name which, though ancient, is understood to be of English local origin.
36. *Belefrown.*
37. *Belhelme.*
38. *Belknape.*
39. *Belomy.* I suppose, meant for Bellamy.
40. * *Belot.* A name of early note in Dorsetshire and Lincolnshire.
41. *Beaufort.*
42. * *Berners.* Lord of Eversdon in Cambridgeshire, temp. W. Conq.
43. *Bertevyley,* } Bretevile.
44. * *Berteville,* }
45. *Bertine.* Perhaps this may be intended for Burton.
46. * *Bertram.* Barons in Northumberland.
47. * *Bigot.* Earls of Norfolk.
48. *Blundel.*
49. *Blundell.*
50. * *Blunt.* A great Norman family of real antiquity, of which branches are surviving at Sodington in Worcestershire, and Mapledurham, in Oxfordshire, to this day.
51. *Bodyt.*
52. * *Bohun.* A high and illustrious name, Earls of Hereford, &c.
53. *Bolesur.*

54. *Bondeville,*
55. *Bonville,* } Barons temp. Hen. VI.
56 *Bonylayue.*
57. *Boteler.* An official name. Hugh Pincerna occurs in Domesday Book.
58. *Botville.*
59. *Bowlers.*
60. *Bowser.* Probably Bourchier, a great family, but who do not seem to be traced higher than the time of Edw. III.
61. * *Brœhus.* Braose, a great baronial family of Bramber in Sussex, &c.
62. *Brand.*
63. *Brasard.*
64. *Braunche.*
65. *Braybuf.* Perhaps Braybroc.
66. *Bret.*
67. * *Breton.* Several of the name of Brito occur in Domesday book.
68. *Broune.* A name, I suspect, of long subsequent date.
69. *Broyleby.*
70. *Buffard.*
71. *Bulmere.* Of early consequence in the North.
72. *Burdet.* A family of undoubted antiquity.
73. *Burden.*
74. *Burgh.* See p. 29.
75. *Bures.*
76. *Burnel.* A baronial family whose antiquity is witnessed by Dugdale.
77. *Buschell.*
78. *Bussevile.* This may be meant for Bosville

79. *Bushey.*

79. *Bushey.* Rob. de Buei occurs in Domesday book, as does Roger de Busli.
80. *Butrecourt.* Perhaps Botetourt, or Buteturt. See Dugd. Bar.
81. *Byseg.* Perhaps Biset, a family of some note in the reign of K. Stephen.
82. *Camos.* Camois, a baronial family, temp. Hen. III.
83. *Camnine.*
84. *Canville.* Camvile. See Dugd. Bar. I. 627.
85. * *Carbonell.*
86. *Carew.* See p. 29.
87 *Cateray.*
88. *Chamberlaine.* Camerarius, an official name, of which several occur in Domesday book.
89. *Chambernoune.* Champernon.
90. *Champeney.*
91. * *Chaney.* Ralph de Caineto came into England with the Conqueror.
92. *Chantelowe.* Perhaps Cantilupe. See Dug. Bar.
93. *Chereberge.*
94. *Charles.* Qu. Calgi, or Cailli, which occurs in Domesday book?
95. *Chaucer.*
96. *Chaunduyt.*
97. *Chaundos.* See Dugd. Bar. I. 502. Does not appear in Domesday book, though Rob. de Ch. certainly came over in the Conqueror's reign. See p. 24.
98. *Chaunville.* Probably the same as Camville.
99. *Chawent.*
100. *Chawnis.*
101. *Chawmont.*
102. *Chawns.*

103. *Chaworth.*

103. *Chaworth.* Patric de Cadurcis, or Chaworth, lived in the Conqueror's reign. See Dugd. B.
104. *Chayters.*
105. *Cherecourt.* Qu. Crevequeur?
106. *Cheyne.* } See Cheney.
107. *Cheynes.* }
108. *Cholmlay.* See p. 28.
109. *Clarell.*
110. *Claremaus.*
111. *Clervaile.*
112. *Clereney.*
113. *Clyfford.* See p. 27.
114. *Colet.*
115. *Colvile.* Dugdale mentions as a baronial family, temp. K. Stephen.
116. *Conell.*
117. *Coniers.* Dugdale also traces this family to the time of K. Stephen.
118. *Constable.*
119. * *Corbet.* Roger, son of Corbet held twenty-four lordships in Shropshire, temp. W. Conq. See Dugd. Bar.
120. *Corbine.*
121. *Corleville.*
122. * *Coucy.* Curcy. Rich. de Curcy. See Dug. B.
123. *Couderay.*
124. *Courtenay.* See p. 23.
125. *Cressy.* See Dug. B.
126. *Cribet.*
127. *Curly.*
128. *Cursen.* Curzon, a very ancient family.
129. *Dabernoun.*
130. *Dakeney.*

131. *Damry.*

131. *Damry*. Probably Damory. See Dug. Bar. II. 100.
132. *Daniell.*
133. *Danway*. Daunay. See Dug. B.
134. *Darell.*
135. *Dauntre.*
136. *Daveros.* Devereux.
137. *Davers.*
138. *Deauvile.* Deivell. See Dug. B.
139. *De Hewse.* Qu. Herman de Drewes, mentioned in Domesday B. ?
140. *De La Bere.*
141. *De La Hill.*
142. *De La Lind.*
143. *De La Planche.*
144. *De La Pole.*

All these names speak for themselves as to their origin.

145. *De La Vere.*
146. *De La Warre.* See Dug. B.
147. *De La Ward.* Ibid.
148. *De La Watche.*
149. *De Liele.* * L'Isle. Dug. B.
150. *Denyse.*
151. *Darcy.* D'Arcy. See before.
152. *Desuye.* Desny, or Disney.
153. *Devaus.* De Vaux. See Dug B.
154. *Dine.* Qu. * Dive?
155. *Disard.*
156. *Dispenser.* Rob. De-Spencer was steward to the Conqueror.
157. * *Divry.* D'Ivery. See Lovel.
158. *Donyngsels.* D'Odyngsels.
159. *Druell.*
160. * *Engayne.* Richard Engayne, the head of a baronial family occurs in Dom. B. and Dug. B.

161. *Escriols.*

161. *Escriols.* Criol, great Kentish Barons, but apparently not as early as W. Conq. See Dug. B.
162. *Estrange.* See p. 23.
163. *Estutaville.* Stuteville. Rob. de Stoteville lived temp. W. Conq. See Dug. B.
164. *Esturney.* * Sturmy.
165. *Evers,* or Ever, a local name from Evre, or Iver, Bucks, temp. Hen. III.
166. *Faconbridge.* Fauconberg, a great Yorkshire family, probably of later date, at least as to the name. See Dug. B.
167. *Fanecourt.*
168. *Faunville.*
169. *Fibert.*
170. *Filioll.*
171. *Finer.*
172. *Fitz-Allan.* Fitzalan, a name taken temp. Hen. I. by Wm. son of Alan, Lord of Oswaldstre, com. Salop. See p. 29.
173. *Fitz-Brown.* Meant, I suppose, for Fitz-bruen.
174. *Fitz-Herbert.* Herbert Fitzherbert was living 5 Steph. See Dug. B.
175. *Fitz-Hugh.* Dugdale says this name was not appropriated till Edw. III's reign. Dug. Bar. I. 402.
176. *Fitz-John.* This name seems to have been first taken by John Fitz John Fitz Geffrey, temp. Hen. III. He was one of the Mandeville family. Dug. Bar. I. 706. See also Fitzpain and Vesey.
177. *Fitz-Maurice.*
178. *Fitz-Marmaduke.*
179. *Fitz-Pain.* Robert Fitzpain son of Pain Fitz John,

John, brother of Eustace Fitz John, ancestor of the Vescies, both sons of John de Burgo, surnamed Monoculus, first took this name. Dug. Bar. I. 572, 90. Which is a good instance how little surnames were fixed at this time.

180. *Fitz-Philip.*

181. * *Fitz-Rauffe.* See Dug. Bar. I. 510, 678, 769.

182. *Fitz-Robert.*

183. *Fitz-Roger.*

184. *Fitz-Thomas.*

185. *Fitz-Urcy.* Fitz-Urse.

186. *Fitz-Walter.* This name seems to have been first exclusively appropriated to Robert Fitzwalter, a great Baron temp. K. John, son of Walter Lord of Dunmow, who died 10 Ric. I, son of Robert, fifth son of Richard Fitz-Gilbert (or de Tunbridge, or de Clare) to whom the Conqueror granted 175 lordships. Dug. B.

187. *Fitz-William.* First appropriated temp. Hen. II. Dug. Bar. II. 105.

188. *Fitz-Waren.* This name could not be taken earlier than the time of Hen. I. by Fulk, son of Guarine de Meez, sometimes called Fulco Vicecomes. Dug. Bar. I. 443.

189. *Foke.*

190. *Folville.*

191. *Formay.*

192. *Formiband.*

193. *Freville.* Was of note temp. Hen. III. Dug. Bar. II. 102.

194. *Frison.*

195. *Furnivale.* See p. 23.

196. *Gamages.* Gamage.

197. *Gargrave.*

197. *Gargrave.*
198. *Gascoigne.*
199. * *Gaunt.* Gilbert de Gant was son of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, and nephew to the Conqueror. Several of this family came over with William. Dug. Bar. I. 400, &c.
200. *Glaunville.* Ralph de Glanville lived temp. W. Conq. Dug. Bar. I. 423.
201. *Golofer.*
202. *Gover.* I suppose Gower.
203. *Gracy.*
204. *Gray.* The first mention of this family in public records is temp. Ric. I. Dug. Bar. I. 709.
205. *Graunson.* Grandison. See p. 23.
206. *Gurdon.* Perhaps Gernon.
207. *Gurly.*
208. *Hameleyn.* Perhaps Hanselyn, or * Alselyn. See Dug. B.
209. *Hamound.* Hamo, not then a surname.
210. *Hansard.*
211. *Harecoud.* Harcourt is said to have come over with the Conqueror and returned to Normandy. He was ancestor to Lord Harcourt.
212. *Harewell.*
213. * *Hastings.* Of palpable local origin in England.
214. *Haulay.* Hawley.
215. *Hecket.*
216. *Herne.* Heron, a Baron in Northumberland, temp. K. John. Dug. B.
217. *Husie.* Hussey. Hoese. See Dug. Bar. I. 622.
218. *Janville.* Geneville.
219. *Jarden.* Jordan.
220. *Jasperville.*

221. *Jay.*

221. *Jay.*
222. *Karre.* Carey.
223. *Karron.* Carew.
224. *Kyriell.* See Criol.
225. *Lastelles.* Lascelles of Yorkshire. Dug. Bar. II. 6.
226. *Latomere.* Latimer. Dug. B.
227. *Lave.* Qu. Lane? or * Laci?
228. *Le Despenser.* See Dispenser.
229. *Le Mare.* Delamare. Dug. Bar. II. 28.
230. * *Le Scrope.* A great and numerous family of long continuance. Dug. B.
231. *Le Strange.* See p. 23.
232. *Level.* Qu. Ledet? Dug. Bar. I. 736.
233. *Levony.*
234. *Le Wawse.* Vaux. See De Vaux.
235. * *Lindsey.* Lindesey, or Limesei. See Dug. Bar. I. 769.
236. *Lislay.* Lisle. See before.
237. *Litterile.* Probably the same as Lutterel.
238. *Logenton.*
239. *Longspes.* William Earl of Salisbury, temp. K. John, was surnamed Longspe from his long sword. He was supposed to be a Talbot, and procured his Earldom by marrying Ela, heiress of William De Ewrus, (or Salisbury) Earl of Salisbury. Dug. B.
240. *Longvaile.* } Longueville.
241. *Logeville.* }
242. *Lonschampe.* Longchamp. Hugh de Longchamp was Lord of Wilton, co. Heref. t. Hen. I. Dug. B.
243. *Loterell.* Luttrell. Dug. Bar. I. 724.
244. *Loveday.*
245. *Loy.* Qu. * Loges?

246. *Lucy.*

246. *Lucy.* First occurs in Records, temp. Hen. I. Dug. B.
247. *Mainard.*
248. *Mainwaring*, or Mesnilwarin. Richard de Mesnilwaren was one of the Barons of Hugh Lupus, Earl Palatine of Cheshire, temp. W. Conq. Dug. Bar. I. 35.
249. *Malebranche.*
250. *Maleherb.*
251. *Malemaine.* Malmains.
252. *Malevile.*
253. *Malory.*
254. * *Manduit.* Mauduit. A great family. Dug. Bar. I. 398.
255. *Manley.* A corruption probably for Mauley.
256. * *Mantell.*
257. *Marmilon.* Probably * Marmion. Rob. Marmion had a gift of Tamworth from W. Conq. Dug. Bar. I. 375.
258. *Marteine.* Martin de Tours, a Norman, won the territory of Kemeys, co. Pembr. Dug. Bar. I. 729.
259. *Mayell.* Qu. Meinell? Dug. Bar. II. 120.
260. *Maule.*
261. *Mauley.* } See p. 23.
262. *Mautravers.* Maltravers. Dug. Bar. II. 101.
263. *Menpincoy.* Qu. Montpincon?
264. *Merke.* Q. Merle, or Morley?
265. *Mesni-le-Villers.*
266. * *Montagu.*
267. *Montalent.* Q. Montalt? Dug. Bar. I. 527.
268. *Mountbocher.*
269. *Morell.*
270. *Morlray.*

270. *Moribray.* Qu. Moubray?
271. *Morley.* Dug. Bar. II. 26.
272. *Mortmain.* Probably * Mortimer. Ralph de Mortimer continually occurs in Domesd. B. See this great family's history in Dugd. Bar.
273. * *Morton.* Macy de Moritania occurs in Domesd. B.
274. *Morville.*
275. *Mountmortin.*
277. *Mountney.* Probably Munchensi. Dug. Bar. I. 561.
278. *Muffet.*
279. *Murres.* Morris.
280. * *Musard.* Hascoit Musard had great possessions temp. W. Conq. Dug. Bar.
281. *Muschamp.* Dug. Bar. I. 557.
282. *Muse.* Meus.
283. *Musgrave.* Dug. Bar. II. 153.
284. * *Musgros.* Roger de Mucelgros occurs in Dom. B.
285. *Myners.*
286. *Neele.* Nigellus Medicus occurs in Dom. B.
287. *Neville.* Geffrey de Neville the ancestor of this once princely family is not mentioned in Dom B. but he is said to have been Admiral to the Conqueror. Dug. Bar.
288. *Newborough.* Roger de Newburgh is not mentioned in Dom. B. and therefore is supposed not to have acquired the Earldom of Warwick till the latter part of the Conqueror's reign. Dug. Bar. I. 68.
289. *Newmarche.* Bernard Newmarch, a follower of the Conqueror, was a witness of one of that

king's charters to the Monks of Battle: but does not occur in Dom. B. Dug. Bar. I. 435.

290. *Norbet.*
291. *Norece.* Norris.
292. *Normanville.*
293. *Norton.*
294. *Olibef.* Probably Oiley or *D'Oiley. See Dom. B. and Dug. Bar. I. 459.
295. *Olifaunt.*
296. *Oryoll.* Qu. Crioll?
297. *Otenell.* Otburville, or Auberville.
298. *Oysell.*
299. *Pampilion.*
300. *Patine.* Perhaps Peyton.
301. *Peche.* Dug. Bar. I. 676.
302. *Pecy.* * Percy. Dug. Bar.
303. *Pekeney.* Qu. Pinkney. Dug. Bar. I. 556.
304. *Pericord.*
305. *Pericount.* } Qu. Pierrepoint?
306. *Perot.*
307. *Pershale.*
308. *Pervinxe.*
309. *Picot.*
310. **Pimeray.* Pomerai. Dug. Bar. I. 498.
311. *Poterell.* Qu. * Peverell? Ranulph Peverell occurs in Dom. B.
312. *Pouncy.*
313. *Power.*
314. *Pudsey.*
315. *Punchardon.*
316. *Pynchard.*
317. *Quiney.* Dugdale could not discover the occur-

 rence

rence of this name, till the reign of Hen. II. Dug. Bar. I. 686.

318. *Quintine.* St. Quintine, I suppose.

319. *Reymond.*

320. *Richmond.*

321. *Ridell.* Occurs in the reign of Hen. I. Dug. Bar. I. 555.

322. *Rocheford.*

323. *Rond.*

324. *Rose.* }
325. *Rous.* } Ros, or Roos.

326. *Russell.*

327. *Rynel.* Probably Reynell.

328. *St. Albine.* St. Aubyn.

329. *St. Barbe.*

330. * *St. Leger.* This name is found in records again very soon after the Conquest.

331. *St. Les.* St. Liz. Simon de St. Liz came to England with the Conq. Dug. Bar. I. 58.

332. *St. Lo.*

333. *St. More.* St. Maur, or Seymour. Milo De St. Maur occurs as a Baron, 18 Joh. Dug. Bar. II. 89.

334. *St. Omer.*

335. * *St. Quintin.* Hugh de St. Quintin appears in Dom. B.

336. *St. Scudamore.*

337. *Sandeville.*

338. *Sanford.* Rob. Vere, Earl of Oxford, married Alice daughter and heir of Gilbert de Saunford, temp. Hen. III.

339. *Savine.*

340. *Somervile.* Lords of Whichnovre, co. Staff.

by grant from the Conq. whence came W. Somerville the Poet. Dug. Bar. II. 106.

341. *Somery.* Roger de Sumeri occurs 5 K. Steph. Dug. Bar. I. 612.

342. *Souche.* Zouche. A great baronial family, but not in Domesday. Dug. Bar. I. 688.

343. *Taket.* Perhaps Tuchet, of which the first mention occurs temp. Ed. I. Dug. Bar. II. 28.

344. * *Talbot.*

345. *Talibois.*

346. *Tanny.* Tani. Rob. de Tani a witness to the Conqueror's Charter to Selby Abbey. Dug. Bar. I. 508.

347. *Taverner.*

348. *Tavers.*

349. *Tibtote.* Walter de Tibtot occurs as early as 6 K. Joh. Dug. Bar. II. 38.

350. *Tirell.*

351. * *Torell.*

352. *Totels.*

353. *Tows.* Perhaps Tours or Towers.

354. *Traynell.*

355. *Trusbut.* William, son of Geffrey Fitzpain, took the name of Trusbut, temp. Hen. I. Dug. Bar. I. 542.

356. *Truslot.* Probably the same.

358. *Trussell.* Rich. Trussell fell at the battle of Evesham, 49 Hen. III. Dug. Bar. II. 143.

359. *Turbeville.* Turberville.

360. *Turville.*

361. *Tuchet.* See Taket.

362. * *Valence.* Valoins. Pet. de Valoins, a great Baron, temp. W. Conq. Dug. Bar. I. 441.

363. *Vancord.*

363. *Vancord.* Perhaps Valletort. Dug. Bar. I. 522.
364. *Vavasor.* Dug. Bar. II. 19.
365. *Vendour.* Perhaps Venator.
366. *Verder.*
367. * *Verdon.* } Dug. Bar. I. 471.
368. * *Vere.* Earls of Oxford.
369. *Verland.*
370. * *Verlay.* Verli.
371. *Vernois.*
372. * *Vernoun.* One of the Barons of the County Palatine of Cheshire.
373. *Verny.* Verney.
374. *Vilan.*
375. *Umfraville.* Robert de Umfraville had a grant from the Conqueror of the Lordship of Riddesdale in Northumberland. Dug. Bar. I. 504.
376. *Unket.* Perhaps * Ulketel.
377. *Urnall.* Perhaps Arnold, or Wahull.
378. *Wake.* Hugh Wac appears to have been of note in the time of Hen. I. Dug. Bar. I. 539.
379. *Waledger.*
380. *Warde.* See De La Warde.
381. *Wardebus.*
382. * *Warren.* William de Warren was one of the most powerful companions of the Conqueror, at the Battle of Hastings. Dug. Bar. I. 73.
383. *Wate.*
384. *Wateline.*
385. * *Watevile.*
386. *Woly.*
387. *Wyvell.* An old Yorkshire family, but does not occur in Domesd. B.

This ignorant and disgusting forgery persons at all acquainted with our old records will require no arguments for rejecting. There seems to be a great number of names in it, which, after making every allowance for the corruptions of time and transcribers, could not, even at any subsequent period to the Conquest, ever have been in use. But perhaps there are many not habituated to travel in the dull and thorny paths of antiquity, who will not be displeased to be furnished with a few digested observations, in addition to the remarks already given, which will enable them to form a judgment of the authenticity of this often-cited memorial.

These observations I shall divide into two heads. I. Proofs of insertion of names that could not be known in England till long afterwards. II. Proofs of omission of several of the great names, which persons known to have accompanied the Conqueror, then bore: not to insist on the great variation of the different copies of this Roll, because these remarks will apply to all: otherwise it might be replied, that the Roll itself may be genuine, though some of the copies should be found to be interpolated.

First then I shall give proofs of insertion, 1st, of families who did not come to England till a subsequent period: and 2dly, of surnames which were not adopted till the lapse of some ages after the Conquest; and that of such, the greater part of the list is composed.

I. Among those in subsequent reigns, drawn hither from the continent by alliances, by the favour of our Norman kings, or by the hopes of fortune, (whom Dugdale and others assert to have been very numerous) the name of Courtnay appears in this list; yet this

this family is recorded not to have come hither till the reign of Hen. II.* and at any rate could not have been in England twenty years after the Conquest, for they are not mentioned in Domesday Book.† So the great baronial house of Strange,—of whom, long after the Norman accession, "it is said that at a Justs held in the Peke of Derbyshire at Castle-Peverell, where, among divers other persons of note, Oweyn Prince of Wales, and a son of the King of Scots were present, there were also two sons of the Duke of Bretainy, and that the younger of them being named Guy, was called Guy *Le Strange*, from whom the several families of the Stranges did descend ‡." Peter de Mauly was a Poictovin, brought over by king John to murder his nephew Prince Arthur. § Girard de Furnival came out of Normandy as late as the reign of Ric. I.; and being in the Holy Land with that king in the third year of his reign, was at the siege of Acon.‖ Otto de Grandison, the first of that name here, in the reign of Hen. III. is called by Leland "Nobilissimus Dñs Ottho de Grandisono in Burgundia Diæcesis Lausenensis, ubi castrum de Grandisono est situm firmis saxis**." Of the same reign Peter de Genevile, (or Janvile) is called "Peter de Geneva," which I think speaks his immediate foreign origin.

Having given a specimen of the subsequent transmigration hither of some families, from the positive tes-

* Dugd. Bar. I. 634. Monast. Angl. I. 786, and Cleveland's Geneal. Hist. of the Courtnays. See also Gibbon's D. and F. of the Roman Emp.

† So in Holinshead's copy *Beaumont*, who came to England only with Isabel wife of Edw. II. So *Comyn* in the same.

‡ Dugd. Bar. I. 663. § Ibid 733. ‖ Ibid 725.

** Itin. III. f. 37.

timony of historians, I will now give a list of some, of whom the silence of Domesday Book affords the strongest negative evidence. It must however be first observed, that three or four names appear by good evidence to have been attendants of the Conqueror, though not inserted in Domesday Book. This seems to have been the case with Simon de St. Liz, and with Geffrey de Nevile, who is said to have been Admiral to the Conqueror; and the Somerviles who had a grant of the Lordship of Whichnour in Staffordshire, on a singular tenure. At any rate this occurred in the case of Roger de Mowbray, according to Ord. Vitalis, and of Bernard Newmarch, and Robert de Chandos, upon the high authority of the Monasticon. But there were some, I believe, who after the battle of Hastings returned home, and again after the lapse of some years came hither, and received the Conqueror's bounty. These few exceptions, however, prove the strength of the general inference. If many had been here who were not registered in Domesday Book, their names would have oftener occurred in other records.

The negative evidence therefore is strong against the following names.

Basset,
Bonville,
Boteler, [*indeed this name is recorded under the word Pincerna in Dom. B.*]
Bourchier,
Bulmer,
Burnel,
Botetourt,
Biset,
Camois,
Camville,
Chaworth,
Colville,
Conyers,
Damory,
De Vaux,

Criol,

Crioll,	Luttrell,
Stuteville,	Meinill,
Fauconberg,	Quincy,
Glanville,	Ridel,
Gray,	St. Maur,
Hussey,	Somery,
Lascelles,	Zouche,
Latimer,	Tibtot,
Longchamp,	Touchet,
Lucy,	Wake, and others.

These great Norman names, which all appear in the Roll, but were not recorded as holders of property twenty years afterwards, either had not, at the time when Domesday was compiled, assumed these surnames, or what is more probable had not then come over. For very quickly afterwards they appear in full baronial rank and property.

If this observation operates against these illustrious names, how much more strongly will it apply to the obscure ones, which remain.

Secondly, I now come to the insertion of surnames of later date, which must lead me somewhat into the history of their origin. Camden says "about the year of our Lord 1000 surnames began to be taken up in France; but not in England till about the time of the Conquest, or a very little before, under King Edward the Confessor, who was all frenchified. Yet in England, certain it is, that as the better sort even from the Conquest by little and little took surnames, so they were not settled among the common people fully, until about the time of Edward the Second; but still varied according to the father's name, as *Richardson* if his father were *Richard*; *Hodgeson*, if his father were

were *Roger*, or in some other respect, and from thenceforth began to be established (some say by statute) in their posterity.*

"Perhaps this may seem strange to some Englishmen and Scottishmen, who, like the Arcadians, think their surnames as ancient as the moon, or at least to reach many an age beyond the Conquest. But they which think it most strange, I doubt, will hardly find any surname which descended to posterity before that time."

"As for myself I never hitherto found any hereditary surname before the Conquest, neither any that I know: and yet both I myself, and diverse, whom I know, have pored and puzzled upon many an old record and evidence to satisfy ourselves herein: and for my part I will acknowledge myself greatly indebted to them that will clear this doubt.

"But about the time of the Conquest, I observed the very primary beginning as it were of many surnames, which are thought very ancient, whenas it may be proved, that their very lineal progenitors bare other names within these six hundred years. Mortimer and Warren are accounted names of great antiquity, yet the father of the first Roger, surnamed "de Mortimer," was "Walterus de Sancto Martino," which Walter was brother to William who had assumed the surname "de Warrena." He that first took the surname of Mowbray (a family very eminent and noble) was Roger son of Nigel de Albini; which Nigel was brother to William de Albini, progenitor to the ancient Earls of Arundel," &c. †

* Camden's Rem. chapt. on Surnames. † Ibid.

The

The name of Clifford, which appears in the Battle-Abbey-Roll, and has belonged to a family one of the most illustrious and of the latest continuance of any in the kingdom, and which in truth came over with the Conqueror, was yet itself first adopted at a subsequent period. Twenty years after the Conquest, Walter and Drogo (viz. *Dru*) are recorded in Domesday book, with no other designation than as "the sons of Ponz" a Norman. They had a brother Richard, called "Richard de Pwns," who obtained of Hen. I. the cantref of Bychan, and castle of Llanymdhry in Wales, and with the consent of Maud his wife, and Simon his son, was a benefactor to the Priory of Malvern in Worcestershire. This Simon was founder of the Priory of Clifford in Herefordshire, and his brother Walter first called himself after the castle of that name, about the time of Hen. II.; for it appears by the unquestionable evidence of the "Monasticon Anglicanum" that by the name of "Walter, son of Richard, son of Ponce," he made a gift to the canons of Haghmon in Shropshire †, and afterwards by the name of "Walter de Clifford ‡," gave to the nuns of Godstow in Oxfordshire, for the health of the soul of Margaret his wife, and of Rosamond his daughter, (so well known as "the fair Rosamond") his mill at Framton in Gloucestershire. This person was living as late as 17 King John. §

Audley, the next instance, I shall cite in the words of Dugdale. "That this family of Aldithely, vulgarly called Audley, came to be great and eminent, my ensuing discourse will sufficiently manifest: but that

† Monast. Angl. Vol. II. 48 a. n. 10 & 20.

‡ Ibid. 884, b. n. 50. § Dugd. Bar. I. 335, 336.

the

the rise thereof was no higher than King John's time; and that the first who assumed this surname was a branch of that ancient and noble family of Verdon, (whose chief seat was at Alton castle in the northern part of Staffordshire) I am very inclinable to believe; partly, by reason that Henry had the inheritance of Aldithely given him by Nicholas de Verdon, who died in 16 Hen. III. or near that time; and partly, for that he bore for his arms the same ordinary as Verdon did, viz. Frettè, but distinguished with a large canton in the dexter part of the shield, and thereon a cross patè: so that probably the ancestor of this Henry first seated himself at *Aldithely*: for that there hath been an ancient mansion there, the large moat, northwards from the parish church there (somewhat less than a furlong and upon the chief part of a fair ascent) does sufficiently testify *."

Hamo, a great Kentish lord, the ancestor of the Crevequeurs, did not himself assume that name, being written in Domesday Book "Hamo Vicecomes," because he was Sheriff of Kent for life, and as late as 1111, 12 Hen II. he writes himself in a deed "Hamo Cancii Vicecomes et Henrici regis Anglorum dapifer," &c.†

Of the name of Cholmondeley, or Cholmley, Dugdale says, that it was "assumed from the lordship of Cholmundeley in Cheshire, where Sir Hugh de Cholmundeley, Kt. son and heir of Robert second son to William, Baron of Malpas, fixed his habitation, as the Egertons descended from Philip, second son to David Baron of Malpas, who were then seated at Egerton

* Dug. Bar. I. 746.

† Hasted's Kent, in the List of Sheriffs, &c.

also

also did; which practice was most usual in those elder times, as by multitudes of examples might be instanced *." This must of course have happened generations after the battle of Hastings.

De La Pole is a mere English local name, which first came into notice through William de la Pole a merchant at Hull, in the time of Edw. III. whose son William, also a merchant, was father of Michael, created Earl of Suffolk, (9 Ric. II.) †

The great family of Ros of Hamlake and Belvoir took their name in the time of Hen. I. from the lordship of Ros in Holdernesse. ‡

They who assumed the surname of Burgh, or Burke, are descended from William Fitz-Aldelm, steward to Hen. II. and governor of Wexford in Ireland. §

So the name of Multon, first taken in the time of Hen. I. by Thomas de Multon from his residence at Multon in Lincolnshire. ** Kari, (or Carey) and Karrow, (or Carrew) derived from the castles of Kari and Carew, in Somersetshire and Pembrokeshire. The name of Fitz-Warren was not taken till the time of Hen. I.; nor Fitz-Walter till that of K. John; nor Fitz-Pain, till the days of Hen. II.; nor Fitz-Hugh, till those of Edw. III.; nor Fitz-Alan till those of Hen. I.; nor Fitzwilliam till those of Hen. II.; †† nor Longspe till those of K. John; nor Trusbut, till those of Hen. I.

II. It is probable that by this time my readers will

* Dug. Bar. II. 474. † Ibid II. 180. ‡ Ibid I. 545.

§ Dugd. Bar. I. 693, and Camden's Remains.

** Dug. Bar. I. 567.

†† As to these Fitzs, it is true Will. fil. Alan, &c. occur in Domesday Book; but by no means as names of exclusive and hereditary appropriation.

deem

deem the proofs against the authenticity of the Battle Abbey Roll to be sufficient. But the instances of omission are very striking as well as those of interpolation. It is true that those omissions are not, for the most part, in the fuller catalogue printed by Holinshead, but that copy exhibits much additional matter for condemnation.

The copy here given, while it contains a number of barbarous and unintelligible names, omits, among many others to be found in Domesday Book, or other good authorities, the great families of Ferrers, Stafford, Gifford, Mohun, Mallet, Mandeville, Baliol, Salisbury, Speke, Tony, Vesci, Byron, Gernon, Gurnay, Scales, St. Waleri, Montfort, Montgomery, with those of Churchill, Lovet, Lincoln, Pauncefoot, De Salsey, De Rie, De Brioniis, De Romara, De Vipount, De Creon, De Grentemaisnil, Montfitchet, Tatshall *, &c.

Whoever is desirous to understand the real origin of surnames in England, will do well to study the chapter on this subject by Camden, inserted in his Remains, of which the following is an imperfect epitome.

Epitome of Camden's Chapter on the origin of Surnames.

I. The most surnames in number, the most ancient, and of best account, have been local, deduced from places in Normandy, Britany, France, or the Netherlands, being either the patrimonial possessions, or native places of such as served the Conqueror, or came in after, as from Normandy, Mortimer, Warren, Al-

* If the Roll of Battle Abbey had been genuine, it must have received confirmation from that authentic record of the reign of Hen. II. the Liber Niger Scaccarii, published by Hearne; but no two registers can less agree.

bini,

bini, Percy, Gournay, Devereux, St. Maure, Nevile, Ferrers, &c.: from Britany, St. Aubin, Morley, Dinant, Lascelles, &c.: from France, Courtnay, St. Leger, Villiers, Beaumont, &c : from the Netherlands, Loraine, Gaunt, Bruges, &c. and in later ages, Dabridgcourt, Robsert, Mainy, Grandison, &c.

II. Those names, which had LE set before them, were not at all local, but given in other respects; as Le Marshall, Le Latimer, (that is, interpreter) Le Dispencer, Le Scroop, Le Savage, Le Vavasour, Le Blund, Le Molineux. As they also which were never noted with DE or LE, in which number are observed, Giffard, Basset, Arundel, Talbot, Fortescue, Howard, Tirell, &c. And these distinctions with DE, or other with LE, or simply, were religiously observed until about the time of K. Edw. IV. *

III. Many strangers coming hither were named of their countries: as Breton, Gascoigne, Fleming, Picard, Burgoyne, Germaine, Westphaling, Daneis, &c. And these had commonly LE prefixed in records and writings.

IV. Names from places in England and Wales infinite: as Clifford, Stafford, Berkeley, Hastings, Hamilton, Lumley, Clinton, Manners, Paulet, Stanhope, Willoughby, Astley, &c.

At a word, all which in English had OF set before them, which in Cheshire and the North was contracted into A.: as Thomas a Dutton, &c. and all which in

* Yet there seems something like an exception in some instances which Camden gives, in another place, of local Norman names, from trees near their habitations: as Coigners, that is, Quince; Zouch, that is, the trunk of a tree; Cursy and Curson, that is, the stock of a Vine; Chesney and Cheyney, that is, Oak; Dauney, that is, Alder, &c.

Latin

Latin old evidences have had DE prefixed, were borrowed from places.

Many local names also had AT prefixed to them: as At Wood, &c.

V. Rivers also have imposed names: as Sur-Teys, Derwent-Water, Eden, &c.

VI. Many also had names from trees near their habitations: as Vine, Ash, Hawthorn.

VII. In respect of situation to other places have arisen, North, South, East, West, and likewise Northcote, Southcote, Eastcot, Westcot; and even the names of Kitchen, Lodge, &c.

VIII. After these local names, the greatest number have been derived from occupations, or professions: as Taylor, Potter, Smith, Archer, &c.

IX. Many have been assumed from offices: as Chambers, Chamberlaine, Cooke, Steward, Marshall, &c.

X. Likewise from Ecclesiastical functions: as Bishop, Abbot, Monk, Deane, Archdeacon.

XI. Names have also been taken from civil honours, dignities, and estates: as King, Duke, Prince, Lord, Baron, Knight, &c.

XII. Others from the qualities of the mind: as Good, Wise, Bold, Best, Sharp, &c.

XIII. From the habitudes of the body, and its perfections and imperfections: as Strong, Armstrong, Long, Low, Little, &c.

XIV. Others in respect of age: as Young, Child, &c.

XV. Some from the time when they were born, as Winter, Summer, Day, Holiday, Munday, &c.

XVI. Some

XVI. Some from that which they commonly carried: as Palmer, Longsword, Shakspeare, Wagstaff, &c.

XVII. Some from parts of the body: as Head, Whitehead, Legg, Foot, &c.

XVIII. Some from garments: as Hose, (Hosatus), Hat, &c.

XIX. Not a few from colours of their complexions: as White, Brown, Green, &c. Rous, that is, red, and Blunt or Blund, that is, flaxen hair, and from these Russell, and Blundell.

XX. Some from flowers and fruits: as Lilly, Rose, Nut, Peach.

XXI. Others from beasts: as Lamb, Lion, Bear, Buck, Roe, &c.

XXII. From fishes: as Playce, Salmon, Herring.

XXIII. Many from birds: as Raven, (Corbet) Swallow, (Arundel) Dove, (Bisset.)

XXIV. From Christian names, without change: as Francis, Herbert, Guy, Giles, Lambert, Owen, Godfrey, Gervas, &c.

XXV. Besides these, many surnames are derived from those Christian names which were in use about the time of the Conquest: as Achard, Aucher, Bagot, Bardolph, Dod, Dru, Godwin, Hamon, Hervye, Howard, Other, Osborn, Pain, Picot, &c.

XXVI. And not only these from the Saxons and Normans, but from many British and Welsh Christian names: as Mervin, Sitsil or Cesil, Caradock, Madoc, Rhud, &c.

XXVII. By contracting or corrupting Christian names: as Terry for Theodoric; Colin and Cole for Nicholas; Elis for Elias, &c.

XXVIII. By addition of S to Christian names: as Williams, Rogers, Peters, Harris.

XXIX. From Nicknames: as Bill; Mill for Miles, Ball for Baldwin, Pip for Pipard, Law for Lawrence, Bat for Bartholomew.

XXX. By adding S to these nicknames: as Robins, Thoms, Dicks, Hicks, &c.

XXXI. By joining KINS and INS to these names: as Dickins, Perkins, Hutchins, Hopkins.

XXXII. Diminutives from these: as Willet, Bartlet, Hewet.

XXXIII. Many more by the addition of SON to the Christian or nickname of the father: as Richardson, Stevenson, Gibson, Watson, &c.

XXXIV. Some have also had names from their mothers: as Mawds, Grace, Emson, &c.

XXXV. In the same sense it continues in those who descended from the Normans: as Fitz-Hugh, Fitz-Herbert, &c. and those from the Irish as Mac-Dermot, Mac-Arti, &c. And so among the Welsh, Ap-Robert, Ap-Harry, Ap-Rice, &c.

XXXVI. The names of alliance have also continued in some for surnames: as R. Le Frere, Le Cosin, &c.

XXXVII. Some names have also been given in merriment: as Malduit for ill-taught; Mallieure, commonly Malyvery, for Malus Leporarius, ill hunting the hare, &c.

"Hereby," says Camden, "some insight may be had in the original of surnames, yet it is a matter of great difficulty to bring them all to certain heads, when as our language is so greatly altered, not only in the

the old English, but the late Norman; for who knoweth now what these names were, Giffard, Basset, Gernon, Mallet, Howard, Peverell, Paganell or Paynell, Tailboise, Talbot, Lovet, Pancevolt, Turrell, &c. though we know the signification of some of the words?" &c.

It is also difficult to find out the causes of alteration of surnames, which has been very common.

But the most usual alteration proceeded from place of habitation. "As if Hugh of Suddington gave to his second son his manor of Frydon, to his third son his manor of Pantly, to his fourth his wood of Albdy; the sons called themselves De Frydon, De Pantley, De Albdy, and their posterity removed De."

Others took their mother's surname, as Geffrey Fitzmaldred took the name of Nevile; the son of Joseline de Lovaine took the name of Percy; Sir Theobald Russell the name of Georges, &c.

Others changed their names to that of a more honourable ancestor, as the sons of Geffrey Fitz-Petre took the name of Mandeville.

Some changed their names to those of the former possessors of the land they obtained, as the posterity of Nigel de Albini took the name of Moubray.

Others in respect of benefits as Mortimer of Richards Castle to Zouche. Others from adoption.

Some have assumed the names of their father's baronies, as the issue of Richard Fitz-Gilbert took the name of Clare.

To conclude. "The tyrant Time, which hath swallowed many names, hath also changed more by contracting, syncopating, curtailing, and mollifying them,

as Audley from Aldethelighe, Darell from Le Daiherell, Harrington from Haverington, &c."

The following is the best catalogue I can at present form from authentic evidences of the real companions of the Conqueror in his expedition to England.

" Interfuerunt huic prælio," says Ordericus Vitalis, " Eustachius Boloniæ Comes, Guillelmus Ricardi Ebroicensis Comitis filius, Goifredus Rotronis Moritoniæ Comitis filius, Guillelmus Osberni filius, Rodbertus Tiro Rogerii de Bellomonte filius, Haimericus Toarcensis præses, Hugo Stabulariorum Comes, Galterius Giphardus, et Radulphus Thoenites: Hugo de Grentemaisnilio, et Guillelmus de Garenna, aliique quamplures militaris præstantiæ fama celebratissimi; & quorum nomina Historiarum voluminibus inter bellicocissimos commendari deceat. Willelmus vero Dux eorum præstabat eis fortitudine et prudentia. Nam ille nobiliter exercitum duxit, cohibens fugam, dans animos, periculi socius, sæpius clamans ut venirent, quam jubens ire. In bello tres equi sub eo confossi ceciderunt: ter ille intrepidus desiluit, nec diu mors vectoris inulta remansit. Scuta, galeas, et loricas irato mucrone, moramque dedignante, penetravit: clypeoque suo nonnullos collisit, auxilioque multis suorum atque saluti, sicut e contra hostibus perniciei fuit *."

* Ord. Vit. apud Duchesne, p. 501.

Genuine

Genuine Catalogue of the Companions of the Conqueror to England.

1. Eustace Earl of Boulogne, in Picardy, father to the famous Godfrey of Boulogne.
2. William, son of Richard Earl of Evreux in Normandy.
3. Godfrey, son of Rotro, Earl of Moritagne.
4. William Fitz-Osborne, created Earl of Hereford. He died 1070. He married Adeline, daughter of Roger de Toeni, and was succeeded in the Earldom of Hereford by Roger de Britolio, his third son, whose daughter and coheir Emma married Ralph Guader Earl of Norfolk, whose daughter Amicia married Robert Earl of Leicester.
5. Robert Tiro, son of Roger de Bellomont, in Normandy, whom Hen. I. advanced to the Earldom of Leicester: "Tyro quidam Normannus," says William of Poictiers, "Robertus Rogerii de Bellomonte filius, Hugonis de Mellento Comitis ex Adeline sorore nepos et hæres, prælium illo die primum experiens egit quod æternandum esset laude: cum legione, quam in dextro cornu duxit, irruens ac sternens magna cum audacia.*" His great grandson Robert Fitzparnel, Earl of Leicester, who died s. p. 1204, 6 Joh. left two sisters, his coheirs, Amicia wife of Simon de Montfort, and Margaret wife of Sayer de Quincy.
6. Haimeric, the President of Tours. "Aquitanus,"

* Guil. Pict. apud Duchesne, p. 202.

11917

says William of Poictiers, "linguâ non ignobilior quam dextrâ."

7. Hugh de Montfort, whom Ord. Vitalis calls "Stabulariorum comes," son of Thurstan de Bastenbergh, a Norman. His descendant, Simon Montfort, married Amicia, sister and coheir of Robert Fitzparnel Earl of Leicester. The family long remained in Warwickshire.

8. Walter Giffard, son of Osborne de Bolebec and Aveline his wife, sister to Gunnora Duchess of Normandy, was soon after his arrival in England advanced to the Earldom of Buckinghamshire. A curious account of his wife Agnes is given by Ordericus Vitalis, pp. 809, 810. His son Walter became 2d Earl of Buckingham, but dying s. p. his great inheritance was shared between his sisters, Rohesia, wife of Richard Fitz-Gilbert, ancestor of the great family of Clare, and Isabel, wife of William Mareschal Earl of Pembroke.

9. Ralph de Tony was son of Roger, Standard Bearer of Normandy, by Alice, daughter of William Fitz Osborne. Robert de Tony, his last heir male, died 3 Edw. II., leaving Alice, his sister and heir, wife of Guy Beauchamp Earl of Warwick.

10. Hugh de Grentemaisnil, a valiant soldier, had great grants of land in Leicestershire, &c. He died 1094. He was Lord of the Honor of Hinkley. His descendant, Hugh, left a daughter, Petronel, wife of Robert Blanchmains Earl of Leicester, who died 2 Rich. I.

11. William de Warren, afterwards Earl of Surry.

He died 1089. See Watson's History of this family.

These are all recorded by William of Poictiers and Ordericus Vitalis to have been present at the battle of Hastings. The Conqueror's other companions I must collect from less direct authorities.

12. Robert Earl of Moriton, in Normandy, half-brother to the Conqueror. His son and successor, William, died s. p.
13. Odo, his brother, Bishop of Bayeux, and afterwards Earl of Kent.
14. Walter Earl of Eureux, in Normandy, whose younger son Edward called himself de Sarisburie, and was grandfather of Patric Earl of Salisbury. From hence also came the noble family of Devereux.
15. Robert Earl of Ewe, in Normandy, who had a grant of the Honour of Hastings, to whose son, Earl William, still greater territories in England were added. Earl Henry, son of the last, died 1139, whose grandson, Earl Henry, left a daughter and heir, Alice, married to Ralph de Ysendon.
16. Roger de Montgomery led the middle part of the Conqueror's army at the invasion, was first advanced to the Earldom of Arundel, and afterwards of Shrewsbury. He was succeeded in the English Earldom by his second son Hugh, on whose death the elder brother, Robert, obtained it. His son Talvace did not enjoy this

honour, but left two sons, Guy, Earl of Ponthieu, John; and two daughters, one married to Juhel, son of Walter de Meduana, the other to William, 3d Earl of Warren, and afterwards to Patric Earl of Salisbury.

17. Alan, son of Eudo Earl of Britanny, commanded the rear of the Conqueror's army, had a grant of the Earldom of Richmond, co. York. The last heiress of this great family married Ralph Lord Basset of Drayton. The family of Zouche sprung from a younger son of this house.

18. Drew Le Brever, a Fleming, to whom the Conqueror granted the territory of Holdernesse; but upon his killing a kinsman of the King, he fled, and this estate was given to Odo Earl of Champaigne, who was grandfather of William le Grosse Earl of Albemarle, whose sole daughter and heir married William de Mandeville Earl of Essex.

19. Richard Fitz-Gilbert, son of Gilbert surnamed Crispin, Earl of Brion, in Normandy, gave great assistance in the battle, had a grant of the Castle of Tunbridge in Kent, and other great possessions, of which Clare in Suffolk was one, whence he took the name of Clare. His descendants were Earls of Gloucester and Hertford. Gilbert the last Earl died 7 Ed. II., and his sisters were married to De-Spenser, Audley, and De Burgh.

20. Geffrey de Magnaville is said to have hewed down his adversaries on every side at this battle, and received great rewards in lands. His grandson, Geffrey, was advanced to the Earldom of Essex.

Geffrey

Geffrey Fitzpiers married the grandaughter of his aunt, who became the heiress.

21. William Malet was sent with the slain body of King Harold to see it decently interred. He had the Honour of Eye in Suffolk. The eldest branch soon went out in heiresses; but there is still a male descendant in the person of Sir Charles W. Mallet, who therefore, though an East Indian, eclipses in antiquity almost all our old families.

22. Hubert de Rie, who came as Ambassador from Duke William to Edward the Confessor, and was sent back into Normandy after the Conquest. His descendant, Eudo, built the Castle of Colchester, and left an heiress married to William de Mandeville.

23. Ralph de Mortimer, one of the chief commanders at the battle. A family well known for their rank and power.

24. William de Albini is stated to have come in at the Conquest. His family were Earls of Arundel.

25. William and Serlo de Percy came into England with the Conqueror,

26. Roger de Moubray came to England with the Conqueror.

27. Robert D'Oiley; the same.

28. Rob. Fitzhamon, nephew to Duke Rollo; the same. He was Lord of the Honor of Gloucester.

29. Bernard Newmarch; the same.

30. Gilbert de Montfichet, a Roman by birth, and a kinsman of the Conqueror, fought stoutly at this battle.

31. Geffrey de Neville was the King's Admiral on this occasion.
32. Robert de Chandos accompanied William from Normandy.
33. Eudo, with one Pinco, came over at this time. He took the name of Tatshall.
34. So Eugenulf de Aquila.
35. So Robert de Brus.
36. So Walter Deincourt.
37. So Gilbert de Gaunt.
38. So Guy de Creon.
39. So Ralph de Caineto, or Cheney.
40. So Hugh de Gurney.
41. So Humphry de Bohun.
42. Walter de Laci.
43. Ilbert de Laci.
44. Geffrey, Bishop of Constance, brother of Roger de Moulbray, was an eminent commander at this battle, though an ecclesiastic.
45. Simon de St. Liz, with his brother Garnerius le Rich, came over with the Conqueror.
46. Robert Fitz-Harding.
47. Walter Bec.
48. Sir William de Mohun.
49. Hameline de Balun.

ART. III. *Traits of the character of Burns, the Poet: with extracts from his letters, and a comparison of his genius with that of Cowper.*

Some traits of the character of Cowper have been already inserted in this work. Perhaps a few remarks

on a still more extraordinary genius of our days may not be unacceptable. The writer is not so presumptuous as to attempt to add any new light to what is contained in the life of Burns, by Dr. Currie, who, himself, alas! is now to be numbered with the dead; but ventures merely to indulge himself, and, he hopes, some of his readers, in dwelling on a pleasing topic, and, perhaps, in comparing some of the endowments of this gifted Being, with those of the author of the Task.

No poet's life ever exhibited colours so much in unison with those of his writings as that of Burns; and as the charms of his poetry excited our curiosity for the memoirs of the man, the latter have raised a new and infinitely increased interest in his compositions. Much as I admire the exquisite tenderness and moral delicacy of Cowper's temperament, I confess I am still more delighted with the boldness and vehemence of the bard of Caledonia. "His generous affections, his ardent eloquence, his brilliant and daring imagination*" make him my idol. His proper regard to the dignity of his own powers, his stern and indignant elevation of manners, and due jealousy and repression of the insolence of rank and wealth, are worthy of inexpressible applause.

"Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre,"

says Beattie, who, however, with a more timid character, does not seem to have entirely acted up to his own advice. Burns knew it well, and extorted respect from the most unwilling. The herd of stupid sensualists, who consider the writer of verses as an idler

* Currie. Life, 151.

in

in childish toys and silly bubbles of air, were awed in his presence. The tones of his voice, the dark frowns of his commanding countenance, the lightning of his eye, produced instantaneous feelings of inferiority and submission, and secured to genius its just estimation.

They who abandon the cause which they ought to support, who shrink before vulgar greatness, and who seem ashamed in public of that on which the reflections of their closets teach them to place the highest veneration, and on which their only claims to notice can be grounded, deserve no common contempt. The courage and high sentiments of Burns placed him far above this meanness.

In a letter to Mr. Cunningham, August 8, 1790, he says

"However, tossed about as I am, if I choose, (and who would not choose) to bind down with the crampets of attention the brazen foundation of integrity, I may rear up the superstructure of independence, and from its daring turrets bid defiance to the storms of fate. And is not this "a consummation devoutly to be wished?"

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky!"

"Are not these noble verses? They are the introduction of Smollet's Ode to Independence. How wretched is the man that hangs on by the favours of the great! To shrink from every dignity of man, at the approach of a lordly piece of self-consequence, who, amid all his tinsel glitter and stately hauteur, is but a creature formed

formed as thou art, and perhaps not so well formed as thou art, came into the world a puling infant as thou didst, and must go out of it as all men must, a naked corse.† * * * * * * *

It was not far from the same time, and nearly in the same spirit, that he wrote the following, Jan. 17, 1791, to Mr. Peter Hill.

"Take these two guineas, and place them over against that **** account of yours! which has gagged my mouth these five or six months! I can as little write good things as apologies to the man I owe money to. O the supreme curse of making three guineas do the business of five! Not all the labours of Hercules, not all the Hebrews three centuries of Egyptian bondage, were such an insuperable business, such an **** task! Poverty! thou half-sister of death, thou cousin-german of hell! where shall I find force of execration equal to the amplitude of thy demerits? Oppressed by thee, the venerable ancient, grown hoary in the practice of every virtue, laden with years and wretchedness, implores a little, little aid to support his existence from a stony hearted son of mammon, whose sun of prosperity never knew a cloud; and is by him denied and insulted. Oppressed by thee, the man of sentiment, whose heart glows with independence, and melts with sensibility, inly pines under the neglect, or writhes in bitterness of soul, under the contumely of arrogant unfeeling wealth. Oppressed by thee, the son of genius, whose ill starred ambition plants him at the tables of the fashionable and polite, must see in suffering silence his remark neglected, and his person

† "The strain of indignant invective goes on some time longer in the stile which our bard was too apt to indulge." Currie's note.

despised,

despised, while shallow greatness in his hideous attempts at wit, shall meet with countenance and applause. Nor is it only the family of worth that have reason to complain of thee: the children of folly and vice, though in common with thee the offspring of evil, smart equally under thy rod. Owing to thee, the man of unfortunate disposition and neglected education is condemned as a fool for his dissipation, despised and shunned as a needy wretch, when his follies as usual bring him to want; and when his unprincipled necessities drive him to dishonest practices, he is abhorred as a miscreant, and perishes by the justice of his country. But far otherwise is the lot of the man of family and fortune. His early follies and extravagance are spirit and fire; his consequent wants are the embarrassments of an honest fellow; and, when to remedy the matter, he has gained a legal commission to plunder distant provinces, or massacre peaceful nations, he returns, perhaps, laden with the spoils of rapine and murder; lives wicked and respected, and dies a **** and a lord!—Nay, worst of all, alas for helpless woman! the needy prostitute, who has shivered at the corner of the street, waiting to earn the wages of casual prostitution, is left neglected and insulted, ridden down by the chariot wheels of the coroneted RIP, hurrying on to the guilty assignation; she who, without the same necessities to plead, riots nightly in the same guilty trade!

"Well, divines may say of it what they please, but execration is to the mind what phlebotomy is to the body; the vital sluices of both are wonderfully relieved by their respective evacuations *."

* Letter CII. Vol. II. p. 321.

Thus

Thus it was that the sentiments which breathe in the poetry of Burns constantly animated his own bosom in the intercourse of life. They were not "conjured up" merely "for the occasions" of his Muse. He never felt, thought, or acted, but as a poet. The silent walk, the interesting hour of female society, and the rude and boisterous merriment of the feast and the bowl, were all tinctured with the varying emotions of the bard. His powerful sensibilities, too strong to be tinctured with any of that affectation which justly exposes feeble pretenders to ridicule and scorn, found an uncontrouled vent, and constantly fed that stream of living colours, in which his pen was dipped. To the artifices of composition, the trick of combining tawdry or mellifluous words, which

"Play round the 'ear;' but come not to the heart,"

he had never occasion to resort. His mind was always full, and he wrote from it: he only sought for language therefore, as the channel of his thoughts. On this account there is a pervading spirit in his writings, which shines with palpable superiority through their dress.

Dr. Currie has observed, that if fiction be the soul of poetry, as some assert, Burns can have no pretensions to the name of poet. But perhaps Dr. Currie understands the term "fiction" a little too strictly; and the proposition may not be as inconsistent with the undoubted claims of Burns, as he supposes. It is true that Burns's compositions are almost entirely founded on the feelings and circumstances of his own life. He has never shewn an extent of fiction like Shakspeare, who placed himself in a thousand situations and characters,

racters remote from his own, and then, by imagining the natural operations of the human bosom under these circumstances, realized fancy, and brought the living characters to our view. But of that fiction which could vary and new-combine the feelings and incidents of his own experience, could re-create the phantoms of his brain when they were past, could bring them before his mental eye, arrange them in new groupes, and command their vivid attendance, till he had delineated them in language and metre; how few have possessed the power like Burns! If the observation of Dr. Joseph Warton be just, that "Nature is more powerful than fancy, and we can always feel more than we can imagine," (which, perhaps, however, may be doubted) there are some great advantages in this limited species of fiction.

It must not, however, be forgot that Burns has a few claims to the power of fiction in its more enlarged sense. No poem ever more glowed with life than "Robert Bruce's Address to his army, at the battle of Bannockburn." And there are some others written for "Thomson's Scots Airs," and for "Johnson's Scots Musical Museum," of this sort.

But why should I continue the coarse and blundering touches of my pen in endeavouring to draw the portrait of Burns, when he has given us so many sketches himself. Take for instance this, from his "Letter CXXXVI. to Miss C**', Aug. 1793."

"What is said of illustrious descent is, I believe, equally true of a talent for poetry: none ever despised it who had pretensions to it. The fates and characters of the rhyming tribe often employ my thoughts when I am disposed to be melancholy. There is not among

all

all the martyrologies that ever were penned, so rueful a narrative as the lives of the poets. In the comparative of wretches, the criterion is not what they are doomed to suffer, but how they are formed to bear. Take a being of our kind, give him a stronger imagination and a more delicate sensibility, which between them will ever engender a more ungovernable set of passions than are the usual lot of man; implant in him an irresistible impulse to some idle vagary, such as arranging wild flowers in fantastical nosegays, tracing the grasshopper to his haunt by his chirping song, watching the frisks of the little minnows in the sunny pools, or hunting after the intrigues of butterflies; in short, send him adrift after some pursuit which shall eternally mislead him from the paths of lucre, and yet curse him with a keener relish than any man living for the pleasures that lucre can purchase; lastly, fill up the measure of his woes by bestowing on him a spurning sense of his own dignity, and you have created a wight nearly as miserable as a poet. To you, madam, I need not recount the fairy pleasures the Muse bestows to counterbalance this catalogue of evils. Bewitching poetry is like bewitching woman; she has in all ages been accused of misleading mankind from the councils of wisdom and the paths of prudence, involving them in difficulties, baiting them with poverty, branding them with infamy, and plunging them in the whirling vortex of ruin; yet where is the man but must own that all our happiness on earth is not worthy the name; that even the holy hermit's solitary prospect of paradisaical bliss is but the glitter of a northern sun rising over a frozen region, compared with the many pleasures, the

nameless raptures that we owe to the lovely queen of the heart of man* !"

This letter is a mixture of gallantry, playfulness, and melancholy truths. That which follows, addressed "to Mrs. Dunlop from Ellisland, New-year's-day morning, 1789," is of a much higher tone.

"This, dear madam, is a morning of wishes, and would to God that I came under the Apostle James's description! "the prayer of a righteous man availeth much." In that case, madam, you should welcome in a year full of blessings: every thing that obstructs or disturbs tranquillity and self-enjoyment should be removed, and every pleasure, that frail humanity can taste, should be yours. I own myself so little a presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought, which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little superior to mere machinery.

"This day, the first Sunday of May, a breezy blue-eyed noon some time about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of autumn; these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday.

"I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the Spectator, "The Vision of Mirza;" a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea

* Vol. II. p. 417, 18, 19.

to

to a word of three syllables: "On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my fore-fathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer."

"We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers, in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like an Eolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things — man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal and woe beyond death and the grave."

This is of a very high tone; but the next exceeds it. It is "Letter CXLVIII. to Mr. Cunningham, dated 25th Feb. 1794."

"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased? Canst thou speak peace and rest to a soul, tost on a sea of troubles, without one friendly star to guide her course, and dreading that the next surge may overwhelm her? Canst thou give to a frame, tremblingly alive as the tortures of suspence, the stability and hardihood of the rock that braves the blast? If thou canst not do the least of these, why wouldst thou disturb me in my miseries with thy inquiries after me?

"For these two months I have not been able to lift a pen. My constitution and frame were, ab origine, blasted with a deep incurable taint of hypochondria, which poisons my existence. Of late a number of domestic vexations, and some pecuniary share in the ruin of these **** times; losses which, though trifling were yet what I could ill bear, have so irritated me, that my feelings at times could only be envied by a reprobate spirit listening to the sentence that dooms it to perdition.

Are you deep in the language of consolation? I have exhausted in reflection every topic of comfort. A heart at ease would have been charmed with my sentiments and reasonings; but as to myself I was like Judas Iscariot preaching the gospel; he might melt and mould the hearts of those around him, but his own kept its native incorrigibility.

"Still there are two great pillars that bear us up amid the wreck of misfortune and misery. The one is composed of the different modifications of a certain noble, stubborn something in man, known by the names of courage, fortitude, magnanimity. The other is made up of those feelings and sentiments, which, however the sceptic may deny them, or the

enthusiast

enthusiast disfigure them, are yet, I am convinced, component parts of the human soul; those senses of the mind, if I may be allowed the expression, which connect us with, and link us to, those awful obscure realities, an all-powerful and equally beneficent God, and a world to come beyond death and the grave. The first gives the nerve of combat, while a ray of hope beams on the field. The last pours the balm of comfort into the wounds which time can never cure.

"I do not remember, my dear Cunningham, that you and I ever talked on the subject of religion at all. I know some who laugh at it as the trick of the crafty FEW, to lead the undiscerning MANY; or at most as an uncertain obscurity, which mankind can never know any thing of, and with which they are fools if they give themselves much to do. Nor would I quarrel with a man for his irreligion, any more than I would for his want of a musical ear. I would regret that he was shut out from what to me and to others were such superlative sources of enjoyment. It is in this point of view, and for this reason, that I will deeply imbue the mind of every child of mine with religion. Let me flatter myself, that this sweet little fellow, who is just now running about my desk, will be a man of a melting, ardent, glowing heart; and an imagination, delighted with the painter, and rapt with the poet. Let me figure him, wandering out in a sweet evening, to inhale the balmy gales, and enjoy the growing luxuriance of the spring; himself the while in the blooming youth of life. He looks abroad on all nature, and through Nature up to Nature's God. His soul, by swift, delighting degrees, is rapt above

this sublunary sphere, until he can be silent no longer, and bursts out into the glorious enthusiasm of Thomson,

'These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God.—The rolling year
Is full of thee.'

"These are no ideal pleasures; they are real delights; and I ask what of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say, equal to them? And they have this precious vast addition, that conscious virtue stamps them for her own; and lays hold on them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God *."

They who most value an insipid propriety and decorum, which are the protection of the dull and the stupid, will consider these ebullitions to be but little recompence for the irregularities of the bard. Their test of a good understanding and amiable character directly terminates in SELF. "What is the indiscretion," they cry, "that can be redeemed by a few songs?" A few songs! which they would not obtain at the expence of an awkward bow, and an inopportune expression! But if "to make the distant and the future predominate over the present" be "to advance us in the train of intellectual beings," then how high a station does he merit, who lives in a conflict of passions, who endures the heated temperament of fancy, who suffers poverty, neglect, and scorn, and calumny,

* II. p. 441—444.

for

for the sake of delighting those whom he has never seen, or perhaps heard of, and of charming, by the efforts of his muse, the remote shores of the Atlantic, and generations yet unborn.

The poet's frailties extend but a little way. His imprudences, his ill-timed ardours, his disregard of interest, his sallies of intemperance, and all those excesses which are always bordering on his virtues, affect but himself and a few around him. Of what thousands will his compositions tend to refine the understanding, to melt the heart, and exalt the soul! Burns's personal faults are buried with his personal virtues in the grave,

> "Where they alike in trembling hope repose,
> The bosom of his father and his God."

His works live in full vigour, and will live as long as the language lasts. Of how many a lover will they sooth the sorrows; of how many a soldier will they inflame the patriotism; of how many a genius will they fan the fires! How often will they disperse the gloom of solitude, and appease the agonies of pain! How often will they encourage virtue, and shew vice its ugliness!

That unconquerable love of intellectual fame, which urges the elevated mind

> "To scorn delights, and live laborious days,"

can never indeed be appreciated, or even conceived by these selfish and half-brutal censurers. As they know not how to value its productions, still less can they estimate with candour its concomitant errors and miseries.

"The occupations of a poet," says Dr. Currie, "are

not calculated to strengthen the governing powers of the mind, or to weaken that sensibility which requires perpetual control, since it gives birth to the vehemence of passion as well as to the higher powers of imagination. Unfortunately, the favourite occupations of genius are calculated to increase all its peculiarities; to nourish that lofty pride which disdains the littleness of prudence, and the restrictions of order; and by indulgence, to increase that sensibility which in the present form of our existence is scarcely compatible with peace or happiness, even when accompanied with the choicest gifts of fortune!

"It is observed by one who was a friend and associate of Burns, and who has contemplated and explained the system of animated nature, that no sentient being with mental powers greatly superior to those of men, could possibly live and be happy in this world. "If such a being really existed," continues he, "his misery would be extreme; with senses more delicate and refined, with perceptions more acute and penetrating, with a taste so exquisite, that the objects around him would by no means gratify it, obliged to feed on nourishment too gross for his frame, he must be born only to be miserable, and the continuation of his existence would be utterly impossible. Even in our present condition, the sameness and the insipidity of objects and pursuits, the futility of pleasure, and the infinite sources of excruciating pain, are supported with great difficulty by cultivated and refined minds. Increase our sensibilities, continue the same objects and situation, and no man could bear to live*."

"Thus it appears that our powers of sensation, as

* Smellie. See his Philosophy of Natural History, Vol. I. p. 526.

well as all our other powers, are adapted to the scene of our existence; that they are limited in mercy as well as in wisdom.

"The speculations of Mr. Smellie are not to be considered as the dreams of a theorist; they were probably founded on sad experience. The being he supposes "with senses more delicate and refined, with perceptions more acute and penetrating," is to be found in real life. He is of the temperament of genius, and, perhaps, a poet *."

They, whose conduct is not actuated by views of direct benefit to themselves, but who live for the public, and look to no personal advantages but those which are the remote and uncertain result of general esteem and admiration, are considered by the herd of mankind, as of a romantic and enthusiastic character, which is only fitted for the abodes of insanity: an opinion which the passages, cited from Currie and Smellie, will tend to confirm. "What is the use of talents," I hear them say, "which will not enable a man to direct himself; or of an imagination, which makes him melancholy and miserable?" But mark the poet in one of his happier moments! Observe the excess of his enjoyment, exhibited in the Tale of Tam O'Shanter!

——————— ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:

* Currie's Life of Burns, p. 231, 232.

The

The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter told his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy,
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm:
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride.
* * * * * *
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
&c. &c. &c. &c.

What.

What think you of this, ye dull estimators of selfish pleasures? Do not I again hear you exclaim, "Mad fancies! The sights that Tam O'Shanter describes are not true. But if they were, why bring before our minds what is only adapted to frighten us, and give us pain!" Ye gloriers in your own stupidity, what a pity it is ye wear the form of an intellectual being!

But, for the comfort of the plodders, these rapid and violent movements were wearing out the thread of life too fast. The machine could not endure this violent pace the usual length of time; and Burns died in July 1796, in his thirty-eighth year. He sunk a martyr to his sensibility: a sensibility, to which, though the bitterness of malice and envy will attribute the fatal effects of it to his vicious indulgences, yet it must be recollected that other poets have fallen victims, whose morals have been pure and spotless. The sensibility of Cowper, for a time, overwhelmed his faculties at an age as early as that at which Burns found a refuge in the grave.

The genius of Burns was more sublime than that of Cowper. Both excelled in the familiar: but yet the latter was by nature as well as education more gentle, more easy, and delicate: he had also more of tenuity, while Burns was more concise, more bold, and energetic. They both also abounded in humour, which possessed the same characteristics in each; one mild, serene, and smiling; the other daring and powerful, full of fire and imagery. The poems of one fill the heart and the fancy with the soft pleasures of domestic privacy, with the calm and innocent occupations of rural solitude, the pensive musings of the moralist, and the chastised indignation of pure and simple virtue;

tue: the poems of the other breathe by turns Grief, Love, Joy, Melancholy, Despair and Terror; plunge us in the vortex of passion, and hurry us away on the wings of unrestrained and undirected fancy.

Cowper could paint the scenery of Nature and the simple emotions of the heart with exquisite simplicity and truth. Burns could array the morning, the noon, and the evening in new colours; could add new graces to female beauty, and new tenderness to the voice of love. In every situation in which he was placed, his mind seized upon the most striking circumstances, and combining them anew, and dressing them with all the fairy trappings of his imagination, he produced visions such as none but "poets dream." Wherever he went, in whatever he was employed, he saw every thing with a poet's eye, and clothed it with a poet's tints.

The hearts and tempers of these bards seem to have been cast in moulds equally distinct: while Cowper shrunk from difficulties and was palsied with dangers, we can conceive Burns at times riding with delight in the whirlwind, performing prodigies of heroism, and foremost in the career of a glorious death. We can almost suppose in his athletic form and daring countenance, had he lived in times of barbarism, and been tempted by hard necessity to forego his principles, such an one as we behold at the head of a banditti in the savage scenery of Salvator Rosa, gilding the crimes of violence and depredation by acts of valour and generosity! In Cowper, on the contrary we view a man only fitted for the most refined state of society, and for the bowers of peace and security.

There is a relative claim to superiority on the side of Burns, on which I cannot lay so much stress as many

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are inclined to do. I mean his want of education, while the other enjoyed all the discipline and all the advantages of a great public school. If the addiction to the Muses, and the attainment of poetical excellence were nothing more than an accidental application of general talents to a particular species of intellectual occupation, how happens it that among the vast numbers educated at Westminster, or Eton, or Winchester, or Harrow, among whom there must be very many of very high natural endowments, and where day after day, and year after year, they are habituated to poetical composition by every artifice of emulation, and every advantage of precept and example, so few should attain the rank of genuine poets, while Burns in a clay-built hovel, amid the labours of the plough and the flail, under the anxiety of procuring his daily bread, with little instruction and few books, and surrounded only by the humblest society, felt an irresistible impulse to poetry, which surmounted every obstacle, and reached a felicity of expression, a force of sentiment, and a richness of imagery scarce ever rivalled by an union of ability, education, practice, and laborious effort? Thinking therefore that poetical talent is a bent impressed by the hand of Nature, I cannot give the greatest weight to subsequent artificial circumstances; but yet I must admit that in the case of Burns they were so unfavourable that no common natural genius could have overcome them.

On the contrary, there were some points in the history of Burns more propitious to the bolder features of poetry, than in that of Cowper. He wrote in the season of youth, when all the passions were at their height; his life was less uniform, and his station was

mor

more likely to encourage energy and enthusiasm, than the more polished and more insipid ranks, to which the other belonged. In the circles of fashion, fire and impetuosity are deemed vulgar; and with the roughnesses of the human character all its force is too often smoothed away. An early intercourse with the upper *mobility* is too apt to damp all the generous emotions, and make one ashamed of romantic hopes and sublime conceptions. From blights of this kind the early situation of Burns protected him. The heaths and mountains of Scotland, among which he lived, braced his nerves with vigour, and cherished the bold and striking colours of his mind.

But it seems to me vain and idle to speculate upon education and outward circumstances, as the causes or promoters of poetical genius. It is the inspiring breath of Nature alone, which gives the powers of the genuine bard, and creates a ruling propensity, and a peculiar cast of character which will rise above every impediment, but can be substituted by neither art nor labour. To write mellifluous verses in language which may seem to the eye and the ear adorned with both imagery and elegance, may be a faculty neither unattainable, nor even uncommon. But to give that soul, that predominance of thought, that illuminated tone of a living spirit, which spring in so inexplicable a manner from the chords of the real lyre, is beyond the reach of mere human arrangement, without the innate and very rare gift of the Muse. That gift has regard neither to rank, station, nor riches. It shone over the cradles of Surry, and Buckhurst, amid the splendour of palaces, and the lustre of coronets; it shone over those of Milton, and Cowley, and Dryden, and Gray, and Collins,

Collins, amid scenes of frugal and unostentatious competence and mediocrity; it shone over that of Burns, in the thatched hovel, the chill abode of comfortless penury and humble labour.

If there be any who doubt whether, in the exercise of this gift, Burns contributed to his own happiness, let them hear the testimony of himself. "Poesy," says he to Dr. Moore, "was still a darling walk for my mind; but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen, or more pieces on hand; I took up one or other as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme, and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet* !" In truth, without regard to happiness, or misery, the impulse of the true poet towards his occupation is generally irresistible, even to the neglect of all, to which prudence and self-interest imperiously dictate his attention. Thus placed in the conflict of opposite attractions he too often falls a victim to the compunctions of mental regret, and the actual stripes of worldly adversity. But the dye is cast; even the misery, which is endured in such a cause, is dear to him; and the hope that his memory will live, and the pictures of his mind be cherished when his bones are mouldering in the dust, is a counterpoise to more than ordinary sufferings!

I do not mean to encourage the idea, that the imprudences†, and much less the immoralities, of Burns, were

* Life, p. 48.

† I include not pecuniary imprudences, for which, I think, he has been unjustly

were absolutely inseparable from the brilliance of his talents, or the sensibilities of his heart. I am not justifying, I only attempt to plead for them, in mitigation of the harsh and narrow censures of malignity and envy. I call on those of dull heads and sour tempers to judge with candour and mercy, to respect human frailties, more especially when redeemed by accompanying virtues, and to enter not into the garden of Fancy with implements too coarse, lest in the attempt to destroy the weeds, they pluck up also all the flowers.

September 23, 1805.

unjustly censured. He had expended in nine years the subscription money of his poems—but how had he expended it? Partly in an unsuccessful farm; partly in assisting his friends, and partly in aid of his slender income. His contempt for money, especially as he had suffered from infancy the effects of actual penury, was highly noble and generous. I cannot agree with some critics, that he had no cause to complain of want of due patronage. Was the mean place of an exciseman, with a salary of from 35l. to 50l. a year proper for Burns after his merits were acknowledged, and his literary genius deemed a national honour? Is it wonderful, that upon such an income, such a man, who was encouraged to give up his mind to poetry, which rendered him unfit to improve it, was uneasy and discontented? He died out of debt;—but he had saved nothing!—Unpardonable imprudence!!! We are told, indeed, that an increase of income would only have increased the indulgence of his intemperance—a very generous mode of reconciling us to the hardships of his lot;—and as if intemperance was generally found to increase with affluence! Considering how immense is the present patronage of government, I must consider the neglect of Burns, whose powers had been duly appreciated, a stigma upon the age; and it is but candid to believe that more easy circumstances of fortune would have materially tended to soften the most objectionable habits of his last years, and perhaps have prolonged his life. Many points of this subject remain untouched; but the limits of this Number call on me to stop my pen.

ART.

ART. IV. *Winter. A Poem. By Jas. Thomson, A.M.* *

Rapidus sol
Nondum Hyemem contingit equis. Jam præterit æstas.
VIRG.

———Glacialis HYEMS canos hirsuta capillos. OVID.

London: printed for J. Millan, at Locke's head in Shug Lane, near the upper end of the Hay-market; and sold by J. Roberts in Warwick Lane, and N. Blandford at the London Gazette, Charing Cross. MDCCXXVI. Price one shilling. Folio. First Edition. Dedication to the Right Honourable Sir Spencer Compton.

ART. V. *Winter. A Poem. By James Thomson.*

———————Horrida cano
Bruma gelu.

The Second Edition. London: printed by N. Blandford, at Charing Cross, for J. Millan, at Locke's head in Shug Lane, near the Hay-Market, and the next Bookseller to the Horse-Guards. MDCCXXVI. Price one shilling. 8vo.

This second impression had other title-pages, professing to be the *third* and *fourth* editions; but the late Mr. Warton was told by Millan that the book lay a long time unsold upon his stall. In a letter from Thomson to Dr. Cranston, which was printed

* This academic distinction was not afterwards assumed by him, nor does it appear to have been noticed by his biographers.

in the European Magazine for May 1797, we are informed that the poet of the Seasons conceived the first design of his subject from Rickleton's * poem on Winter. Should any copy of such a poem still exist, some account of it would be most suitable to the plan of the present work; nor could it be otherwise than generally interesting, to see from what a casual germ the most luxuriant fruitage was produced. Somervile very honestly and judiciously delivered his sentiments† of the first edition of the Seasons; and Thomson appears to have attended with studious care to his friendly admonition in the subsequent impressions. Dr. Johnson indeed expresses a doubt whether in these successive revisals, the original excellence, the primitive flavour, or what Temple calls the *race*, was not partly lost; but perhaps it will be acknowledged by those who have inspected both, that the early production of the poet bears much analogy to his former

* Qu. whether the Rev. Mr. Riccalton, minister of Hobkirk, who encouraged Thomson to cultivate his early propensity for poetry, furnished him with books, and corrected his puerile essays?

† See Somervile's epistle to Thomson, in the works of the former.

" Why should thy Muse, born so divinely fair,
Want the reforming toilet's daily care!
Dress the gay maid, improve each native grace,
And call forth all the glories of her face:
Th' accomplish'd nymph, in all her best attire,
Courts shall applaud, and prostrate crowds admire:
For kind and wise the parent, who reproves
The slightest blemish in the child he loves.
Read Philips much, consider Milton more,
But from their dross extract the purer ore.
Let perspicuity o'er all preside,—
Soon shalt thou be the nation's joy and pride."

territory

territory at Rosedale *, which was narrow in extent and parsimonious of ornament, till Taste enlarged its limits and clothed the sylvan wild with a profusion of adventitious beauty. For the gratification of those who have a pleasure in tracing the progress of cultivated intellect, it is proposed to reprint the poem of WINTER as it stood in the *second* impression, marking the few variations it contains from the *first*; and it will then be in the power of any poetical reader to observe how much it was afterwards dilated and embellished by the refining hand of its original artificer.

To the second edition of the poem was added a "Preface," which shall also be given as a specimen of Thomson's composition in prose, and as an honourable vindication of his favourite pursuit.

"I am neither ignorant, nor concerned, how much one may suffer in the opinion of several persons of great gravity and character, by the study and pursuit of POETRY.

"Although there may seem to be some appearance of reason for the present contempt of it, as managed by the most part of our modern writers, yet that any man should seriously declare against that DIVINE ART, is really amazing. It is declaring against the most charming power of imagination, the most exalting force of thought, the most affecting touch of sentiment: in a word, against the very soul of all learning and politeness. It is affronting the universal taste of mankind, and declaring against what has charmed the

* This name was given to Thomson's villa in Kew Lane, by the late Mrs. Boscawen, who greatly extended the pleasure ground, and religiously preserved the reliques of an alcove which formed the summer study of the poet.

listening world from Moses down to Milton. In fine, it is even declaring against the sublimest passages of the inspired writings themselves, and what seems to be the peculiar language of heaven.

"The truth of the case is this: these weak-sighted gentlemen cannot bear the strong light of poetry, and the finer and more amusing scene of things it displays; but must those, therefore, whom heaven has blessed with the discerning eye, shut it to keep them company? It is pleasant enough, however, to observe frequently in these enemies of poetry, an awkward imitation of it. They sometimes have their little brightnesses, when the opening glooms will permit. Nay, I have seen their heaviness on some occasions deign to turn friskish and witty, in which they make just such another figure, as Æsop's ass, when he began to fawn. To compleat the absurdity, they would even in their efforts against poetry fain be poetical; like those gentlemen that reason with a great deal of zeal and severity against reason.

"That there are frequent and notorious abuses of poetry is as true as that the best things are most liable to that misfortune: but is there no end of that clamorous argument against the use of things from the abuse of them? And yet I hope that no man, who has the least sense of shame in him, will fall into it after the present sulphureous attacker * of the stage. To insist no further on this head, let poetry once more be restored to her ancient truth and purity; let her be inspired from heaven, and in return, her incense ascend thither: let her exchange her low, venal, trifling

* Probably Jeremy Collier, who died in 1726, and had attacked the stage formidably at least, if not *sulphureously*.

subjects,

subjects, for such as are fair, useful, and magnificent; and let her execute these so as at once to please, instruct, surprize, and astonish: and then, of necessity, the most inveterate ignorance and prejudice shall be struck dumb, and poets yet become the delight and wonder of mankind. But this happy period is not to be expected till some long-wished illustrious man, of equal power and beneficence, rise on the wintry world of letters: one of a genuine and unbounded greatness and generosity of mind, who, far above all the pomp and pride of fortune, scorns the little addressful flatterer; pierces through the disguised, designing villain; discountenances all the reigning fopperies of a tasteless age; and who, stretching his views into late futurity, has the true interest of virtue, learning, and mankind, entirely at heart:—a character so nobly desirable! that to an honest heart it is almost incredible so few should have the ambition to deserve it.

"Nothing can have a better influence towards the revival of poetry than the chusing of great and serious subjects: such as at once amuse the fancy, enlighten the head, and warm the heart. These give a weight and dignity to the poem: nor is the pleasure, I should say rapture, both the writer and the reader feels, unwarranted by reason, or followed by repentant disgust. To be able to write on a dry, barren theme, is looked upon by some as the sign of a happy, fruitful genius. Fruitful indeed! like one of the pendant gardens in Cheapside, watered every morning by the hand of the alderman himself. And what are we commonly entertained with on these occasions, save forced, unaffecting fancies; little glittering prettinesses; mixed turns of wit and expression; which are as widely dif-

ferent from native poetry, as buffoonery is from the perfection of human thinking? A genius fired with the charms of truth and nature is tuned to a sublimer pitch, and scorns to associate with such subjects. I cannot more emphatically recommend this poetical ambition than by the four following lines from Mr. Hill's poem, called "The Judgment Day," which is so singular an instance of it.

For me, suffice it to have taught my Muse
The tuneful triflings of her tribe to shun,
And rais'd her warmth such heavenly themes to chuse,
As, in past ages, the best garlands won.

"I know no subject more elevating, more amusing, more ready to awake the poetical enthusiasm, the philosophical reflection, and the moral sentiment, than the *works of Nature*. Where can we meet with such variety, such beauty, such magnificence? All that enlarges and transports the soul? What more inspiring than a calm, wide survey of them? In every dress Nature is greatly charming: whether she puts on the crimson robes of the morning, the strong effulgence of noon, the sober suit of the evening, or the deep sables of blackness and tempest. How gay looks the Spring! how glorious the Summer! how pleasing the Autumn! and how venerable the Winter! But there is no thinking of these things without breaking out into poetry; which is, by the bye, a plain and undeniable argument of their superior excellence. For this reason the best, both ancient and modern poets, have been passionately fond of retirement and solitude. The wild romantic country was their delight: and they seem never to have been more happy, than when lost in unfrequented

frequented fields, far from the little busy world, they were at leisure to meditate and sing the works of Nature.

"The book of Job, that noble and ancient poem, which even strikes so forcibly through a mangling translation, is crowned with a description of the grand works of Nature, and that too from the mouth of their ALMIGHTY AUTHOR! It was this devotion to the works of Nature, that, in his Georgicks, inspired the rural Virgil to write so inimitably; and who can forbear joining with him in this declaration of his, which has been the rapture of ages?

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ, &c. to
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius. Vide Georg. lib. iii.

which may be Englished thus:

Me may the Muses, my supreme delight!
Whose priest I am, smit with immense desire,
Snatch to their care; the starry tracts disclose,
The sun's distress, the labours of the moon;
Whence the earth quakes; and by what force the deeps
Heave at the rocks, then on themselves reflow;
Why winter-suns to plunge in ocean speed,
And what retards the lazy summer-night.
But, least I should these mystic truths attain,
If the cold current freezes round my heart,
The country me, the brooky vales may please,
Mid woods and streams unknown.

"I cannot put an end to this Preface, without taking the freedom to offer my most sincere and grateful acknowledgments to all those gentlemen who have given my first performance so favourable a reception. It is with the best pleasure and a rising ambition, that

I reflect on the honour Mr. Hill * has done me, in recommending my poem to the world, after a manner so peculiar to himself; than whom none approves and obliges with a nobler and more unreserving promptitude of soul. His favours are the very smiles of humanity, graceful and easy, flowing from and to the heart. This agreeable train of thought awakens naturally in my mind all the other parts of his great and amiable character, which I know not well how to quit, and yet dare not here pursue.

" Every reader who has a heart to be moved, must feel the most gentle power of poetry in the lines with which Mira has graced my poem.

" It perhaps might be reckoned vanity in me to say how richly I value the approbation of a gentleman of Mr. Malloch's fine and exact taste, so justly dear and valuable to all those that have the happiness of knowing him; and who, to say no more of him, will abundantly make good to the world, the early promise his admired piece of ' William and Margaret' has given.

" I only wish my description of the various appearances of Nature in WINTER, and, as I purpose, in the other *Seasons* †, may have the good fortune to give the reader some of that true pleasure, which they in

* Aaron Hill and David Mallet (alias Malloch) prefixed the verses printed in their works; and a third copy was signed Mira, the fictitious name of a lady, says Dr. Johnson, once too well known.

† Summer was printed in 1727, and Spring in 1728: at the same time were issued " Proposals for printing by subscription the Four Seasons, with a Hymn on their succession; a poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton; and an Essay on descriptive poetry. The latter does not seem to have been produced, but the Seasons were completed and printed in 1730, in 4to. and 8vo.

their

their agreeable succession are always sure to inspire into my heart."

Thus closes a Preface which may certainly be registered among the curiosities of literature. In a future Number part of the poem shall appear.

T. P.

ART. VI. *Rex Platonicus; sive de potentissimi Principis Jacobi Britanniarum Regis ad illustrissimam Academiam Oxoniensem adventu, Aug. 27, Anno 1605 Narratio ab Isaaco Wake. Editio sexta. Anno 1663. 12mo.*

Isaac Wake, the author of this curious little volume, was the public orator of the University. One of the most curious passages it contains is that which relates to the little spectacle exhibited at St. John's College, when James entered the University from Woodstock; and it is the more remarkable, as it is supposed to have given rise to the *Macbeth* of SHAKSPEARE, which did not appear till a year after. The passage may be found at page 29, and is as follows.

"Quorum primos jam ordines dum Principes contemplantur, primisque congratulantium acclamationibus delectantur, Collegium *D. Johannis*, nomine literarum domicilium (quod Dominus *Th. Whitus Prætor* olim *Londinensis*, opimis reditibus locupletarat,) faciles eorum oculos speciosæ structuræ adblanditione invitat; moxque & oculos & aures detinet ingeniosa, nec injucunda, lusiuncula, qua clarissimis Præses cum quinquaginta, quos alit Collegium, studiosis, magnaque Studentium conviventium caterva prodiens, Principes in transitu salutandos censuit.

Tabulæ

Tabulæ ansam dedit antiqua de Regia prosapia historiola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat *tres olim* SIBYLLAS *occurrisse duobus Scotiæ proceribus* MACBETHO *&* BANCHONI, *& illum præduxisse Regem futurum, sed Regem nullum geniturum,* hunc *Regem* non futurum sed Reges *geniturum multos.* Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit. *Banchonis* enim é stirpe Potentissimus JACOBUS oriundus. *Tres adolescentes concinno Sibyllarum habitu induti, e Collegio prodeuntes, & carmina lepida alternatim canentes, Regi se tres esse illas Sibyllas profitentur, quæ* BANCHONI *olim sobolis imperia prædixerant, jamque iterum comparere, ut eadem vaticinii veritate prædicerent* JACOBO *se jam et diu regem futurum Britanniæ felicissimum et multorum Regum parentem, ut ex* BANCHONIS *stirpe nunquam sit hæres Britannico diademati defuturus. Deinde tribus Principibus suaves felicitatum triplicitates triplicatis terminum vicibus succinentes, veniamque precantes, quod alumni ædium* Divi Johannis (qui præcursor Christi) *alumnos* Ædis Christi (quo tum Rex tendebat) *præcursoria hac salutatione antevertissent,* Principes ingeniosa fictiuncula delectatos dimittunt; quos inde universa ostantium multitudo, felici prædictionum successui suffragans votis precibusque ad portam usque invitatis Borealem prosequitur.

E.

ART.

ART. VII. *The False Favourite Disgraced; and the Reward of Loyalty. A Tragi-Comedy. Never acted. Penned by George Gerbier D'Ouvilly, Esq. London: printed for Robert Crofts, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Crown in Chancery Lane, under Sergeants Inn.* 1657. *Duod. pp.* 112.

This is a very scarce play, which it is apparent, that neither Langbaine nor Baker had ever seen, by the imperfect manner in which they mention it*.

The play itself is by no means deficient in merit. The scene is placed at Florence, from whose history at the time of the Medicis the story is drawn. There is nothing uncommon in the plot, which turns on the treachery of Hippolito, the False Favourite, by whose untrue accusations and perfidious intrigues, Pausanio is banished, the mutual attachment between Duke Cosmo and Lucebella, the daughter of Pausanio, nearly defeated, with a view to the favourite's obtainment of her, and Martiano, her brother, driven into rebellion. These artifices are at last discovered, and all ends well:—even Hippolito is forgiven.

The play is dedicated "to Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, Lord of Bulbec, Samford, Badelsmere, and Scales; to William Lord Craven, Baron of Hamsteed-

* This curious, and perhaps nearly unique, book was given the Editor by Edm. Lodge, Esq. Lord Orford, partly misled by Victor in his Playhouse Companion, has strangely erred in attributing this play to Sir Balthazar Gerbier. See Anec. of Painting, 4th edition, Vol. II. p. 99. Perhaps the dramatic writer was brother to Sir Balthazar, as Ld. O. calls him Sir Balthazar Gerbier D'Ouvilly; and he was employed by Lord Craven, who was the patron of George, in re-building his seat at Hemsted-Marshall.

Marshal,

Marshal, *my noble Lord and Colonel*; and to John Lord Bellasis, Baron of Worlaby," and is dated Sept. 1, 1657. Then follow several commendatory verses. The first copy is by James Howel, a well-known author, " to his Honoured Friend George Gerbier D'Ouville, Esq. on the Scene, and the Ingenuous Composure of this Florantine Tragi-Comedy," as follows:

Florence, 'mong cities bears the name of Fair,
For streets and stately structures, sight and air,
A city, as a late historian says,
Fit only to be seen on holidays.
She breeds great wits for high attempts, and trust,
But often bent on black revenge and lust:
We know the purest streams have ouse, and slime,
So vices mix with virtue in this clime;
And there are stores of stories in this kind,
Which as I write, come crowding to my mind;
But this of yours will serve for all, which is
Compil'd with so much art, that doubtful 'tis,
Whether the Tuscan actors shew'd more wit
In plotting, as you did in penning it.

The next copy is signed E. Aldrick. The third " to Captain Geo. Gerbier D'Ouvilly," is by Tho. Revel; the fourth " to Squier Gerbier D'Ouvilly," is by A. Prissoe: and the last, by J. Cole.

I will give one specimen of the play. Towards the close of the fifth act, when Pausanio is marching back from his exile, the Duke, Julia, Lucebella, Rosania, Dianetta, appear above as on the walls.

" *Duke.* Whom do my glad eyes look upon, Pausanio?

Lucebel. Father!

Pausanio.

Pausanio. I am that wrong'd Pausanio, whose soft heart,
Joyful to see my persecutor, melts
Itself to womanish profuseness.

Duke. We'll haste to thy embraces. [*They descend.*]

Lucebel. Dear father, make me happy in your blessing!

Pausan. Best comfort to my age, arise! And Heaven
Look favourably on thee! Thou retain'st,
My girl, thy wonted sweetness
In despite of grief.

Luceb. Next to good heaven,
The thanks belong unto the Princess.

Pausan. Oh let me kiss that bounteous hand! my heart
Was never proud but when it did you service.

Duke. My nature's not to do thus, but in answer
Of such deserving drops mine eyes rain tears.
Oh, my Pausanio, be kind, and pardon
The error of my blinded judgment; heaven
Can witness with me, that my will's untainted.

Pausan. I must believe it; I had a legal trial,
And by suborned witness was condemn'd
To undeserved death; but then your mercy
Stepped between, and sav'd me: whereas had you
Desir'd my end, I had unjustly died,
And yet 't had appear'd justice. I am still
Your loyal humble subject. [*Kneels.*

Duke. Rather the better half of my dear soul, rise!
But where's our loving kinsman? He is wrong'd too.

Pausan. I left him here; since have not heard of him,

Nor have I brought this power to increase,
But to suppress rebellion.
Where is that enemy to virtue? I dare not
Call him son.

Enter Sicanio, Ausonius, Leontinus, Prisoners.

Luceb. The Prince and he went both to meet you.

Soldier. Here's our best booty, Sir.

Pausan. Free 'em.

In you, royal young man, 'twas nobleness [*To Sicanio.*
T' attempt your injur'd friend's releasement;
For which my grateful soul shall daily pay
Your virtue tributary thanks. In him [*To Marsanio.*
'Twas monstrous impiety: thy rebellious blood
Never had birth from these pure veins. I do
Disclaim all interest in thee, and beg
The sentence of the law may pass on him.

Duke. O that were too unnatural: consider
It was his filial love to your wrong'd self
Provok'd him to 't.

Pausanio. The natural love of father never should
Make him forget the pious zeal he owes
His lawful prince; obedience, loyalty,
Are the sweet perfumes penetrate the sky:
Like it, no sacrifice such welcome finds
'Mong the celestial dwellers; nor than mutiny
And stiff-neck'd disobedience, any crime
More strictly punish'd: what tho' injury
Plotted my banishment, patience is a virtue!
He knew my spotless faith was purely free
From foul contaminating treachery,
And should with equal patience have smil'd
On my sad sufferings, interested in
My harmless innocence. Succeeding time,

(The

(The aged sire of venerable truth)
Had then on the swift wings of low-tongued fame
Hurried his work thro' the wide world: no mouth
Have mentioned his bare name, but with a kind
Of reverence due to such a son, and subject.
Whereas now fallen from the virtue he profess'd,
He lives, in spite of death, a canker'd stain
To all posterity. Those numerous tongues
That might, in emulation of his merit,
Have truly been employed, will now as justly
Brand him with name of traitor—bastard o' my blood

Martiano. Sir! [*Kneels.*

Pausan. Bends thy disloyal knee in hope of pardon?
Can such impiety meet with mercy, or in
Earth or heav'n? No, no, the gods are just,
And thou hast lost thy hope of both.

Martian. Of neither, sir;
The Duke is made of gentle pity, and
Upon my true contrition, hath forgiven
The error of my supposed duty, for which grace
Prostrated thus, I humbly kiss his feet!
And for my foul fault in the eye of heav'n
My penitential tears will purge all guilt,
And make me a pure sacrifice for their
Sweet mercy.

Duke. Martiano, rise, you have our favour:
Be worthy of it! Your youth hath had its swing,
But your now better'd judgment, I hope, will counsel
Your stout heart t' execute only what's noble.

Martian. My honest actions shall hereafter speak
My soul's intentions.

Pausan.

Pausan. Well, the gods forgive thee; and now I turn
Petitioner, and must not be denied.
Duke. Command our Dukedom!
Pausan. I only ask the life of my accuser, that he may have
A longer time to make his peace with heaven.
Duke. Go, call him forth."

ART. VIII. *Literary Obituary.*

Aug. 31st, died at Sidmouth, in the 50th year of his age, after a lingering and painful illness, supported with exemplary fortitude, James Currie, M. D. F. R. S. late of Liverpool. The works of this eminent physician and accomplished man have long ranked him in the eye of the public, among the most successful votaries of literature and medical science; while his free and independent spirit, his active and judicious philanthropy, his generous and feeling heart, will consecrate his memory in the large circle of sorrowing friends, among the brightest ornaments of nature.

Printed by T. Bensley, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER VI.

[Being the Second Number of Vol. II.]

ART. I. LIBRO DEL CONSULADO*.

Collection of the maritime usages of Barcelona, hitherto commonly called The Book of the Consulate, newly translated into Castilian, with the Limoisin text restored to its original integrity and purity; and illustrated with various appendices, glossaries, and observations historical. By Don Antonio de Capmany and de Monpalau, permanent Secretary of the Royal Academy of History. Published by the appointment and at the expence of the Royal Council and Consulate of Commerce of the same City, under the Direction of the General and Supreme Council of Commerce of the Realm. Madrid: printed by Don Antonio de Sancha, 1791. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 368 and 226.

THE above is the translation of the title page of a work handsomely printed at Madrid, in the year 1791. The first volume contains a preliminary discourse by the Editor; a table of the chapters, numbered as in the former Spanish editions, but arranged under titles,

* Consulado. Tribunal in negociatorum causis jus dicens. Dict. of the Royal Acad. of Spain.

into which the work is now for the first time divided; the Consulate itself in the old Limoisin or Catalonian and modern Castilian, in corresponding columns, arranged under separate heads; a Castilian glossary of the naval and mercantile words used in the translation; a vocabulary of the more difficult Catalonian words; and some examples of the errors of two former Castilian translations.

The second Volume, which is an Appendix to the first, contains a Castilian version of the supposed Rhodian laws from the text published by Leunclavius in his Jus Græco-Romanum; a Collection of ancient laws and ordinances of Spain relating to naval commerce, and the conduct of Merchants and Mariners; and a catalogue of authors of different nations, who have written on mercantile jurisprudence and maritime legislation.

The Book of the Consulate of the Sea is considered to be the most ancient, and certainly was the most generally received, body of written customs relating to the maritime commerce of modern Europe, now extant. The earliest printed copies commonly known are in the Italian language, and the Collection itself has sometimes been supposed to be an Italian work, and been attributed to the Pisans. The present Editor, in a very learned preface, vindicates the claim of his own country to the honour of its compilation.

Cleirac in his preface to the Us et coutumes de la mer, Rouen, 1571, page 2, says, that Queen Eleanor first drew up the Roole d' Oleron in that Island on her return from a Crusade, at a time when the customs of the Eastern Sea, inserted in the Book of the Consulate, were in vogue and credit through all the east.

Grotius

Grotius de Jure B. et P. Book iii. C. v. Sect. 5, Note 6, says, there is published in Italian a book called the Consulate of the Sea, in which are found the Ordinances on this subject (the text relates to assistance given by neutrals to enemies) made by the Greek Emperors, the Emperors of Germany, the Kings of France, Spain, Syria, Cyprus, Majorca, and Minorca, and the Republics of Venice and Genoa. Emerigon in the preface to his Traitè des Assurances, p. 6, cites Grotius as saying that the Consulate itself is a Collection of Ordinances of these Emperors, Kings, &c. and adds that he is followed in this respect by Marquardus, Chap. v. Sect. 39. Emerigon also adds on the authority of Targa, Chap. xcvi. Page 395, that this collection was composed by the order of the ancient Kings of Arragon, and became the rule, to which almost all the Christian nations addicted to maritime commerce, voluntarily submitted: and then states it to have been adopted at Rome in 1075, at Acre in 1111, at Majorca in 1112, at Piza in 1118, at Marseilles in 1162, at Almeria in 1174, at Genoa in 1186, at Rhodes in 1190, in the Morea in 1200, at Venice in 1215, in Germany in 1224, at Messina in 1225, at Paris in 1250, at Constantinople in 1262, &c. Emerigon appears to have taken these dates from the catalogue, that is found in the several former editions.

The present Editor has pointed out several errors and anachronisms in the catalogue, but supposes it to have been founded on tradition, and to evince at least the antiquity and general adoption of the code. Indeed most of the older foreign jurists mention both its antiquity and its prevalence. The Editor has rejected

this catalogue, but his observations upon it are selected from his preface, and subjoined to a translation of it.

ROME. The year of the incarnation of Christ 1075 on the Calends of March, allowed at Rome in St. John the Lateran, and an oath taken by the Romans to observe them for ever.

Obser. If the collection had been of Italian origin, it would have been found either in the Latin or ancient Tuscan language.

ACRE. 1111.* On the Calends of September, allowed at Acre, on the way to Jerusalem, by King Lewis and the Count of Thoulouse, and they swore to observe them for ever.

Obser. Lewis the Seventh of France did not go to Palestine until the year 1147.

MAJORCA. 1112. † Allowed at Majorca by the Pisans, and they swore to observe them for ever.

Obser. The Pisans did not land in this island till 1115.

PISA. 1118. Allowed at Pisa, in St. Peter of the Sea, under the government of Ambrosio Migliari, and he swore, &c.

MARSEILLES. 1162, August. Allowed at Marseilles in the hospital, under the government of Gaufre Antoix, and he swore, &c.

ALMERIA. 1174. Allowed at Almeria by the Count of Barcelona, and by the Genoese, and he swore, &c.

* 1111. So in the Amsterdam edition of 1723. The Editor quotes the date as 1102.

† So in the Amsterdam edition. The Editor quotes this date also as 1102.

Obser.

Obser. This Prince, Ramon Berenguer the Fourth, died in 1162, and his Almerian expedition took place in 1147.

GENOA. 1186. Allowed at Genoa, under the government of Pinel Miglers, Pier Ambrosi, Giou, Donato, Gulielmo di Caimosino, Baldoni, and Pier d'Arenes, who swore at the head of the Mole to observe them for ever.

BRUNDUSIUM. 1187. On the Calends of February, allowed at Brundusium, by King William, and they swore, &c.

RHODES. 1190. Allowed at Rhodes by the Galeta, and they swore, &c.

MOREA. 1200. Allowed by the Prince of the Morea, and they swore, &c.

CONSTANTINOPLE. 1215. Allowed by the Commune of the Republic of Venice, at Constantinople, in the church of St. Sophia, by King John, immediately after the expulsion of the Greeks, and he swore, &c.

Obser. No King of this name is met with in this year. From 1228 to 1237, John of Brena, who had been King of Jerusalem, governed in the character of Regent of the Empire, during the minority of Baldwin the Second.

FLANDERS. 1224. Allowed in Flanders* by the Count, and he swore, &c.

MESSINA. 1225. Allowed at Messina in the church of S. Maria Nuova, in the presence of the Bishop of Catania, by Frederick, Emperor of Germany,* and he swore, &c.

PARIS. 1250. Allowed by John of Belmont upon the conscience of the King of France, who at that time

* Alamania in the Italian in both places.

was unwell, in the presence of the Knights of the *
of the Templars, of the Hospitallers, and of the Admiral of the Levant, to observe them for ever.

CONSTANTINOPLE. 1260. Allowed at Constantinople in St. Angelo by the Emperor Paleologus, and he swore, &c.

SYRIA AND CONSTANTINOPLE. 1270. Allowed in Syria by Frederick, King of Cyprus, and at Constantinople by the Emperor Constantine, and they swore, &c.

Obser. There was no Frederick, king in this year, nor in this island: Michael Paleologus and not Constantine, filled the imperial throne at this time.

MAJORCA. 1270. Allowed by King James of Arragon in Majorca, and he swore to cause them to be observed, &c.

Obser. This King was not at Majorca after the year 1229.

It seems probable that Grotius may have been misled by this catalogue, to speak of the code as containing the Ordinances of Emperors, &c. But, as is observed by the present Editor, the code itself (exclusive of the first forty-four chapters) bears no mark of royal or legislative authority; and on the contrary appears by several passages to be a compilation by private persons, merchants, and mariners. Thus the forty-fourth or forty-fifth chapter, which is properly an introduction to the collection of customs, begins thus. "These are the good rules and the good customs concerning maritime affairs, which the experienced men who

* Ost in the Italian, Buste in the Castilian of 1539, Leger in the German.

navigated

navigated the world, began to give to our forefathers." In another chapter we have this expression, "For this reason, the good men who formed these statutes and customs, saw and knew." In other parts the compilation is spoken of as "the written customs of the sea." In other parts these expressions occur: "Our forefathers who first sailed about the world:" "our predecessors," "our ancient predecessors," "the good men of former times," "said and declared," "found it right to correct, amend, or explain," "consulted together how to remove the doubts."

The Editor states the first forty-two chapters which relate to the establishment and authority of consuls to be the ordinances confirmed by Don Pedro the Third to the city of Valencia, after the establishment of a consulate there in 1283: these, he says, were adopted at Majorca for the government of the new consulate established there by Don Pedro the Fourth of Arragon, in 1343, and a copy of them transmitted to Barcelona, at the erection of a similar judicature there by the same King in 1347. This copy he professes to have seen and examined; and very naturally concludes that these chapters found their way from thence into the Barcelona edition of 1502, from which the subsequent editions and translations have been derived. Of these forty-two chapters, the first seven are omitted in the present edition, as being merely local, and relating to the appointment of consuls at Valencia. The Ordinances of Don Pedro the Third, are evidently posterior to some collection of written customs; for the consuls are directed to give their judgments according to the written customs of the sea. The forty-third chapter is also rejected as being an Ordinance of James

the First of Arragon, relative to the oath to be taken by advocates, and unconnected with this compilation; and the forty-fourth as relating only to a particular measure of the quintal in the importation of spices, &c from Alexandria. At the close of the preliminary discourse, the Editor gives a very particular account of an old printed copy of this code, in the Catalonian dialect, which had been at that instant communicated to him, in which these constitutions of Don Pedro of Arragon are not found. This copy, he says, is without date, or printer's name, but from the type, paper, and other internal evidence, he supposes it to have been printed about the year 1480, and consequently to be the earliest printed copy. It is remarkable that the Editor, who appears to be a person of much learning, makes no mention of the Amalphitan Table of Sea-laws, which has been supposed to be prior in date to the present, and to have been in fact its parent; but I am not aware that any copy of this is extant, or that any writer professes to have read or even seen it. This Amalphitan Table is supposed to have been compiled about the close of the 11th century. The present code or at least its name must be of a subsequent date, as the first establishment of a commercial tribunal of this name was by Roger the first of Sicily, at Messina, in 1128. It may be proper to observe that most of the continental nations have a tribunal of commerce, whose judges are called consuls, established in most of their principal trading towns.

The Editor's opinion is, that the code in its present form is not older than the thirteenth century, and that it was drawn up at Barcelona in the reign of James the First of Arragon; and among other reasons for his opinion,

opinion, he takes notice of its being in the common language of the country (en romance), which at that time began to be used in written compositions; of the mention of paper, which was not in use before the thirteenth century; and of millareses, a coin of Monpelier, which was under the sovereignty of this James. Some authors have ascribed it to the time of St. Lewis, which nearly corresponds with this date.

The Catalonian or Limoisin dialect must have been intelligible in many places, as it was derived from Limoges, and was the common language of the inhabitants not only of Catalonia but also of Valentia, Majorca, Minorca, Ivica, Sardinia, Guienne, Provence, and all Francia Gotica*; and bears a great resemblance to the old French of other provinces. This compilation is very verbose in its language, and abounds with repetitions, and has much more of the Spanish than French air.

The first printed edition, generally known, was published at Barcelona, in the Catalonian dialect, in 1502. There have been two Castilian versions before the present, one by Francisco Diaz Roman in 1539, and the other by Don Cayetano Palleja in 1732. There is also extant a French translation by F. Maysoni in 1576, and a Dutch version by Abraham Westerween, which does not seem to have been known to the Spanish Editor. An English translation of the 273d and 287th chapters, which are on the subject of hostile capture, was published in 1800, by Dr. Robinson, to whom the public is indebted for Reports of the Pro-

* Gaspar Escolano lib. i. de la Historia de Valencia, cap. 14, quoted in the Preface to the Amsterdam edition of the Consulate.

ceedings

ceedings in the Court of Admiralty. It is to be regretted that Emerigon, who was every way qualified for the task, did not fulfil his intention of publishing a new French translation with notes.

I subjoin a list of such printed editions as I have any where found mentioned.

Catalonian, supposed about 1480, no date, place, or printer's name, known.

Catalonian—1502, at Barcelona.

Castilian*—1539, at Valencia, by Francisco Diaz Roman.

Italian—1544, at Venice, by N. Pedrozano.

Italian—1576†, ibid. by Gabriel Zeberti.

French—1576, at Marseilles by Giraud, translated by F. Maysoni.

Italian—1579, at Venice.

Catalonian, 1592, at Barcelona.

Italian—1599, at Venice.

French—1635, at Aix by Stephen David. Maysoni's translation.

Italian—1696, in the Discursus legales de Commercio of Casa-regis.

Italian and Dutch—1723, at Amsterdam, by S. Schouten. Westerween's translation.

Castilian—1732, at Barcelona, translated by Don Cayetano de Palleja.

Castilian—1791, the present edition.

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* There is a copy of this editon in the library of the Inner Temple.

† Query 1567. Schomberg on the Maritime Laws of Rhodes, p. 86, note.

ART.

ART. II. *Winter. A Poem. By James Thomson. The Second Edition.* 1726.

* See WINTER comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad; with all his rising train
Vapours, and clouds, and storms: Be these my theme,
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Wish'd, wintry horrors, hail!—with frequent foot
Pleas'd have I in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy;
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domains,
Trod the pure virgin snows, my self as pure,
Heard the winds roar and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd
In the red evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till thro' the opening chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out and smil'd.
Thee too, inspirer of the toiling swain,
Fair Autumn, yellow-rob'd, I'll sing of thee,

* Thomson, in a letter before mentioned, (see p. 65) imparted these lines to Dr. Cranston, as his first sketch of an exordium to Winter.

I sing of WINTER and his gelid reign;
Nor let a ryming insect of the Spring
Deem it a barren theme. To me 'tis full
Of manly charms; to me, who court the shade,
Whom the gay Seasons suit not, and who shun
The glare of Summer. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Drear, awful, wintry horrors, welcome all!

After this introduction, says the poet, I prosecute the purport of the following lines:

Nor can I, O departing Summer! choose
But consecrate one pitying line to you:
Sing your last temper'd days and sunny calms,
That chear the spirits and serene the soul.

Of

Of thy last equal days and clouded calms, *
When all the golden hours are on the wing,
Attending thy retreat, and round thy wain,
Slow-rolling, onward to the southern sky.
Mark, how the well-pois'd hornet hovering hangs,
With quivering pinions, in the genial blaze;
Flies off, in airy circles; then returns
And hums and dances to the beating ray:
Nor shall the man that musing walks alone,
And heedless strays within his radiant lists,
Go unchastis'd away. Sometimes a fleece
Of clouds, wide-scattering, with a lucid veil
Light shadow o'er the unruffled face of heaven,
And thro' their dewy sluices shed the sun
With temper'd influence down. Then is the time
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To sooth the throbbing passions into peace †,
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Now solitary and in pensive guise
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead
Or thro' the pining grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to chear the woodman's toil:
Haply, some widow'd songster pours his plaint ‡
Far thro' the withering copse. Mean while the leaves
That late the forest clad with lively green,
Nipt by the drizzly night, and sallow-hu'd,
Fall wavering thro' the air; or shower amain,
Urg'd by the breeze that sobs amid the boughs.

* Of thy last temper'd days and sunny calms. *1st. edit.*

† To lay their passions in a gentle calm. *ib.*

‡ Sad Philomel, perchance, pours forth her plaint. *ib.*

Then

Then listening hares forsake the rustling woods,
And, starting at the frequent noise, escape
To the rough stubble and the rushy fen.
Then woodcocks o'er the fluctuating main,
That glimmers to the glimpses of the moon *
Stretch their long voyage to the woodland glade,
Where, wheeling with uncertain flight, they mock
The nimble fowler's aim. Now Nature droops:
Languish the living herbs with pale decay;
And all the various family of flowers
Their sunny robes resign. The falling fruits
Thro' the still night forsake the parent-bough,
That in the first grey glances of the dawn
Looks wild, and wonders at the wintry waste.

The year, yet pleasing, but declining fast,
Soft o'er the secret soul, in gentle gales,
A philosophic melancholy breathes,
And bears the swelling thought aloft to heaven.
Then forming Fancy rouses to conceive
What never mingled with the vulgar's dream:
Then wake the tender pang, the pitying tear,
The sigh for suffering worth, the wish prefer'd
For human kind, the joy to see them bless'd,
And all the social offspring of the heart!

Oh! bear me then to high embowering shades,
To twilight groves and visionary vales,
To weeping grottos and prophetic glooms †,
Where angel-forms are seen, and voices heard,
Sigh'd in low whispers that abstract the soul
From outward sense, far into worlds remote.

* "The glimpses of the moon," may have been unconscious from Shakspeare.

† To weeping grottos and to hoary caves. *1st. edit.*

Now,

Now, when the western sun withdraws the day,
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress checks the straggling beams,
And their moist captives frees; where waters oozé *,
Where marshes stagnate and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn; then slow descend,
Once more to mingle with their watry friends.

The vivid stars shine out in brightening files †,
And boundless ether glows, till the fair moon
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east;
Now, stooping, seems to kiss the passing cloud;
Now o'er the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, with silver waves,
O'er the sky'd mountain to the low-laid vale;
From the white rocks with dim reflection gleams,
And faintly glitters thro' the waving shades.

All night abundant dews, unnoted, fall,
That, lighted by the morning's ray, impearl ‡
The face of mother earth: from every branch
Depending, tremble the translucent gems,
And, twinkling §, seem to fall away, yet cling
And sparkle in the sun, whose rising eye
With fogs bedim'd, portends a beauteous day.

Now roving youth ||, whom headlong passions fire,
Rouse the wild game and stain the guiltless grove,
With violence and death; yet call it sport
To scatter ruin thro' the realms of Love,
And peace that thinks no ill:—but these the Muse,

* And robs them of their gather'd vapoury prey. *1st. edit.*

† ——in radiant files. *ib.*

‡ And, at return of morning, silver o'er. *ib.*

§ And quivering, &c. *ib.*

|| Now giddy youth, &c, *ib.*

Whose charity unlimited extends
As wide as Nature works, disdains to sing,
Returning to her nobler theme in view.

T. P.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. III. *Odes: in imitation of the Seaven Penitential Psalmes. With sundry other poemes and Ditties, tending to devotion and pietie. Imprinted Anno Domini MDCI.* 8vo.

This book appears to have been printed at Antwerp, which may be one cause of its extreme rarity. Its author was Richard Verstegan, of whom some account is given by Wood, in Athenæ, i. 502; and whose antiquarian work, entitled "a Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," is still deservedly esteemed. A prefatory address, before his Odes to "the vertuous ladies and gentlewomen readers," thus concludes:

"The vaine conceits of love's delight
I leave to Ovid's arte,
Of warres and bloody broyles to wryte
Is fit for Virgil's parte.

Of tragedies in doleful tales
Let Sophocles entreat:
And how unstable fortune failes
Al poets do repeat.

But unto our eternal king
My verse and voyce I frame;
And of his saintes I meane to sing,
In them to praise his name.

Yours in his best endevours, R. V."

That

That the writer was a zealous romanist, the contents of his volume will set forth.

"Odes, &c. (as above.)
Extracts of the Sibyllacs prophesies of Christe.
The fifteen mysteries of the rosarie of our blessed Lady.
Epithetes of our blessed Lady.
Our blessed Ladie's Lullaby.
A reprehension of the reprehending of our Ladie's praise.
The triumphe of feminyne Saintes.
A resemblance of Martyrs.
Te Deum Laudamus, or the song of S. Ambrose and S. Augustyne.
How God in all ages, hath bin served with Sacrifise.
Saint Peeter's Comfort.
Sacrum Convivium.
A complaint of S. Marie Magdalen.
Of the invention, or fynding of the crosse of Christ.
Complaint of Church Controversy. An Epigram.
An Exposition of the Ave bel.
A secondary Exposition.
Of the state of solitary lyfe dedicated to the service of God.
The substance of humaine flesh.
Visions of the Worlde's instabillitie. (The general Idea taken from Petrarch and Bellay)
Verses of the worlde's vanitie: supposed to be made by S. Bernard, and translated into English, to bee sung to the tune they beare in Latin."

The piety of Verstegan is so much more praiseworthy than his poetry, that the shortest specimen of the latter will probably be the most acceptable.

AN EPIGRAM.

A puritaine did 'plaine himself of late,
Of late-growne controversies into great debate,
And prayed him to whome hee did complaine,
That hee his censure would affoord him plaine.
" Well then," quoth hee, " yf neither I shal flatter,
But speake my conscience freely of the matter:
You are in fault, to make so much contending,
How can so new a faith so soone lack mending."

T. P.

ART. IV. *The Legend of Jane Shore. By Thomas Churchyard.* 1559.

The following is one of the last articles of that curious collection of English Legends, the " Mirror for Magistrates," first published 1559, of which I mean hereafter to give a full account. The departed spirits of those who form the subject of each Legend are supposed to relate their complaints to Baldwin, the editor, and principal author; with whom, on an appointed day, the principal contributors are assembled, and whose contributions are introduced by prose epilogues, which serve as prologues, to those which succeed.

The following, which concludes the Legend of Richard III. introduces that of Jane Shore.

" When I had read this," (the Death of Rich. III.) we had much talke about it. For it was thought not vehement ynough for so violent a man as kyng Rychard had bene. The matter was wel ynough lyked of sum, but the meeter was mysliked almost of all. And when divers therefore would not allowe it, what

quod one, you knowe not whereupon you sticke: elles you would not so much mislike this because of the uncertayne meter. The cumlynes called by the rhetoricians decorum, is specially to be observed in al thinges. Seyng than that kyng Rychard never kept measure in any of his doings, seing also he speaketh in hel, whereas is no order; it were agaynst the decorum of his personage, to use eyther good meter or order. And, therefore, if his oracion were far wurse, in my opinion it were more fyt for him. Mars and the Muses did never agree. Neyther is it to be suffred that their milde sacred arte shoulde seeme to proceede from so cruell and prophane a mouth as his: seynge they themselves do utterly abhorre it. And although we read of Nero, that he was excellent both in musicke, and in versifieng, yet do not I remember that ever I saw any song or verse of his makyng: Minerva, justlye providing, that no monument should remayne of any such unjust usurpacion. And therefore let thys passe even as it is, which the wryter I know both could and would amend in many places, save for kepyng the decorum, which he purposely hath observed herein.

" In deede, quod I, as you saye, it is not meete that so disorderly and unnatural a man as kyng Rychard was, should observe any metrical order in his talke; which, notwithstanding, in many places of his oracion is very wel kept. It shall passe therefore even as it is, though to good for so yll a person. And to supplye that which is lackinge in him, here I have Shore's wyfe, an eloquent wentch, whyche shall furnishe out both in meter and matter, that which could not comlily

comlily be sayd in his person. Marke, I praye you, what she sayeth, and tell me howe you like it."

How Shore's wife, Edwarde the fourthe's concubine, was by King Richarde despoyled of all her goodes, and forced to do open penance.

[BY THOMAS CHURCHYARD.]

1.

Among the rest by Fortune overthrowen,
I am not least, that most may wayte her fate:
My fame and brute abrode the world is blowen:
Who can forget a thing thus done so late?
My great mischaunce, my fall, and heavye state,
Is such a marke whereat eche tounge doth shoote,
That my good name is pluckt up by the roote.

2.

This wandryng worlde bewitch'd me with wyles,
And wonne my wyttes wyth wanton sugred joyes,
In Fortunes frekes who trustes her when she smyles,
Shal fynde her false, and full of fickle toyes;
Her tryumphes al but fyl our eares wyth noyse,
Her flatteryng gyftes are pleasures myxt with payne:
Yea al her wordes are thunders threatnyng rayne.

3.

The fond desire that we in glory set,
Doth thirle our hartes to hope in slipper happe;
A blast of pompe is all the fruyt we get,
And under that lyes hidde a sodayne clappe:
In seeking rest unwares we fall in trappe.
In groping flowers with nettles stong we are;
In labouring long, we reape the crop of care.

4.

Oh darke deceyt with paynted face for showe,
Oh poysoned baite that makes us egre styll,
Oh fayned frende deceyving people so,
Oh world, of thee we cannot speake to y'll;
Yet fooles we are that bende so to thy skyll;
The plage and skourge that thousandes dayly feele,
Should warne the wise to shonne thy whyrling whele.

5.

But who can stop the streame that runnes full swyft?
Or quenche the fyer that is crepte in the strawe?
The thirstye drinkes, there is no other shyft;
Perforce is such, that nede obeyes no lawe;
Thus bound we are in worldly yokes to drawe,
And can not staye, nor turne agayne in tyme,
Nor learne of those that sought to hygh to clyme.

6.

Myselfe for proofe, loe here I nowe appeare,
In woman's weede with wepyng watered eyes,
That bought her youth and her delyghtes ful deare,
Whose lowde reproche doth sound unto the skyes,
And byds my corse out of the grave to ryse,
As one that may no longer hide her face,
But nedes must come and shewe her piteous case.

7.

The shete of shame wherein I shrowded was,
Did move me ofte to playne before this daye,
And in mine eares dyd ryng the trumpe of brasse,
Which is defame that doth eche vice bewraye.
Yea though ful dead and lowe in earth I laye,
I heard the voyce of me what people sayd,
But then to speake alas I was affrayed.

8. And

8.

And nowe a time for me I see preparde,
I hear the lives and falles of many wyghtes:
My tale therefore the better may be heard,
For at the torch the little candle lightes,
Where pageantes be, small thinges fil out the sightes.
Wherefore geve eare; good Baldwyn, do thy best,
My tragedy to place among the rest.

9.

Because that truthe shal witnesse wel with thee,
I wil rehearse in order as it fell,
My life, my death, my dolefull destenie,
My wealth, my woe, my doing every deale,
My bitter blisse, wherein I long dyd dwell:
A whole discourse of me Shore's wife by name,
Now shalt thou heare as thou hadst seene the same.

10.

Of noble bloud I can not boast my byrth,
For I was made out of the meanest molde,
Myne heritage but seven foote of the earth;
Fortune ne gave to me the gyftes of golde:
But I could brag of nature, if I would,
Who fyld my face with favour freshe and fayer,
Whose beauty shone like Phœbus in the ayer.

11.

My shape, some sayd, was seemely to eche sight,
My countenaunce did shewe a sober grace;
Myne eyes in lookes were never proved lyght,
My tongue in wordes were chaste in every case,
Myne eares were deafe, and would no lovers place,
Save that, alas, a prynce dyd blot my browe;
Loe, there the strong did make the weake to bowe.

12.

The Majestie that kynges to people beare,
The stately porte, the awful chere they showe,
Doth make the meane to shrynke and couche for feare,
Like as the hound, that doth his maister knowe:
What then, since I was made unto the bowe;
There is no cloke, can serve to hyde my fault,
For I agreed the fort he should assaulte.

13.

The egles force subdues eche byrd that flyes;
What mettal may resist the flamyng fyre?
Doth not the sonne dasill the clearest eyes,
And melt the ise, and make the frost retire?
Who can withstand a puissaunt kynges desyre?
The stiffest stones are perced through with tooles;
The wisest are with princes made but fooles.

14.

Yf kynde had wrought my forme in common frames,
And set me forth in coloures black and browne,
Or beautie had bene parched in Phebus flames,
Or shamefast waies had pluckt my fethers downe,
Then had I kept my name and good renowne:
For Natures gyftes was cause of all my griefe:
A pleasaunt pray entiseth many a thiefe.

15.

Thus woe to thee, that wrought my peacock's pryde,
By clothing me with Nature's tapistrye!
Woe wurth the hewe wherein my face was dyed,
Whych made me thinke I pleased everye eye:
Like as the sterres make men beholde the skye,
So beauties showe doth make the wise ful fond;
And bringes free hartes, ful oft to endles bond.

16. But

16.

But cleare from blame my frendes can not be found,
Before my time my youth they did abuse.
In maryage a prentyse was I bound,
When that meere love I knewe not howe to use.
But, wealaway, that cannot me excuse;
The harme is mine though they devysed my care,
And I must smart and syt in slaundrous snare.

17.

Yet geve me leave to pleade my case at large,
Yf that the horse do runne beyond his race;
Or any thing that keepers have in charge,
Do breake theyr course, where rulers may take place,
Or meat be set before the hungryes face,
Who is in fault? the offendour, yea or no;
Or they that are the cause of all this wo?

18.

Note wel what stryfe this forced maryage makes,
What lothed lyves do come where love doth lacke;
What scratting bryers do growe upon such brakes,
What common weales by it are brought to wracke;
What heavy loade is put on pacientes backe,
What straunge delightes this braunch of vice doth brede,
And marke what graine sprynges out of such a seede?

19.

Compel the hawke to syt that is unmande;
Or make the hound untaught to drawe the dere,
Or bring the free agaynst his wil in band,
Or move the sad a pleasaunt tale to heare,
Your time is lost, and you are never the nere:
So love ne learnes of force the knot to knyt;
She serves but those that feele sweet fancies fyt.

20.

The lesse defame redoundes to my disprayse;
I was entyste by traynes, and trapt by trust:
Though in my power remayned yeas or nayes,
Unto my frendes yet nedes consent I must,
In every thing, yea lawfull or unjust:
They brake the boowes and shakte the tree by sleyght,
And bent the wand that might have growen ful streight.

21.

What help in this, the pale thus broken downe,
The deere must nedes in daunger runne astraye:
At me therefore why should the world so frowne,
My weakenes made my youth a prynces praye.
Though wysedome should the course of nature stay,
Yet trye my case who lyst, and they shal prove,
The rypest wittes are soonest thralles to love.

22.

What nede I more to cleare myselfe to much?
A kyng me wanne, and had me at his call:
His royall state, his pryncely grace was such,
The hope of will, (that women seeke for all;)
The ease and wealth, the gyftes which were not smal,
Besieged me so strongly rounde aboute,
My power was weake, I could not holde him out.

23.

Duke Haniball in all his conquest great;
Or Ceaser yet, whose triumphes did excede,
Of all their spoyles which made them toyle and sweat,
Were not so glad to have so ryche a meede,
As was this prince when I to hym agreed,
And yielded me a prisoner willlynglie,
As one that knew no way awaye to flee.

24.

The nightingale for all his mery voyce,
Nor yet the larke that stil delightes to syng,
Did never make the hearers so rejoyce,
As I with wordes have made this worthy kyng.
I never jar'd; in tune was every stryng;
I tempered so my tounge to please his eare,
That what I sayd was currant every where.

25.

I joyn'd my talke, my gestures, and my grace
In wittie frames that long might last and stand,
So that I brought the kyng in such a case,
That to his death I was his chiefest hand.
I governed him that ruled all this land:
I bare the sword though he did weare the crowne,
I strake the stroke that threwe the mightye downe.

26.

Yf justice sayd that judgment was but death,
With my sweet wordes I could the kyng perswade,
And make him pause and take therein a breath
Tyl I with suyte the fawtors peace had made:
I knewe what waye to use him in his trade;
I had the arte to make the lyon meeke;
There was no poynt wherein I was to seeke.

27.

Yf I did frowne, who then did looke awrye?
Yf I dyd smyle, who would not laugh outryght?
Yf I but spake, who durst my wordes denye?
Yf I pursued, who would forsake the flyght?
I meane my power was knowen to every wyght.
On such a heyght good hap had buylt my bower,
As though my swete should never have turn'd to sower.

28.

My husband then, as one that knewe his good,
Refused to kepe a prynces concubine,
Forseing the ende and mischiefe as it stoode,
Agaynst the king did never much repyne;
He sawe the grape whereof he dranke the wyne,
Though inward thought his hart did still torment,
Yet outwardly he seemde he was content.

29.

To purchase prayse and winne the people's zeale,
Yea rather bente of kinde to do some good,
I ever did upholde the common weale;
I had delyght to save the gylteless bloud:
Each suters cause when that I understoode,
I did preferre as it had bene mine owne,
And helpt them up, that might have bene o'erthrown.

30.

My power was prest to ryght the poore man's wrong;
My handes were free to geve where nede requyred;
To watche for grace I never thought it long;
To do men good I nede not be desyred;
Nor yet with gyftes my hart was never hyred.
But when the ball was at my foote to guyde,
I played to those that fortune did abide.

31.

My want was wealth, my woe was ease at wyll,
My robes were ryche, and braver than the sonne:
My fortune then was far above my skyll,
My state was great, my glasse did ever runne,
My fatal threede so happely was spunne,
That then I sat in earthly pleasures clad,
And for the time a goddesse place I had.

32.

But I had not so sone this lyef possest,
But my good happe began to slyp asyde;
And fortune then did me so sore molest,
That unto playntes was turned all my pride.
It booted not to rowe agaynst the tyde:
Myne oares were weke, my hart and strength did fayle;
The wynd was rough; I durst not bear a sayle.

33.

What steppes of stryef belonge to highe estate?
The clymynge up is doubtfull to indure;
The seate itselfe doth purchase privie hate,
And honours fame is fyckle and unsure,
And all she brynges, is flowres that be unpure:
Which fall as fast as they do sprout and spring;
And cannot last, they are so vayne a thyng.

34.

We count no care to catche that we do wyshe,
But what we wynne is long to us unknowen;
Til present payne be served in our dyshe,
We skarce perceyve whereon our gryefe hath growen.
What grayne proves wel that is so rashely sowen?
Yf that a meane dyd measure all our deedes,
Instead of corne we should not gather weedes.

35.

The settled minde is free from Fortune's power;
They nede not feare who looke not up aloft;
But they that clyme are carefull every hower,
For when they fall they light not very softe:
Examples hath the wisest warned ofte,
That where the trees the smallest braunches bere,
The stormes do blowe and have most rigor there.

36.

Where is it strong but nere the ground and roote?
Where is it weake but on the hyghest sprayes?
Where may a man so surely set his foote,
But on those bowes that groweth lowe alwayes?
The little twigges are but unstedfast stayes;
Yf they breake not, they bend with every blast;
Who trustes to them shal never stand full fast.

37.

The wynde is great upon the hyghest hilles;
The quiete life is in the dale belowe;
Who treades on yse shal slide agaynst theyr wylles,
They want no care that curious arts would knowe;
Who lives at ease and can content him so,
Is perfect wise, and settes us all to scoole;
Who hates this lore may wel be called a foole.

38.

What greater gryefe may come to any lyfe,
Than after sweete to taste the bitter sower?
Or after peace to fall at warre and stryfe,
Or after myrth to have a cause to lower?
Under such proppes false Fortune buylds her tower;
On sodayne chaunge her flitting frames be set,
Where is no way for to escape her net.

39.

The hastye smart that Fortune sendes in spyte,
Is hard to brooke where gladnes we imbrace,
She threatens not, but sodaynly doth smyte;
Where joye is moste, there doth she sorowe place.
But sure I thinke, this is to strange a case,
For us to feele such gryefe amyd our game,
And know not why until we taste the same.

40.

As earst I sayd, my blisse was turnde to bale,
I had good cause to weepe and wryng my handes,
And showe sad cheare with countenance full pale,
For I was brought in sorowe's woful bandes:
A pyrrie came and set my shippe on sandes;
What should I hide, and colour care and noye?
King Edward dyed, in whom was all my joye.

41.

And when the earth receyved had his corse,
And that in tombe, this worthye prince was layd,
The world on me began to shewe his force;
Of troubles then my parte I long assayed:
For they, of whom I never was afrayed,
Undyd me most, and wrought me such despyte,
That they bereft from me my pleasure quyte.

42.

As long as life remaynd in Edwardes brest,
Who was but I? who had such frendes at call?
His body was no sooner put in chest,
But wel was him that could procure my fall:
His brother was mine enemy most of all,
Protector then, whose vice did stil abound,
From yll to worse, tyll death dyd him confound.

43.

He falsely fayned that I of counsayle was
To poyson him, which thing I never ment;
But he could set thereon a face of brasse,
To bring to passe his lewde and false entent,
To such mischiefe this Tyrantes heart was bent.
To God, ne man, he never stoode in awe,
For in his wrath he made his wyll a lawe.

44.

Lord Hastinges bloud for vengeauns on him cries,
And many moe, that were to long to name:
But most of all, and in most wofull wise
I had good cause this wretched man to blame.
Before the world I suffred open shame,
Where people were as thicke as is the sand,
I penaunce tooke with taper in my hand.

45.

Eche eye did stare, and looke me in the face,
As I past by, the rumours on me ranne;
But Patience then had lent me such a grace,
My quiete lookes were praised of every man:
The shamefast bloud brought me such colours than,
That thousandes sayd, which sawe my sobre chere,
It is great ruth to see this woman here.

46.

But what prevailde the people's pitie there,
This raging wolfe would spare no gylteless bloud.
Oh wicked wombe that such yll fruite did beare,
Oh cursed earth that yeldeth forth such mud!
The hell consume all thinges that dyd the good,
The heavens shut theyr gates against thy spryte,
The world tread downe thy glory under feete!

47.

I ask of God a vengeance on thy bones;
Thy stinking corps corrupts the ayre I knowe;
Thy shameful death no earthly wyght bemones,
For in thy life thy workes were hated so,
That every man dyd wyshe thy overthrowe:
Wherefore I may, though percial nowe I am,
Curse every cause whereof thy body came.

48.

Woe wurth the man that fathered such a childe:
Woe worth the hower wherein thou wast begate,
Woe wurth the brestes that have the world begylde,
To norryshe thee that all the world dyd hate.
Woe wurth the gods, that gave thee such a fate,
To lyve so long, that death deserved so ofte,
Woe wurth the chaunce that set thee up alofte.

49.

Ye princes all, and rulers everych one,
In punyshement beware of hatred's yre;
Before ye skourge, take hede, looke well thereon:
In wrathes yl wil yf malyce kyndle fyre,
Your hartes wil bourne in such a hote desire,
That in those flames the smoake shal dym your sight,
Ye shal forget to joyne your justice ryght.

50.

You should not judge til thinges be wel deserned.
Your charge is styll to mainteyne upryght lawes,
In conscience rules ye should be throughly learned.
Where clemencie byds wrath and rashenes pawes,
And further sayeth, stryke nōt wythout a cause;
And when ye smite, do it for justice sake,
Than in good part eche man your skourge wil take.

51.

Yf that such zeele had moved this tyrantes minde,
To make my plague a warrant for the rest,
I had small cause such fault in him to finde,
Such punishement is used for the best:
But by yll wil and power I was oppresst.
He spoyled my goodes and left me bare and poore,
And caused me to begge from dore to dore.

52.

What fall was this, to come from Princes fare,
To watche for crummes among the blinde and lame?
When almes was delt, I had a hungry share,
Bycause I knewe not howe to aske for shame,
Tyll force and nede had brought me in such frame,
That starve I must, or learne to beg an almes,
With booke in hand, and say S. David's psalmes.

53.

When I was wont the golden chaynes to weare,
A payre of beades about my necke was wound,
A lynnen clothe was lapt about my heare,
A ragged gowne that trayled on the ground,
A dishe that clapt and gave a heavie sound,
A stayeing staffe and wallet therewithal,
I bare about as witnesse of my fal.

54.

I had no house wherein to hyde my head,
The open strete my lodging was perforce,
Ful ofte I went al hungry to my bed,
My fleshe consumed, I looked like a corse,
Yet in that plyght who had on me remorse?
O God, thou knowest my frendes forsooke me than;
Not one holpe me that suckered many a man.

55.

They frownde on me that fawnd on me before,
And fled from me that followed me ful fast,
They hated me, by whom I set much store,
They knewē ful wel my fortune dyd not last,
In every place I was condemnd and cast;
To pleade my cause at barre it was no boote,
For every man did tread me under foote.

56. Thus

56.

Thus long I lyved all weary of my life,
Tyl death approcht and rid me from that woe:
Example take by me both maide and wyfe;
Beware, take heede, fall not to follie so;
A myrrour make of my great overthrowe:
Defye this world, and all his wanton wayes,
Beware by me that spent so yll her dayes!

This was so well lyked, that all together exhorted me instantly, to procure Maister Churchyarde to undertake and to penne as many moe of the remaynder as myght by any meanes be attaynted at his handes.

And when I had promysed I wold do my diligence therein, they asked me if I had any mo tragedyes yet unred, for the evenyng was nowe at hand, and there were enow already red to make a handsum volume. In dede, quod I, I purpose here to ende the second parte of this volume, for here endeth the cruel raigne of Kyng Rychard the Thyrd: and in an other volume hereafter, to dyscourse the resydue from the begynnyng of Kyng Henry the Seventh to the ende of this Kyng and Queenes raygne, if God so long will graunte us lyfe; and I beseche you all that you wyll dylygently performe such storyes as you have undertaken, and procure your frendes such as be learned, to helpe us with the rest: for ther is in this part mater enough to set al the poetes in England in wurke, and I wold wishe that every fine apt wyt wold at the leest undertake one. For so wold it be a notable volume. For my parte, I entende to be so impudente and importunate a suiter to so manye as I knowe or maye hereafter be acquaynted wyth, that no excuse shall serve to shake me of:

and I desyre you all to be as earnest. And to occupye the tyme whyle we be nowe together, I wyl reade unto you Edmund the Duke of Somerset, which must be placed in the Fyrst Parte; and then the Black-Smyth, which must serve for thyrd volume, to thende I maye knowe your judgement therein. Do so, we pray you, quod they."

Art. V. *The Wizard. A Kentish Tale.*

Stans pede in uno.

The following Tale comes from a quarter, which I am not at liberty to disclose. It is an experiment of rapid and unlaboured composition (the first 310 lines being composed, as I can witness, in one day,) which I am enjoined to leave to its fate without a comment.

THE WIZARD.

Canto the First.

" Whence com'st thou, ancient man, and where
Have past thy numerous days, declare!
Thy beard is long; thy hair is white,
Yet piercing are thine eyes, and bright;
Thy vigorous step and brawny arm
Might youth e'en in his prime alarm;
Thy deep Stentorian voice's sound
Echoes these spacious courts around;
In short thy tone, thy look betrays
The wizard form of ancient days!"
The old man drew a fearful sigh,
And then he thus began reply:
" Enquire not thou, too far to know
What mysteries wait us here below;

But

But listen, and with patience hear
That which is fit should meet thine ear!
Learn then, that many a weary age
I've trod the world's tempestuous stage;
Seen many a generation borne
To rest beneath the funeral urn;
And many a king, and many a queen
Thro' Europe's various lands have seen
Sit on the throne, then take their flight
To the deep shades of lasting night;
From soil to soil, from east to west
My pilgrimage, devoid of rest,
I've still pursued; for Heaven decrees
My weary feet shall have no ease;
Tudors, Plantagenets, I've view'd,
(For never yet in solitude
Glided my active hours,) and listen'd
When the last Charles's beauties glisten'd
In splendid robes of gaudy vice,
And could with syren songs entice;
Thro' England's bounds from day to day
I've wander'd with the merry lay;
And still with ease admittance found,
Where in old halls the feast went round.
Thus many a tale could I unfold,
Would thrill thy very soul, if told;
And many a strange and laughing feat
Thy wond'ring ears would lightly greet;
And many a change of house and land,
And many a child of Fortune's band,
And many a victim of Mischance,
And many a race, whose airy dance
Ended in sad Oblivion's grave,
While some not Virtue's self could save!"
He paus'd: the listener look'd with awe,
Truth in the old man's face he saw;

He spake; and as he spake, grew pale:
"O sire, if thus thou canst unveil
The deeds, that deep beneath the shade
Of tyrant Time have long been laid,
O tell me, when thou once wast here
In golden Bess's happier year,
How did these peopled vills appear?
Perchance full often thou hast been
E'en on this spot in times between;
And canst relate, (for still I cast
My fancy most on what is past)
Scenes of the whisker'd chiefs of yore,
Who, where I tread, have trod before;
Tell the chang'd dress, the alter'd name,
The lost estate, the waning fame;
How vain to seek in mean descendant
The grandsire's spirit still attendant,
And with the peer of haughty air
The low progenitor compare;
Contrast the straw-roof'd cot, that stood
Where bullies now the mansion proud,
And paint from actual observation
The freaks of time on every station!"
Smil'd the old Seer, and strok'd his beard;
And vigour in his eye appear'd:
"Enquiring youth," he glad replied,
"Thy wish can well be gratified:
For when I last was on this plain,
That golden heroine did reign,
In whom the nation well have gloried,
For better monarch ne'er was storied;
And strangely have I look'd about,
To find my ancient patrons out;
But scarce a trace can now be seen,
Of what in those bright days has been.

The

The low are high, the high are low,
And ne'er can Time his overthrow
In hues more strong and hideous show!
" The night was gathering round me dark;
The rising groves I 'gan to mark,
Where *******'s heroes wont to call
The pilgrim to the cheerful hall;
Where spread the feast, and blaz'd the fire,
And thrill'd the minstrel's joyous lyre.
Quicker my weary footsteps flew,
To reach the place of rest they knew:
I sought the gate; the pale I cross't,
But soon in spreading lawns was lost;
Nor gleam'd the window to the sight,
To draw the traveller aright.
Thus wand'ring sad, beneath a thorn
I laid my weary limbs till morn;
And when the sun began display
The misty charms of opening day,
Lord! what an alter'd prospect glar'd!
Clump'd groves, trim plains, and vallies bar'd!
And by a winding gravel road
Up to the splendid dome I trod!
No ****** there, no rafter'd roof,
Whose dark-brown oak had seem'd time-proof;
No belted knights, no coats of mail,
No spreading tables there prevail;
New names, new manners, and new modes!—
Each room a silken luxury loads;
And where five hundred years beheld
One race suspend the gorgeous shield,
A favour'd tribe from distant soils
The long-kept heritage despoils!
With sinking heart, with drooping pace
My mournful footsteps I retrace.

I seek for Sydney's spacious groves *,
Where Genius, Love, and Virtue roves;
Where mighty deeds of chivalry
Upraise th' heroic fame on high,
And splendid show, and regal trains
Illume the dome where Honour reigns.
I listen on the distant hill,
To hear what notes the breezes fill!
'Tis silent all: no murmuring tone
Upon the passing gale is blown!
The dreadful stillness glooms my breast:
The worst I'll know, or ere I rest!
Slowly descend my faultering feet;
And now the massy gate I greet:
O hark with what an hollow sound
My staff's enquiring blows rebound!
No coming step my heart rejoices;
No chearful shout, no mingled voices.
Deserted—dead—not one to state
Their vanish'd glory's cruel fate!
On every tower, through every room
There hangs a cold and withering gloom;
And Melancholy with black wings
O'er all her dying requiem sings!
O let me haste to yonder fane,
And o'er their ashes once complain;
With tears each sacred name bedew,
Then hasten from the heart-breaking view!
" Once more my languid steps I turn,
Where kindred splendors wont to burn.

* Penshurst, the well-known seat of the Sydneys. The poet must not be understood too literally. A descendant, by the female line, who has taken the name, now possesses, and resides at, this venerable old mansion. Some years ago it was uninhabited.

See Knowle's* proud turrets rise to sight,
Where Buckhurst nurs'd his visions bright,
Till hateful business damp'd his flame,
And for vile titles barter'd fame!
I saw him in his youthful glory,
Inspir'd with themes of ancient story;
I heard him strike the lyre with rapture,
And every listener's bosom capture!
Beam'd his bright glowing eye, and thrill'd
His quivering form with fancy fill'd,
Till the chill cup of worldly lore
Quench'd the rich thoughts to wake no more!
Then cautious looks, and crabbed mien,
Dry words and selfish hopes are seen.
And now in courtly guise he wanders;
Nor more by woods and rivers ponders!—
But Time hath laid him in the grave,
And his youth's deeds his name shall save!—
Now as I reach the gorgeous towers,
Methinks again my bosom lours;
Yet yonder see it lifts its height,
And seems with freshen'd splendor bright.
I view the shield, the name I spell;
SACKVILLE! 'tis here thou still dost dwell!
Come forth!—Thou com'st.—Ah, tender boy,
Dost thou this princely dome enjoy?
Art thou the heir of Buckhurst's line?
O mayst thou with his genius join
Less courtly arts, and manlier spirit,
And thus regard thy proper merit?

* Knowle, the seat of the Sackvilles. Thomas Sackville, created by Queen Elizabeth, Lord Buckhurst, and by James I. Earl of Dorset, was a poet of a sublime genius, as appears by his celebrated Induction to his Legend of the Duke of Buckingham, in the "Mirror for Magistrates" 1559, 4to. See Vol. III. of Warton's Hist. Engl. Poetry.

But yet the ruff-encircled Don,
Bearded and fierce, i little con
In thee, fair imp of alter'd days,
When Luxury melts with all her rays!
" Then let me fly to Medway's stream,
Where flowing Wyat us'd to dream
His moral fancies! Ivied towers*,
'Neath which the silver Naiad pours
Her murmuring waves thro' verdant meads,
Where the rich herd luxuriant feeds,
How often in your still recesses
I've seen the Muse with careless tresses
Scatter her flowers, as Wyat bade,
In Spring's enamel'd colours clad!
Lov'd castle, art thou still array'd
In fame, or do thine honours fade?
They fade! Lo, from the tottering walls
Down in huge heaps the fragment falls;
And lonely are thy courts; and still
The voice that whisper'd to the rill; 200
Thy very name is sunk! how few
Know it once shone in glory's hue!
" A little farther yet my staff,
And I in Beauty's beams shall quaff
The golden goblet of delight,
With gifts of Tudor's heroine bright.
O fairest Margaret†, many a day
Didst thou Eliza's favour sway!

* Allington Castle, on the banks of the Medway, where lived Sir Thomas Wyat, the poet, the friend and cotemporary of Lord Surry. The family has been extinct near a century. The Castle is a ruin.

† Margaret, wife of John Astley, Esq. of the Palace at Maidstone. Her husband was Master of the Jewels, to Queen Elizabeth. She died his widow, in 1601. See Gent. Mag. Vol. LXVII. p. 548.

The

The mental treasure, rich repast,
Which can the storms of age outlast,
Thou drew'st, and I with thee can pore
Intent on sacred Wisdom's store.
And, oh, art thou too gone? No trace
In this fall'n dome, of thy fair race?
None, save where yonder walls enclose
The mouldering bones, in sad repose,
And the sepulchral tablet tells,
Where Astley's only relic dwells!"*
Now paus'd, and sigh'd the reverend seer;
His furrow'd cheek betray'd a tear.
The listener caught the infectious sigh,
And chearing comfort would supply;
But languid, listless, pale and trembling,
The old man's grief is past dissembling.
"Why am I doom'd from age to age
To pass this weary pilgrimage?
Ah, why for ever doom'd to brave
The loss of patrons in the grave?
Where'er I go, new faces rise;
New names, new modes, my heart surprize;
And Fortune's restless wheel removes,
Whate'er my anxious bosom loves!"
"Take comfort, holy man, and know
He, who has chear'd thy former woe,
Will still support thee thro' the future,
Be but to him an humble suitor!"
"Thou need'st not teach my wounded heart
The balm Religion can impart!
But tho' Religion pierce the gloom,
Full deep I feel my tedious doom!"

* Monuments in Maidstone church.

"Rest

" Rest, venerable patriarch, rest!
Let sleep compose that sorrowing breast!
And when awakes to-morrow's sun,
Thy tale of wonders shall go on!"
Low to his host the old man bow'd,
And smil'd with heartfelt gratitude:
The chearing cup his lips assail'd;
The enlivening beverage prevail'd;
His bosom heav'd, his cheeks grew red,
And many a witty jest he said;
And many a laughing anecdote
From sires departed he could quote;
And many a tale, more fit to hear
In private, than for public ear,
Of deeds which would destroy the pride
Of those, who now in splendour ride,
Or stain with ruby spots of blood,
Those who now boast of nought but good.
But these the Muse disdains to sing;
For sacred is her silver string!
Clos'd were the pilgrim's eyes at last;
Warm in his cloak his limbs were cast,
And heavy slumbers bound him fast.
Long was the night; the whistling blast
Howl'd round the rocking dome, like thunder,
And lull'd the old man's dreams in wonder:
In floods, by fits, came down the shower,
And fearful was the torrent's roar!
Slept the strange seer, as if entranc'd,
While in his brain wild fancy danc'd:
Mov'd his huge limbs, his bosom stirr'd;
His lips breath'd many a mutter'd word;
And on his mighty brow was set
Many an huge drop of painful sweat!

The host beheld with shuddering fear
These marks of his strange guest appear,
And anxious watch'd till morning's beams
The wondrous seer's departing dreams.
The morning came; the bard awoke,
And gladness on his visage broke;
And thus his host he greeted fair:
" Kind host, whose hospitable care
Shelter'd these grey locks from the storm,
And sooth'd to rest this weary form;
Long may'st thou reap each sweet reward,
For goodness to a wand'ring bard!
And long may thy posterity
The shock of Time's encounters try,
And when I come, in centuries hence,
To seek their name, and ask their sense,
Still may they shine in growing splendor,
With virtuous talent their defender!
" And now recruited strength inspires,
To feed thy wish, my wonted fires.
From gentle Astley's silent urn
I knew not where my steps to turn;
But long I linger'd, thoughtful, slow,
Fault'ring, uncertain, full of woe;
'Till deep within the woodland shades
An ancient hall my mind upbraids,*
Where Norman knights for many a year
Have heav'd the sword, and hurl'd the spear.
Illustrious knights, whose valiant sires
Bold Richard led to Acon's spires,

* Ulcomb, on the borders of the Weald of Kent, the seat of the very ancient family of St. Leger from soon after the Conquest, till the seventeenth century. It was lately the possession and residence of J. H. P. Clarke, Esq. of Derbyshire.

Whence

Whence safe return'd, in this thy seat,
Ulcomb, they fix'd, their calm retreat
For many a rolling century,
That never saw their virtues die!
Far-fam'd Sir Warham*, when thy hand,
About to seek a savage land,
Parted from mine, how swell'd my breast,
With prescience of thy fate possest!
What bold descendant shall I find
Within thine ancient bowers reclin'd?
Near as I draw, I mark each sound;
No name like thine is heard around!
Alas! 'twas here! the tower is raz'd;
The race is gone; the shield defac'd;
Here other owners hold their reign,
And thine in distant soils remain!
"I curse my fate, my breast I beat,
That still are doom'd my plodding feet
To seek for friends who all are gone;
And still I'm forc'd to journey on!
"Deep are the roads; the burning soil
Of rocky sand augments my toil;
With tongue all parch'd, with dust besmear'd,
How vainly have I often steer'd
My course oblique to some known spot,
Where I in happier days forgot
Yet for a little while my sorrow;
And fresh uprising on the morrow,
Bounding and gay, my path pursu'd!
For now I met repulses rude

* Sir Warham St. Leger, who, as well as his father, Sir Anthony, enjoyed places of high trust in Ireland, was killed there in a skirmish with the Rebels, temp. Q. Eliz. From that time the family have been principally resident in that kingdom, and have been ennobled by the title of Doneraile.

From

From faces new, and forms new-fangled,
Selfish and mean, tho' oft bespangled!
" Now o'er these waves, which turrets crown,
The moated castle's honours frown;*
Echoes the drawbridge, as I tread!
Bold Colepeper, still lift thy head,
And say, if all thy knightly train,
Who long have held their valiant reign,
Far spread o'er Cantium's proud domain,
Say, if they yet their power retain?
From yonder grove a Spirit groans;
A shriek thro' every turret moans!
No warrior answers; but a sigh
Seems in low murmuring sounds to cry;
" 'Tis done! In deep Oblivion's tomb
Long has Colepeper found his doom!"
And is it thus? O thou, whom oft
I dandled with caresses soft
On my light knee, when Essex strove
To try a maiden sovereign's love?
Thou, who in hours of death hast stood
Undaunted at rebellion's flood,
And, by the royal Martyr's side,
Strov'st the mad torrent's course to guide,
Lives then thy name no more? Are all,
Wealth, honours, buried in the fall? ——
No voice replies: opens no gate!
In other soils again I seek my fate.
" Pause," cried the host, " thou holy seer,
Recruit thy strength; thy spirits cheer;

* Leedes Castle, formerly possessed by Lord Colepeper; for an account of whom see Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion.

The Knightly family of Colepeper were spread for many ages over various parts of Kent; but have been long extinct; or, at least, have lost all their property, though one male was lately remaining.

Nor always dwell on tales of grief!
Gay thoughts would give thee some relief!
Tell all the "gorgeous gallery"
Of gallant scenes that lifted high
The court of that heroic dame,
Who stands emblaz'd with mighty fame
In all records of chivalry!
Of Kenilworth's and Elv'tham's shows, *
Where lords and knights in brilliant rows,
Bedeck'd in splendid heraldry,
Shone at the feast of ladies fair;
And shouts of triumph shook the air!".
"O hospitable host, those hours
Of genuine joy that strew'd with flowers
Each path I trod, will but renew
The darkness of Time's present hue!
All now is cold, insipid, sad;
In tinsel affectation clad
The formal table gives no feast,
The weakly pleasure has no zest.
Where op'd the spacious hall of yore,
Rang'd the long tables down the floor,
Mirth sounded with a genuine roar.
Alas, those sounds are heard no more!
Each for himself, the mean design,
At home to save, abroad to shine,
The generous passions die away,
And leave the heart to vice a prey."
"Thou sorrowing seer, ah! do not moan
For all heroic virtue gone!
In these vile days a few inherit
A bolder heart, a nobler spirit

* See Nichols's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.

Than ever in thy vaunted times
Were told in tales, or sung in rhymes.
Behold at Acre's towers on high,
Smith wave the flag of victory!
And mark across the mighty main
The palm that Nelson's * thunders gain!
With these, by whose immortal sword
Nations are sav'd, and thrones restor'd,
Compare not thou the puny knights
Whom Fame records for feudal fights!
Eclips'd is all their ancient glory,
And fade the colours of their story!"

"True didst thou say; but do not chide
The talk of age," the seer replied:
"We love the past; it takes a hue
Which ne'er is gain'd by what is new:
Each object seems, by Time's assistance,
Of charm more lovely when at distance!

"I hear the hounds on yonder hill,
O let me breathe the freshening air;
Mine ear with joy those echoes fill,
And I must to the woods repair:
With sturdy stride and staff in hand,
Plains, mountains, vallies, I command;
And youth, as sounds the horn, again
Will seem to flow in every vein.
I haste away: my host adieu!
This evening to my story true,
Thine hospitable roof I'll seek,
And deeds of former ages speak!

END OF CANTO I.

* This was written and sent to the Printer before the death of that immortal hero, of whose fame it would be idle for a common pen, and on this occasion, to attempt the delineation.

ART.

ART. VI. *Rede me and be nott wrothe*
For I saye no thinge bot trothe.
8vo. no date.

Such may be considered the title of this curious book; for what follows is "dialogue-wise" between the subject and the author of the satire, viz.

I will ascende makynge my state so hye,
That my pompous honoure shall never dye.

To this is the following response:

O catyfe when thou thynkest least of all,
With confusion thou shalt have a fall.

The boast and the prophesy are prevented from treading too closely upon each others heels, by the intervention of a coat of arms, allusive to the situation of the Cardinal before his elevation. This heraldic invention, of which an idea of the collected appearance may be formed from the subjects of which it is composed, is traced in black and crimson characters; and at the back of the same leaf is the following metrical

"*Descripcion of the armes.*"

Of the prowde Cardinall this is the shelde,
Borne up betwene two angels of Sathan;
The sixe blouddy axes in a bare felde
Sheweth the crewelte of the red man.
Which hath devoured the beautifull swan*;
Mortal enemy unto the Whyte Lion*:
Carter of Yorke the vyle butchers sonne.

* Titles adopted from the crests of Buckingham and Surry. We learn from the "prologue of the translatour" that the *Knighte of the Swanne*, a French Romance, was translated at the request of the former. The printer (Copland) adds "this present history compyled, named Helyas, the *Knight of the Swanne, of whom lineally is descended my said lord.*"

The

The sixe bulles heddes in a felde blacke,
Betokeneth his stordy furiousness;
* Wherefore the godly light to put abacke
He bringeth in his dyvlishe darkeness:
The †Bandog in the middes doth expresse
The mastiff curre bred in Ypswitch towne,
Gnawinge with his teth a kynges crowne.

The clubbe signifieth playne his tiranny
Covered over with a Cardinals hatt,
Wherein shall be fulfilled the prophecy,
Aryse up Jacke and put on thy salatt;
For the tyme is come of bagge and walatt,
The temporall chivalry throwen downe,
Wherfor prest take hede and beware thy croune.

From the conviction of the title page alone it will readily be conceived by those who remember the rancour with which Skelton was persecuted for his "Why come ye not to Court?" that Wolsey would not be backward to punish the author of the present more virulent attack. The writer, however, if he remained in England, successfully concealed himself, and procured the "litel boke" to be printed abroad by a friend, of no inferior zeal as it appears, who offered his assistance in future services of the like nature: "Yf any mo soche smale styckes," says he, "come unto youre hondes, which ye shall judge apte unto the augmentacion of this fyre, sende them unto me (yf in Englonde they may not be publisshed) and by Godde's grace with all my power and possibilitie I shall so endever myselfe to kyndle them that as many as are of the sede of Abraham shall se theyr light."

This light which was "to lighten the Gentiles," the

* A correction at the end teaches us to read "whereby."

† See Gifford's Massinger, Vol. I. p. 44.

Cardinal, however, spared neither pains nor expence to extinguish; that the influence of its beams might not be too extensive he endeavoured to get all the copies into his own possession: how well he succeeded in his purpose may be calculated from the rare occurrence of the tract even in the most curious collections. His authority was sufficient to suppress it during his life, but it was altered and reprinted at Wesell in 1546 in the preface to which we are informed that "this boke was prynted in the Cardinal hys tyme, whiche whon he harde that it was done, caused a certayne man, *whome I coulde name* if *I lusted* to bye them all uppe."

The intrinsic merit of the satire is sufficient to justify us in rejoicing that some few copies escaped the Cardinal's destructive inquisition.

The pasquinade is introduced by a dialogue between the author and "The treatous" wherein the latter urges the danger that awaits his venturing into the world from the displeasure of the Cardinal.

Yf I presume to make relacion
Of secret matters that be uncertayne,
They will count it for diffamacion,
Or things contryved of a froward brayne.
To discribe theyre faultes it is but vayne,
Excepte I were in some authoritie,
Wherefore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

As touching that thou need not to be dejecte,
The truth shall be thy conservacion,
Whyles thou presume no faultes to detecte,
But wheare thou hast hadde certificacion
By theyre knowledge and informacion
Which have forsaken the whore of Rome:
Ut inveniatur iniquitas ejus ad odium.

The

The scruples of "the Treatous" are at length overcome, and the dialogue is succeeded by a lyrical lamentation, supposed to be "said or sung" by Wolsey, or some of his adherents, on account of the suppression of the mass, together with the loss of wealth, ease, and honours, of which the inhabitants "black, white, and grey," were deprived at the dissolution of the monastries. All the indignities which the Monks can be supposed to have suffered when "fallen from their high estate," the sensual gratifications in which they indulged, and the extravagant pomp which they assumed, are minutely detailed and lamented with mock solemnity, and each strophe, or antistrophe, is closed with a pathetic ejaculation.

Aproche proud patriark with your pope,
Bishops, Archbishops, and Cardinalls gaye,
With other prelats that had your hope
To be mayntayned by the masse allwaye;
Who shall find our belly and ryche araye,
Seyng that gone is the masse,
Now deceased, alas! alas!

Drawe nere ye priestes in your long gownes,
With all the fryers of the beggerly ordres,
Come hyther Monkes with brode shaven crownes,
And all soche as are shorne above the ears:
Helpe me to lament with dolorous teares,
Seynge that gone is the masse,
Now deceased, alas! alas!

Two servants, Watkin and Jeffray, are now introduced debating the very natural question what course it would be prudent to take under the present adverse circumstances of their master: the dialogue commen-

ces with an explanation, on the part of the former, of the causes productive of the disgrace of the mass. Among many others more active in promoting the reformation in Germany, the author gives "a quip" to Erasmus on account of his pusillanimous and temporising policy during that period. The two "true and faithful servants" finding their master's degradation at hand at length resolve that

> It is goode that they looke aboute,
> Least they solfe a new lesson.

they then fall roundly to abusing and exposing the Cardinal.

The first subject of reprobation arises from the order for burning Tyndal's testament at Paul's-Cross, 1526. As this is the first object of rebuke it was, probably, the primary cause of this satire's appearance. The reputed author of the tract was associated with Tyndall in that translation *, and was joined with him in an injunction afterwards issued by Henry, forbidding any person to keep in their possession any of the works of Tyndall, Wickliffe, Roy, and others †. The cause therefore of Tyndall was his own. The cardinal is afterwards charged in succession with extortion, avarice, whoredom, and in general or particular with every crime that comes within the scope of human turpitude. The word of a satirist should be cautiously received; but he was, it should be remembered, charged with many of these crimes in the articles preferred against him by the lords.

* Vide Tanneri Bibliotheca, sub voce Roy.

† Fox's Martyrology, Vol. II. p. 587, Ed. 1641; and Collier's Eccl. Hist. Vol. II. p. 70.

The

The satire, so far from being confined to Wolsey, is in a great measure levelled at the Romish church in general, and the gluttony and idleness of its members are lashed with wit and vigour:

As for preaching they take no care,
They wolde se a course at an hare
Rather than make a sermon:
To follow the chace of wylde dere,
Passinge the tyme with joly chere,
Among them all is common.

To playe at the cardes and dice,
Some of them are nothing nyce,
Both at hasard and momchance,

He adds

- - - - - they eat theyr belies full,
Every man as moche as he wull,
And none sayth *blacke is his eye* * !

These gentlemen seem, like Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, to have cared more for good living than good life, and perhaps the satirist, if they were not beyond his reach, notwithstanding his elevated nose, would have preferred the good things he railed at rather

Than sing, "my mind to me a kingdom is,"
When the lank hungry belly barked for food †.

In fact, three fourths of the pages are lavished on the profligacy and insolence of the clergy in general;

* "Then having estraunged themselves thus for a small space, they return again, not to their pristine cursed life (I dare say) but to their countrey, and then no man say *black is their eye*, but all is well, and they as good christians, as those that suffer them unpunished." Stubbes's Anatomy of Abuses, 1595, p. 65.

† Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, Act I. Sc. i.

towards the conclusion, however, he quits the meaner multitude, and bestows what remains on the immediate object of his vengeance.

Sans autre ècart revenons au Hèros.

The burning of Tyndall's translation, with which he began his attack, is renewed near the end, and a "brief oracion" is pronounced to his stateliness" more furious and vehement than any thing that precedes it.

* Agaynst thine ambicion all people do cry,
Pompously spendinge the sustenance of the pore;
Thy haughte honours highly to magnify,
Maketh theeves, traytors, and many a whore.

In the course of the satire the Cardinal's amorous propensities are descanted upon in language not over delicate, and also his insolence to the nobles which was singularly tyrannical. Skelton's description of Wolsey at the council-board is well known, and in Lodge's Illustrations of British History, Vol. I. Page 28, is a curious account of his intolerable haughtiness by a personal sufferer.

Och! there is neither duke ne barone,
Be they never of so grett power,
But they are constrained to crouche
Before this butcherly slouche,
As it ware unto an Emperoure.

That

* Of the pomp with which Wolsey appeared publicly, a curious account may be found in Stow's Chronicle, pa. 502, ed. 1631. And his magnificence and pride were not overlooked by Skelton.

Set up the wretche on hye
In a trone triumphantly.

Make

That there was great grounds for complaints of this kind is evident from the articles exhibited against Wolsey, more particularly the charges urged against him in the fifteenth clause.

I find from the transactions of the society of Antiquaries, of which three MS volumes, in folio, are in my possession, that this tract has been twice exhibited at the meetings of that society, and as often attributed to Skelton: again by Anstis in a letter to Dr. Fiddes; and the latter in his ponderous tome of indiscriminate apology, miscalled "The Life of Cardinal Wolsey," speaks of it as "a scandalous libel written by *one Skelton*, poet laureat," evidently confounding it with "Why come ye not to court?" Bale, however, a labourer in the same vineyard with Roy, asserts him to have been the author of it. From the preface to the "Parable of the wicked Mammon" he appears to have been an ecclesiastick; he resided some time with Tindall, whom he assisted in his studies; he afterwards went to Strasburg when he wrote *inter patrem Christianum et filium contumacem dialogum Christianum*. Perhaps, says Tanner*, he was the same Roy whom Sir Thomas More remembered to have written "an exposition on the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians." He flourished about 1528, and suffered in Portugal, by the faggot.

Stamford. O. G.

Make him a great state,
And he will play checke mate
With royall majestie
Count himself as good as hee;
A prelatt potential, &c.

"Why come ye not to court?"

* Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica, Pa. 645. Folio, 1748.

ART. VII. *A Chronological List of English Writers on Agriculture. With anecdotes and remarks.*

I. Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, of Norbury, in Derbyshire, a Judge of the Common Pleas, 15 Hen. VIII. is generally called the father of English Husbandry. His work, entitled "The Book of Husbandry" was very frequently edited in the sixteenth century, notwithstanding which, all those editions ate now very scarce, though probably by no means so scarce as Walter Harte supposed them to be.

1. It seems to have been first printed by Thomas Berthelet, 1532, 8vo. *

2. It was printed also by Rob. Wyer, in twelves. †

3. Again by Thomas Berthelet, 1534, sm. 8vo. ‡ At the end of which are these words: "Here endeth the right profitable book of Husbandry, compiled some time by Master Fitz-herbarde, of charity and good zeal, that he bare to the weal of this most noble realm: which (work) he did not in his youth, but after he had exercised Husbandry with great experience forty years." §

4. Again by the same, 8vo. without date. "Imprinted in Fletestrete, in the hous of nere to the condite at the signe of Lucrece." ‖

5. Again by the same, 1548. Twelves. **

6. Again, without date. "Imprinted in Fletestrete at the signe of the Sunne over agaynst the Conduit, by John Waylande," 8vo. ††

* Herbert, 419. † Ibid. 384. ‡ Ibid. 423.
§ Harte's Essays on Husbandry, II. 76. ‖ Herbert, 462.
** Herbert, 452. †† Ib. 566.

7. Again

7. Again by Tho. Marsh, newly corrected and amended, without date, 8vo. licensed, 1559.*

8. Again by John Awdeley, 1562, 8vo. †

9. Again, with additions, by James Roberts, for Edw. White, 4to. ‡

Yet after all these editions Harte observes there are probably not twenty complete copies in the kingdom, of this, and the following work.

" The Book of Surveying and Improvements. Small 8vo. containing 120 pages, imprinted by Berthelet, 1539, in a black letter.

Again, 1545, by the same. Herbert says that the title is " In a neat architective compartment with part of our Saviour seen at top, holding up his right hand, and the munde in his left. On the back, " To the reder. Whan I had printed the boke longynge to a Justice of the pees together with other smal bokes necessary, I bethought me upon this boke of Surveyenge, compiled sometime by mastre Fitzherbarde: how good and how profitable it is for al possessioners of landes, or tenaunts of the same, also how well it agreeth with the argument of the other small bokes, as court baron, court hundred, and chartuary, I went in hand and printed it in the same volume that the other be to binde them all together. And have amended it in many places." This is in the edition, 1545, and the same had been printed in the edition, 1539; so that there appears to have been an edition before that. This contains sixty leaves, exclusive of the table prefixed; at the end of which are two seven-lined stanzas,

* Herbert, 870. † Ib. 885. ‡ Ib. 1034.

apparently,

apparently by the author, which may be seen in the modern edition, 1767. *

Again, by Richard Tottel, 1567, 8vo. †

Again, by T. Marsh, 1587, sixteens. ‡

"How Fitzherbert," says Harte, (from whose elegant, erudite, and valuable Essays on Husbandry, I shall draw the principal materials of this article) "how Fitzherbert could be a practitioner of the art of Agriculture for forty years, as he himself says in 1534, is pretty extraordinary. I suppose it was his country amusement, in the periodical recesses, between the terms." §

But I take this opportunity of observing that this seems to have been a fashionable amusement of the lawyers of those days. Gervase Markham cites a book on Husbandry, not otherwise known, by Sir Walter Henley. ‖ I cannot doubt that this was Sir Walter Hendley, of Otham, in Kent, Serjeant at Law, temp. Edw. VI.

I must now copy from Harte more at large.

"From the multitude of books published on the subject of cultivating the earth, one would have imagined the art to have been more studied, than it really has been; since upon the whole it continued in a sort of declining condition from the days of Virgil and Columella, till the time of Constantine IV. and then lay in a kind of dormant state till about the middle of Henry VIIIth's reign, when it was rather revived, than improved.

"Indeed, about that time, Judge Fitzherbert, in

* Herbert, 448. † Ib. 816. ‡ Ib. 870. § Ess. II. p. 77.

‖ Young's Ann. of Agr. XXI. p. 460.

England

England (better known among us, as author of another excellent work, called Natura Brevium) Tatti, Stefano, Agostino Gallo, Sansovino, Lauro, Tarello, &c. in Italy, published several considerable books in Agriculture; but our countryman was the first, if we except Crescenzio dell' Agricoltura, (whose fine performance was printed at Florence in 1478) and Pier Marino the translator of Palladius de Re Rustica, who made his work public in the year 1528.

"In the same century appeared Matthiolis' Commentary on Dioscorides, * as also a translation of Theophrastus on Plants, by Bionda; and another of Columella by an unknown hand.

"Such of these Italian writers on Husbandry, as did not concern themselves with translations, made the ancients of their country their text and model, and are looked upon to be excellent in language, and no ways defective in experience and knowledge. On the former of which accounts, I have sometimes known collections of these author's works made in Italy, not for the sake of acquiring knowledge in husbandry, but merely on account of reading the pure Tuscan style. Meantime Fitzherbert shone with equal lustre of truth, though not of language: for the Italian tongue was then in its meridian of glory, and the English had

* "This noble work was first published in Italian, and five impressions were sold off in a few years: but the exquisite beauty of the prints, cut on wood, has made the copies extremely scarce. The Roman edition in 2 vol. fol. 1569, is a very fine one, yet in some respects must give place to the Valdgrisi edition at Venice, ten years before. The drawings of the plants were made by Giorgio Liberali, an ingenious young painter; but who the engraver or cutter was, I never could learn distinctly at Rome or Venice. Common fame mentions one Theodosio Richeli."

declined

declined from the days of Chaucer, rather than advanced. Yet our countryman kept the field without a rival."

"These works of Fitzherbert soon raised a spirit of emulation in his countrymen. I have seen a list of several English writers on Husbandry, who were some of them his contemporaries, but have never been able to procure a sight of their works, nor obtain any material intelligence concerning the authors. For the sake of the curious, I shall give a transcript of their names, as it is minuted down in Queen Elizabeth's reign, by that famous husbandman, Barnaby Googe, Esq.

"Sir Nicholas Malbee.
John Somer (Canon of Windsor)
William Lambert (I am since informed that he wrote on the management and diseases of cattle.)
Henry Brockhull.
H. King, D. D.
Henry Denys.
John Hatche.
Nicholas Yeerzwort (query, if not Nicasius Yetswort, whom Ant. Wood mentions as a writer on husbandry?)
Captain Bingham.
Thomas Wettenhall.
Richard Deering.
M. Franklyn.
Richard Andrews.
William Pratt.
Philip Partridge.
Henry Datforth.

N. B. From

N. B. From this list it appears that the English contributed as much towards the revival of agriculture, as the Italians, and (translations from the ancients excepted) began as early. The Flemings and French made no figure till about a century afterwards."

"At length, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, several Husbandry-writers copied Fitzherbert; Mascal, Markham, and others, in the time of James and Charles I. compiled from all; yet none had the gratitude to mention or acknowledge their first instructor. So that, (if we except only the occasional writers on English husbandry at that period) we had little or nothing that resembled a systematical body of Agriculture, but Fitzherbert's two books for the space of one hundred years; * and then some new and great lights broke in upon us from the admirable writings and discoveries of Barnaby Googe, Lord Bacon, Sir Hugh Platt, Gabriel Plattes, Sir Richard Weston, Hartlib, Robert Child, Dr. Arnold Beati, Evelyn, and several others.

"France, about the year 1600, and not sooner, made considerable efforts in reviving husbandry, as appears from such large works as "Les Moyens de devenir Riche, and the Cosmopolite, by Bernard de Palissy;" † "le Theatre d' Agriculture, by De Serres; l'Agriculture et Maison Rustique by Mess. Etienne and Liebault" &c. &c.

"The Flemings, about the same period, dealt more

* "One may say of Fitzherbert's Husbandry, what Sir P Sydney applied to Chaucer's poetry: "I marvel how in those misty times he could see so clearly, and how others, in such clear times could go so blindly after him."

† "A poor potter in the time of Hen. IV. of France."

in

in the practice of husbandry, than in publishing books upon the subject: so that questionless their intention was to carry on a private lucrative trade without instructing their neighbours; and hence it happened, that whoever wanted to copy their agriculture, was obliged to travel into their country, and make his own remarks; as Plattes, Hartlib, and Sir R. Weston actually did. Their principal, and one may add, their very just idea of husbandry consisting in this, namely, to make a farm resemble a garden as nearly as possible. Such an excellent principle, at first setting out, led them of course to undertake the culture of small estates only, which they kept free from weeds, continually turning the ground, and manuring it plentifully and judiciously.

"Having thus brought the soil to a just degree of cleanliness, health, and sweetness, they ventured chiefly upon the culture of the more delicate grasses, as the surest means of acquiring wealth in husbandry, upon a small state, without the expence of keeping many draught horses or servants.

"After a few years experience, they soon found that ten acres of the best vegetables for feeding cattle, properly cultivated, would maintain a larger stock of grasing animals, than forty acres of common farm-grass. And the vegetables they chiefly cultivated for this purpose were lucerne, sanfoin, trefoils of most denominations, sweet fenugreek, buck and cow wheat, field turnips, and spurrey, by them called Mariangrasse.

"The political secret of their husbandry was, as we have observed before, the letting farms on improvement.

"Add

"Add to this, they discovered eight or ten new sorts of manure. They were the first, among the moderns, who ploughed in living crops for the sake of fertilising the earth, and confined their sheep, at night, in large sheds built on purpose, whose floor was covered with sand, or virgin earth, &c. which the shepherd carted away every morning to the compost dunghill. Such was the chief mystery of the Flemish husbandry." *

III. Reginald Scott's "Perfect Platform of an Hopgarden," 4to. 1576. This gentleman, says Harte, "writ about forty years after Fitzherbert, and is, in point of time, the second writer on English husbandry, at least as far as my collection goes, in books of agriculture. He was a younger son of Sir J. Scot in Kent, had received an university education, and was looked upon to be a good scholar." Harte II. p. 22. But see Oldys's Brit. Libr. 213, for an account of this author, who wrote "the Discovery of Witchcraft," 1584.

IV. "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, by Thomas Tusser. Printed by R. Tottel, 1557, 4to.†"

Again, 1573, by the same, 4to. under the title of "Five hundreth points of good husbandry united to as many of good huswiferie, first devised, and now lately augmented with divers approved lessons concerning hopps and gardening, and other nedeful matters, together with an abstract before every moneth contelling the whole effect of the sayd moneth, for the better understanding of the booke. Set forth by Thomas Tusser, Gentleman, servant to the honorable Lord Paget of Beudesert. Imprinted anno 1573." In

* Harte, Ess. I. 41—45 † Herb. 629. Wart. Hist. E. Po. III. 303.

a compartment with Midas on one side, and Venus on the other. *

Again, by Henry Denham, 1577, 4to. Again, 1580.†

Again, 1586, by the same, 4to. 164 pages. ‡

Again, 1593, by Richard Yardley, 4to. §

Again, 1599, by R. Waldegrave, 4to. ‖

Again, by Peter Short, 1597. Again, 1604, and 1610, 4to. ** and afterwards

Lord Molesworth, in his "Considerations for promoting Agriculture, Dubl. Qo. 1723," says, "as to agriculture I should humbly propose, that the school for husbandry were erected in every county, wherein an expert master of the methods of agriculture should teach, at a fixed yearly salary; and that Tusser's old book of Husbandry should be taught to the boys, to read, to copy, and to get by heart; to which end it might be reprinted and distributed. I doubt not but some such method as this would make husbandmen, and prevent the increase of the poor."

Harte adds to this, that "Tusser's book is written in quatrains, or stanzas, of four verses each. Lord Molesworth's idea is a good one; but the poem is very obsolete, and of course too hard to be understood by children, or even grown persons, being published before the year 1577. Some may think it too long; for it contains more verses than Virgil's Georgics." ††

[*To be continued.*]

* Herb. 820 † Ib. 948. ‡ Ib. 960. § Ib. 1207.
‖ 1520 ** Ritson's Bibl. Po. 373.

†† For an account of Tusser, see Warton's Hist Po. III. p. 298. Theatr. Poet. Angl. p. 91. Ritson's Bibl. Po. p. , and Ellis's Specimens. An account will hereafter be given of the edition by Hillman in 1710.

ART.

ART. VIII. *Microcosmographie, or a Peece of the World discovered; in Essayes and Characters. The sixth edition, augmented. London, Printed by R. B. for Robert Allot, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church Yard.* 1630. *duodecimo.*

Notwithstanding this highly entertaining and very scarce little book is ascribed by Langbaine to a Mr. Blount,* "who," says he, "hath made himself known by many ingenious publications, such as his Microcosmography, Horæ Subsecivæ, &c.": (but who in fact was only the publisher, as he himself tells us in the preface) it is the production of Dr. John Earle, Bishop of Salisbury, of whom the following short account may probably be not unacceptable.

He was born at York in 1601, and entered at Merton College, Oxford, in 1620, where he became Master of Arts, 1624, was a proctor in 1631, and about that time created chaplain to Philip, Earl of Pembroke, who presented him with the living of Bishopston in Wiltshire. He was afterwards appointed chaplain and tutor to Prince Charles, and chancellor of the cathedral of Salisbury. For his steady adherence to the royal cause, he was deprived of every thing he possessed, and at length was compelled to fly into exile with King Charles the Second, at whose restoration he was made Dean of Westminster, and in 1662 created Bishop of Worcester, from whence he was translated to the see of Salisbury in 1663. Walton,

* Edward Blount, a bookseller at the Black Bear, St. Paul's Churchyard. For an account of "Horæ Subsecivæ," see Memoirs of Peers of James I. p. 384. *Editor.*

the biographer of Donne, &c. sums his character by saying that since Mr. Richard Hooker died, none have lived "whom God hath blest with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable primitive temper." Besides the work of which I am about to make mention, Bishop Earle wrote an Elegy upon Mr. Francis Beaumont, afterwards printed at the end of Beaumont's Poems, London, 1640, in quarto. He translated also from the English into Latin, the Εἰκὼν Βασιλικὴ, which he entituled "Imago Regis Caroli, in illis suis Ærumnis et Solitudine," and which was printed at the Hague, 1649, duodecimo, with a frontispiece by Marshal; and Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, which I believe has never been published. Several lesser things also he had some share in, which are now either lost or not known. During the plague he retired to Oxford, where he died November 17, 1665, and was buried in Merton College Chapel.*

Microcosmography.

Microcosmographie consists of numerous characters drawn up with the greatest humour and correctness. They shew the author to have been a man of reading and observation, who regarded the world with a penetrating glance, and who diffused his remarks with propriety and justice; as an example of which I shall conclude with an extract which will not, I trust, be displeasing.

* See Wood's Athenæ, II. 365. *Editor.*

Paule's

" *Paule's Walke*

" Is the Land's Epitome, or you may cal it the lesser Ile of Great Brittaine. It is more then this, the whole world's map, which you may heere discerne in its perfects't motion justling and turning. It is a heape of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages, and were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noyse in it is like that of bees, a strange humming, or buzze, mixt of walking tongues and feete: it is a kinde of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no busines whatsoeuer but is here stirring and afoote.

" It is the generall mint of al famous lies, which are here like the legends of popery, first coyn'd and stampt in the church. All inuentions are emptyed heere, and not few pockets. The best signe of a temple in it is, that is the Theeues Sanctuary, which robbe more safely in the croud, then a wildernesse, whilst euery searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the other expence of the day, after playes, tauerne, and a bawdy-house, and men haue still some oathes left to sweare heere. It is the eares brothell, and satisfies their lust, and ytch. The visitants are all men without exceptions, but the principall inhabitants and possessors, are stale knights, and captaines * out of seruice, men of long rapiers, and breeches, which after all, haue merchants here and traffick for newes. Some make it a preface to their dinner, and trauell for a stomacke: but thriftier men make it their ordinarie: and boord heere very cheape.

* Pauls. Captain Bobadil, in Every Man in his Humour, is styled a " Paules Man," whence, and from the character here given of it, we may infer that it was the idle resort of every needy and dissipated sharper.

Of all such places it is least haunted with hobgoblins, for if a ghost would walke more, hee could not."

The accounts given of "an Antiquarie, a Carrier, a Player, a Pot Poet, an Universitie Dunne," and many others are equally excellent, and I only lament that the limits of this work will not allow me to give them.

The first edition is in duodecimo, Lond. 1628. It has been reprinted in octavo, 1731, and is very rare.

P. B.

ART. IX. "*A Booke of Christian exercise appertaining to Resolulution, that is, shewing howe that we should resolve our selves to become Christians indeede: by R. P. Perused and accompanied nowe with a Treatise tending to Pacification. By Edmund Bunny. Heb.* xiii. 8. *Jesus yesterday, and to day, and the same for ever. Imprinted.* 1585."

It is dedicated "To the most Reverend Father in God, his very good Lord and Patron, *Edwin, by the providence of God, Archbishop of Yorke,* Primate of England and Metropolitan, &c."

Bunny, in his preface, professes to have been ignorant of the author. The work was originally suggested by a book of "one Gasper Lorat Doctor of Divinitie, and a Jesuite Frier." But as it contained some opinions opposite to those of Bunny, he thought fit to retrench them, and publish it with his own "Treatise on Pacification," in the form in which it appears under the above title.

The Preface is dated "At Bolton-Percie, in the ancientie

ancientie or Liberties of Yorke, the 9. of July, 1584." The copy which I have wants a sheet, and therefore ends at page 322, where "*The Treatise tending to pacification*" ("*By labouring those that are our adversaries in the cause of religion, to receive the gospel, and to join with us in profession thereof.* By Edmund Bunny. *Hosea* iii. 43. *The children of Israel, &c.*") begins. But this work, which contains ninety-six pages, wants all the elegance and perspicuity of the former, though, in point of argument and method, it is by no means deficient.

Lanchester, near Durham,
Oct. 10, 1805. I. H.

Art. X. JOHN WEEVER,*

Wrote the History of Christ in verse, in minimo, or a nutt-shell; a most small volume, dedicated "To Prince Henry," your humble servant,

Jo. Weever.

THE EPISTLE.

"Thou matchlesse issue of a mighty king,
To whose greene yeares and judgment grave I bring
These holy numbers of my heav'nly Muse,
Which my late Empresse dained to peruse,
The like acceptance humbly I intreat,
My booke is little, but my heart is great."

Jo. Weever."

* Supposed to be the author of the "Funeral Monuments."

Art. XI. SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

Samuel Rowlands, a prolific poetical pamphleteer during the reigns of Elizabeth and her successors; in addition to the list of his writings in Ritson's Bibliographia, was authour of "Tis merrie when gossips meet, newly enlarged, with divers songs, sung by a fidler's boy," 4to. printed by W: H. It is "dialogue-wise," a poem between a widow, a wife, and a mayd; prefixed is a wood cut representing the three characters, and the "fidler's boy" in waiting, with a gittern in his hand. In continuation, also, of his design expressed at the conclusion of the "Knave of Clubbs," he published "the Knave of Hearts," and "more Knaves yet; the Knaves of Spades and Diamonds" &c. printed by John Bache, and are to be sold at his shop at the entering in of the Royal Exchange," 4to. 1613. From the last of which the following lines may be worth extracting.

On vaine and curious monuments.

What trust of future praise in senseless stones,
Containing rotten and worm-eaten bones!
What do the gazers on report but this?
"Fair monument, wherein foul carcase is!"
Virtue dies not—her fame herself will raise;
Let them trust tombs that have outlived their praise.

I may just observe that, "the Knave of Clubbs, or tis merrie when Knaves meete," must have been printed earlier than 1613, for in the Register of the Stationer's Company, dated 1600, is an order for burning "Tis merrie

merrie when Knaves meet." See Ames, Vol. II. p. 1266.

"Not Roscius nor Æsop (says Nash) those tragedians admyred before Christ was borne, could ever perform more in action than famous Ned Allen. If ever I write any thing in Latine (as I hope one day I shall) not a man of any desert among us but I will have up. Tarlton, Ned Allen, Knell, Bentley, shall be knowen to France, Spayne and Italie, and not a part that they surmounted in, more than other, but I will there note and set downe *with the manner of theyre habites and attyre.*"

Pierce Penilesse P. 27. Ed. 1592.

In the following passage from "the Knave of Clubbs," is this picture of Ned Allen in Faustus:

> The Gull gets on a surplice,
> With a crosse upon his breast,
> Like Allen playing Faustus,
> In that manner was he drest.

Sig. D. 2.

The play was "Dr. Faustus's Tragical Historie, by Christopher Marlow, 4to. 1604. O. G.

ART. XII. *Epigrammatum libri octo. Cum aliquot psalmorum paraphrasi poetica. Auctore Niniano Patersono Glascuensi. Edinburgi, excudebant Thomas Brown et Jacobus Glen, Anno Dom.* 1678. 12*mo*

This is a book which seldom can be met with in England, and not very often perhaps in North Britain.

The greater number of the epigrams it contains relate to moral or scriptural subjects, and are rather sober reflections than epigrammatic levities. The second and third divisions become most interesting to modern readers, from being addressed to

" Names once known, now dubious or forgot."

The following may possibly afford the only remaining notice of a two-fold son of Apollo.

" *D. Henrico Henrisono medico et poetæ celeberrimo.*

Henrisone, duplex cui circum tempora laurus
Floret, utrumque cui præstat Apollo decus !
Sive Machaoniam poscant contagia dextram,
Seu placet argutæ plectra movere lyræ,
Publica morborum requies, laus prima medentum,
Ægrorumque salus, præsidiumque cluis.
Et Buchananæis certat tua musa camænis,
Aptat ut Isacidæ plectra Latina lyræ.
Vatis Idumæos miscent Stygiosque triumphos
Et medici, doctæ sic monumenta manus.
Si medicina artus sanetve poetica mentem,
Nulli equidem vitæ sanior usus erit.
Sic radient gemina viventi tempora palma,
Claraque defuncto destinet astra Deus."

At the end of the epigrams occurs an English version of a Latin Ode by Florentius Volusenus, * Scotus; in his treatise de Animi Tranquillitate: this has since been translated by Blair, and printed with Gardiner's edition of the Grave. One stanza may be admissible from each pen.

Mella absynthia non dabunt
Uvas nec tribulus: sic mala gaudia

* i. e. Florence Wilson. See Irving's Lives of Sc. Poets.

Vitæ qui sequitur brevis,
Is fructum petit ex arbore non sua.

VOLUSENUS.

As sure no hony from the wormwood drops,
Nor berries on the prickled thistle grows,
So he who from this short life pleasure hopes,
He seeks the fruit that this tree never knows.

PATERSON.

As bitter wormwood never doth
Delicious honey yield,
Nor can the chearful grape be reap'd
From thistles in the field:
So who, in this uncertain life,
Deceitful joys pursue,
They fruit do seek upon such trees
On which it never grew. BLAIR.

Mr. Ninian Paterson appears to have been the minister of Liberton, and the following is his farewell to the Muse.

Sat musis nugisque datum, suspendo sacratis
Jam Libertonæ barbita muta tholis.
Musa vale, quondam lenimen dulce laborum,
Posthac nec votis sollicitanda meis.

T. P.

ART. XIII. *The Nature of Man. A learned and usefull tract, written in Greek by Nemesius, surnamed the philosopher; sometime Bishop of a city in Phœnicia, and one of the most ancient fathers of the Church. Englished, and divided into sections, with briefs of their principall contents; by Geo. Wither. London, printed by M. F. for Henry*

Henry Taunton in St. Dunstan's Churchyard in Fleetstreet, 1636. 12*mo.*

In the imperfect list of Wither's voluminous publications, as given by Wood, * the above is very slightly noticed. To his report, therefore, it may be added, that the translation extends to 660 pages, besides a preface to the reader, concerning the author of the book, touching the contents thereof, and the translation of the same; with a dedication "to his most learned and much honoured friend, John Selden, Esq. by his unfained friend, and true honourer, Geo. Wither; dated from his cottage under the Beacon-hill, neere Farnham, May 23, 1636." From this dedication the following complimentary passages are extracted, nor will they be deemed hyperbolical by readers of the present day.

"SIR,

"I am not carefull to annexe your other titles; for they are not so much honour to you as they are honoured by you: and your bare name sounds more honorably in my judgment, than that which the breath of others can adde unto it. I have made bold therefore (though without your knowledge) to send abroad with your name prefixed, this ancient Greek Father, newly taught, to speak English, that he may receive your approbation where he well expresseth his meaning, and your correction hereafter where he proves defective. For I presumed you might by this means be provoked to the perusall thereof, notwithstanding your many studies.

* Athen. Oxon. II. 396.

"Your

" Your candor and singular humanity make me confident in this attempt. For though my author be a stranger to most moderne students, you (from whom no such worthie is obscured) are his familiar acquaintance: and in whose *name* could I have more properly brought this ancient among my countrymen to be entertained with respect, then in *yours*, who are the truest lover of antiquities, and he who hath best shewed the right use of them to this age?

" I think not you to be any whit honoured by this dedication; but, that I have rather magnified my selfe, in making it an occasion to signifie that I have so noble a friend." T. P.

ART. XIV. *Pleasure's Vision; with Desert's Complaint: and a Short Dialogue of a Woman's properties, betweene an old man and a young. By Arthur Newman, of the Middle Temple, Gent. London, printed by G. E. for Thomas Bayly, and are to be sold at his shop in the middle-row in Holbourne, neere Staple Inne.* 1619. 12*mo*.

An epistle dedicatory is inscribed to the right worshipfull and truly worthy Sir George Newman, Knight, and five copies of commendatory verses are signatured, Marchadine Hunnis, Jo. Cookes, T. More, Pe. Lower, and G. Parre.

Of Arthur Newman no particulars appear to be known; but he is a writer who, from the brevity rather than the inferiority of his productions, may be deemed a minor poet. His verses are moral, harmonious, and pleasing;

pleasing; as will be shewn by the opening of Desert's Complaint.

" Late, wand'ring by a valley side
Where weeping streames did sadly glide,
Sith Sol's bright raies could not appeare
The place or ought therein to cheare,
I saw clad in a mourning weed
A man whose griefes my griefe did breed;
For desart desert there, alas!
Upon his brow ingraven was;
And coldly on cold earth he lay,
Like some fram'd picture of decay:
Or like an ancient monument
Which was erected, to prevent
Th' oblivion of some noble fact,
Which some dead worthy once did act,
And being ruin'd would inforce
All the spectators with remorce
To breath forth helples sighes, and then
To raile on time, and check those men
That let decay to disinherit
True worth of what it had by merit.
Thus did he lye, and like a swan
Dying, to ease his heart began
In sad laments to sing his woe,
And thus he, sighing, on did goe:—
" Where shall I runne? where shall I fly?
Where shall my plaints find remedy?
Where are mine ancient friends? and where
My followers that held me deare?
Where may my now-lost honors be?
Where is the time that favour'd me?
And where, and how, and what am I
That in this wretched state here lye?

Of

Of former joys am I not reft,
And of the careles world quite left?
Are not my followers distrest,
Disdain'd, despis'd, poore and opprest?
Are not my chiefest friends all dead?
Are not my honors from me fled?
And is not strangely Time disguis'd?—
O yes; for by it I'm despis'd.
I am an out-cast, and dejected,
And see with griefe my rites neglected;
And many doe usurpe my place
Which me, themselves, and it deface;
And unto such I plainely see
The world doth give what's due to me:
If men despise and slight me so,
I cannot thinke where I may goe:
And what to do I know not, I,
Unlesse I cease to be, and dye.
I am not franticke, for I knowe
By sad experience of my woe,
My haplesse words are too too true;
Which they I feare too soon will rue.
If to the country I retire,
There dull and earthly minds require
Houses and acres, by which now
Desert is measur'd: therefore how
Can I, whom Fate hath seem'd t' ordaine
This reputation's want to 'plaine,
And all fraile outwards but to slight,
Of them crave favour, much less right?
Or my complaints and wrongs appease,
Since dull besotting error these
Doth so much blind, that they scarce see
The odds betweene the drone and bee?

And yet, if good on earth do dwell,
'Tis in a simple rusticke's cell."

The "dialogue of a Woman's properties," is conducted much after the plan of Sir John Davis's Contention between a Wife, a Widow, and a Maid; printed in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, 1611. *

T. P.

Art. XV. The Rev. THOMAS WARTON.

Two early poetic trifles, by our late admired Laureat, entitled "Verses on Miss Cotes and Miss Wilmot," appeared in the Gent. Mag. for March 1796. The following characteristic imitation of the Newgate ditties, is reprinted from a copy which was in the library of the late Dr. Lort, who ascribed it in a written note to Mr. Thomas Warton. †

"THE MAIDEN'S BLOODY GARLAND;

OR,

HIGH-STREET TRAGEDY.

Shewing how Sarah Holly, ‡ a poor unfortunate serving-maid of the city of Oxford, being wronged by her sweetheart, cut her throat from ear to ear, was

* See Censura, Vol. I. p. 231.

† This intimation was corroborated by the late Dr. Warton, who believed that a Mr. Thorp took part with his brother in the composition.

‡ Sarah Holly was maid-servant to Goddard, a hatter and hosier at the sign of the Golden Leg in the High Street, Oxford. She actually destroyed herself as is here recited, in consequence of her lover's perfidy, and was buried in the highway in All Saint's Lane, with a stake driven through her body, which remained for a day or two.

next morning found dead in her bed, and afterwards buried in the King's Highway.

Tune. *"There were three pilgrims."*

A mournful ditty I will tell,
Ye knew poor Sarah Holly well,
Who at the Golden Leg did dwell.
Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho.

She was in love, as some do say,
Her sweetheart made her go astray,
And at the last did her betray.
Heigh-ho, &c.

The babe within her womb did cry;
Unto her sweetheart she did hie,
And tears like rain fell from her eye,
Heigh-ho, &c.

But oh! the wretch's heart was hard,
He to her cries gave no regard,
"Is this," says she, "my love's reward?"
Heigh-ho, &c.

"Oh! woe is me! I am betray'd,
Oh had I liv'd a spotless maid,
I ne'er with sobs and sighs had said
Heigh-ho, &c.

"But now I'm press'd with grief and woe,
And quiet ne'er again can know,
God grant my soul to heaven may go.
Heigh-ho, &c.

"For I my wretched days must end,
Yet e'en for thee my prayers I'll send,
I die to all the world a friend."
Heigh-ho, &c.

Then

Then to her friends she bid "adieu!"
And gave to each some token true,
With—"Think on me when this you view."
Heigh-ho, &c.

Unto the ostler at the Bear,
She gave a ringlet of her hair,
And said—"Farewell my dearest dear."
Heigh-ho, &c.

O then to madam Luff she said—
"To-morrow morn come to my bed,
And there you'll find me quite stone dead."
Heigh-ho, &c.

Too true she spoke, it did appear,
Next morn they call'd, she could not hear:
Her throat was cut from ear to ear.
Heigh-ho, &c.

No spark of life was in her shown,
No breath they saw, nor heard a groan
Her precious soul was from her flown.
Heigh-ho, &c.

She was not as I once have seen
Her trip in Martin-Gardens green,
With aprons starch'd and ruffles clean,
Heigh-ho, &c.

With bonnet trimm'd, and flounc'd, and all
Which they a dulcimer do call,
And stockings white as snows that fall.
Heigh-ho, &c.

But dull was that black laughing eye,
And pale those lips of cherry-dye,
And set those teeth of ivory.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Those

Those limbs which well the dance have led,
When Simmons "Butter'd pease" hath play'd,
Were bloody, lifeless, cold, and dead.
Heigh-ho, &c.

The Crowner and the Jury came
To give their verdict on the same;
They doom'd her harmless corpse to shame,
Heigh-ho, &c.

At midnight, so the law doth say,
They did her mangled limbs convey
And bury in the King's highway.
Heigh-ho, &c.

No priest in white did there attend,
His kind assistance for to lend,
Her soul to paradise to send.
Heigh-ho, &c.

No shroud her ghastly face did hide,
No winding sheet was round her ty'd;
Like dogs, she to her grave was hied.
Heigh-ho, &c.

And then, your pity let it move,
Oh pity her who dy'd for love!
A stake they through her body drove.
Heigh-ho, &c.

It would have melted stones to see
Such savageness and cruelty
Us'd to a maid of twenty-three.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Ye maidens, an example take,
For Sarah Holly's wretched sake
O never Virtue's ways forsake.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Ye maidens all of Oxford town,
O never yield your chaste renown
To velvet cap or tufted gown.
Heigh-ho, &c.

And when that they do love pretend,
No ear unto their fables lend,
But think on Sally's dismal end.
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, &c.

FINIS. T. P.

ART. XVI. *The Art of making Devises. Treating of Hieroglyphicks, Symboles, Emblemes, Ænigmas, Sentences, Parables, Reverses of Medalls, Armes, Blazons, Cimiers, Cyphres and Rebus. First written in French by Henry Estienne, Lord of Fossez, Interpreter to the French King for the Latine and Greek Tongues: and translated into English by Tho. Blount, of the Inner Temple, Gent. London, printed by W. E. and J. G. and are to be sold by Richard Marriot in S. Dunstans Churchyard, Fleet-street.* 1646. *4to. pp.* 68, *besides Epistle and Preface. Prefixed is also an engraved title page, with devises, and the arms of the author. By W. Marshall.*

Thomas Blount, the translator of this book, was of Orlton in Herefordshire, and the learned author of the volume of ancient "Tenures," and other useful publications. He was a profound antiquary, and made Collections for the History of his native County, which he left in MS.

The translator's Dedicatory Epistle gives the best account of this book, and contains many curious origi-

nal

nal illustrations on the subject. I shall therefore insert it entire.

" *To the Nobility and the Gentry of England.*

" This piece, being sent out of France, as a double rarity, both in respect of the subject and the quality of the author, I had no sooner read, than, taken with its ingenuity, I was moved to cloathe it in an English habit, partly out of envy that other nations should glory to have outknown us in any art, especially ingenious, as this is of Devises, which being the proper badges of Gentlemen, Commanders, and persons of Honour, may justly challenge their countenance and favour, whereunto 'tis sacred.

" My author affirms himself to be the first that hath written of this subject in his mother-tongue; and I might say the like here, were it not that I find a small parcell of it in " Camden's Remaines," under the title of " Impreses," which are in effect the same with " Devises." Thence you may gather that the Kings of England, with the nobility and gentry, have for some hundreds of years, though Devises are yet of far greater antiquity, both esteemed and made use of them: only in former times they arrived not, as now, to that height of perfection; for they sometimes did (as the unskilful still do) make use of mottoes without figures and figures without mottoes. We read that Henry III. as liking well of remuneration, commanded to be written, by way of Devise, in his chamber at Woodstock,

Qui non dat quod amat, non accipit ille quod optat.

Edward III. bore for his Devise the rays of the Sunne streaming from a cloud without any motto. Edmond

of Langley, Duke of York, bore a Faulcon in a Fetterlock, implying that he was locked up from all hope and possibility of the kingdome. Henry V. carried a burning Cresset, sometimes a Beacon, and for motto, but not appropriate thereunto, "Une sans plus," one and no more. Edw. IV. bore the Sun, after the battell of Mortimer's Crosse, where three Sunnes were seene immediately conjoyning in one. Henry VII. in respect of the Union of the two Houses of York and Lancaster, by his marriage, used the White Rose united with the Red, sometimes placed in the Sunne. But in the raigne of Henry VIII. Devises grew more familiar, and somewhat more perfect, by adding mottoes unto them, in imitation of the Italians and French, amongst whom there is hardly a private gentleman but hath his particular Devise. For Henry VIII. at the interview betweene him and King Francis the First, whereat Charles V. was also present, used for his Devise an English Archer in a greene coat drawing his arrow to the head, with this motto, "Cui adhæreo, præest," when as at that time those mighty princes, banding one against another, wrought him for their owne particular.

"To the honour of Queene Jane, who dyed willingly to save her child King Edward, a Phenix was represented in his funerall fire with this motto, "Nascatur ut alter." Queene Mary bore winged Time, drawing Truth out of a pit with "Veritas Temporis filia." Queene Elizabeth, upon severall occasions used many Heroicall Devises, sometimes a Sieve without a motto, as Camden relates, and at other times these words without a figure, "Video, Taceo," and "Semper eadem." King James used a Thistle and a Rose united, and a

crown

crown over them, with this motto, "Henricus Rosas, Regna Jacobus." Pr. Henry, besides that Devise which is appropriate to the Princes of Wales, made use of this motto without figure, "Fas est aliorum quærere regna." And his Majesty, that now is, that other of "Christo auspice regno." Our Prince beares, as all Princes of Wales have done since the Black Prince, for his Devise, which we, commonly, though corruptly call the Prince's armes, a coronet beautified with three ostrich feathers, and for motto, "Ich Dien," * i. e. "I serve," in the Saxon tongue, alluding to that of the Apostle, "The heire while he is a childe, differeth nothing from a servant."

"The late Earle of Essex, when he was cast downe with sorrow, and yet to be employed in armes, bore a sable shield without any figure, but inscribed "Par nulla figura dolori." Sir Philip Sidney, to trouble you with no more, denoting that he persisted alwayes one, depainted out the Caspian Sea, surrounded with its shoares, which neither ebbeth nor floweth, and for motto, "Sine Refluxu."

"Some may object that in regard Titlings, Tournaments, and Masques, where Devises were much in request, are for the present laid aside, therefore Devises are of lesse use.

"Whereto I answer, that as those justing or jesting wars are disused, so we have now an earnest, though much to be lamented warre, which renders them more useful than ever, I mean for Cornets and Ensignes: and of these, let me give you also some examples out

* "A learned Britton is of opinion that it should be, "Eich din" i. e. "your man," in the Brittish tongue."

of the present times. On the King's party, one beares for his Cornet-Devise St. Michael killing the Dragon for the figure, and for motto, "Quis ut Deus?" Another is so bold as to beare the picture of a King crowned and armed, with his sword drawne, and this motto, "Melius est mori in bello, quam videre mala gentis nostræ." A third bears onely a Dye, with "Utcunque quadratus." A fourth figures the beast called an Ermyne,* with this motto "Mallem mori quam fœdari." A fift represents five hands snatching at a Crown, defended by an armed hand and sword from a cloud, with this motto, "Reddite Cæsari." A sixt figures a landskip of a pleasant country, with houses, corne, &c. invaded by beggarly people, and for motto, "Barbarus has segetes?" &c.

"On the Parliament's party, we find one bearing in his Cornet, the Sun breaking through a cloud, with "Exurgat et dissipabuntur." Another represents a death's head, and a laurell crown, with "Mors vel Victoria." A third figures an armed man presenting a sword to a Bishop's breast, with "Visne episcopare?" the Bishop answering "Nolo, Nolo, Nolo." A fourth sayes onely, without any figure, "Tandem bona causa triumphat." A fift represents the Sunne, dissipating a cloudy storme, with "Post nubila Phœbus." A sixt figures an armed man, hewing off the corners of an University cap with his sword, and this motto, "Muto quadrata rotundis." &c.†

Now though these Devises, for the most part, argue

* "The Naturalists say that this beast will rather choose to dye, than defile her furre."

† See Prestwich's "Respublica," a modern book, on this subject, containing a collection of the Devises of the Parliament Troops. *Editor.*

wit

wit in the composers, yet many of them are either imperfect or defective, which may be attributed to the want of the prescribed rules of this art, which this treatise doth afford you, together with a Synopsis or short view of Hieroglyphicks, Emblemes, Reverses of Medalls, and all other inventions of wit, which any wayes relate thereunto. I might also shew you here how many several waies Devises are usefull, especially for seals, being drawn from some essentiall part of the bearer's armes, but that I hold it not fit to forestall the reader in a preface. I am onely to beg pardon for my lesse polisht style, which I shal the rather hope to obtain, since things of this nature require a plaine delivery, rather than elegancy or affected phrase, not doubting but that the discovery of this art will yeeld so greet contentment to you, whose wits are elevate as farre above the vulgar, as are your rankes and qualities, that in some academicall session, you will decree the author to be your President, the Art your exercise.

Ex Ædib. Interioris Templi,
27 Mart. 1646. } T. B."

ART. XVII. *The English Improver, or a New Survey of Husbandry, discovering to the kingdome, that some Land, both arrable and pasture, may be advanced double or treble; other land to a five or tenfold, and some to a twenty-fold improvement: yea, some, now not worth above one or two shillings per acre, be made worth thirty, or forty, if not more. Clearly demonstrated from principles of sound reason, ingenuity, and late but most certain*

real experiences. Held forth under six peeces of improvement: viz. 1. *By floating or watering such lands as are capable thereof.* 2. *By reducing boggy or drowned land to sound pasture.* 3. *By such a way of ploughing and corneing old coarser pasture, as not to impoverish it; and by such a method of enclosure, as shall provide for poore, and all interests without depopulation.* 4. *By discovering divers materials for soyle and compost, with the nature and use of them, as both tillage and pasture be advanced as high as promised.* 5. *By such a new plantation of divers sorts of woods, as in twenty yeares, they shall rise more than in forty yeares naturally.* 6. *By a more moderate improvement of other sorts of lands, according to their capacities they lie under, by more common experiences. By WALTER BLITH, a lover of Ingenuity. London, printed for J. Wright, at the King's Head in the Old Bayley.* 1649. *4to. pp.* 176, *besides Dedication and Epistle.*

This volume, once of considerable reputation, and still curious, is dedicated "to those of the Houses of Parliament, whose vacancies, from the great businesse of the kingdom, will admit the reading."

The author says in his Epistle, "The original cause of this discourse was occasioned by reason of the author's ambition of some additions to some rude experiments he himself had made, which occasioned him to such a diligent enquiry, both what had been practised by any that he could possibly heare of, that he undertooke divers journeys into severall parts of this kingdome, to see some experiments made by divers

divers gentlemen therein. All which are very good and worthie imitation, but not fully satisfactorie to his thirstie spirit, nor sutable to his present practise.

" Which unsatisfiednesse, occasioned him also to make diligent search throughout the great citie, in most stationers shops there, not questioning satisfaction to his own desire; but there found little to his satisfaction neither. Yet some few there are that have been very useful to many men, which have much of the theorie of husbandrie in them, wherein they hold forth many good directions and prescriptions, now well knowne, and many of them practised in this kingdome. Therefore I shall forbeare to say any thing at all to those particulars, my course steering another way; onely I shall declare my opinion of some of their workes, and principles, and so proceed.

" There are divers pieces of Master Markham's, which containe much for profit, and more for recreation, and are usefull, and have been advantageous to the kingdome; who treats of all things at large, that either concernes the husbandman, with the good housewife. And severall instruments and tooles to them belonging, that concerne the house or field, cattell, horse and sheepe. All matter and manner of recreations at home and abroad, with their instruments also. All which, though old, and the spirits drained out, yet have been very usefull to the kingdome, and worthy much honour.

" There is also a great book in folio, called " the Country Farm," translated out of the French; to me conceived of little use to us, at least holdeth forth to us, either rarely or mystically, any improvement to

purpose for this kingdome. Master Gouge in his Husbandrie also holdeth forth many things of the like nature, and to the same purpose as Master Markham had done before him. * As for Master Tusser, who rimeth out of his experiences, if thou delightest therein, thou mayst find things worthy thy observation. And one or two writers more of little worth or excellency, which I forbear to mention. But Sir Francis Bacon's "Natural Historie," let it have high esteeme; 'tis full of varietie and admiration for true philosophie, and shall be acknowledged as a Sunne in the Theorie, to these poore and lowe moonlight discoveries, which are but meane experiences of the lowest practique husbandrie. Onely the last I met withall is Master Gabriel Plats, who is very rationall and ingenuous, with all which, or with which soever thou conversest, thou mayst find some addition to thy owne experiences. Therefore having made some later experiments myselfe, and finding scarce one word at all extant to these purposes, being prevailed with by the importunitie of some friends to communicate the same to publique view, hoping thereby to give either incouragement to some deeper and sollid practitioners to hold out their experienced principles, or else to exasperate or provoke the offended or gaine-sayer, rather to reprove it; which I shall accept most lovingly, especially seeing the occasion given is from a loving spirit, desiring a most cleare, plaine, and cordiall information to himselfe and kingdome, by whomsoever." †

* Barnaby Googe preceded Markham. *Editor.*

† Subsequent editions, with ad[illegible] were entitled "The Improvee Improved, 1652," &c. *Editor.*

ART. XVIII. *A very briefe and profitable Treatise declaring howe many counsells, and what maner of Counselers a Prince that will gouerne well ought to have.*

The Booke speaketh.

All you that Honors woulde atcheeue,
And Counslers eke desire to bee,
Of selfe loue flee the false beleeue,
And learne my lore that you may see
What worthynesse in you doth reygne,
Such worthy state thereby t' atteyne.

Imprinted at London by William Seres. Small 12*mo. pp.* 128, *but not paged.*

This singular little book has at the back of its title-page the Earl of Leicester's Crest, a Bear and Ragged Staff, encircled with a Garter; also the motto *Firmo Appoggio*, and date 1570. Dedication. "To the ryght Noble *Erle of Leycester*, one of hir highnesse most Honorable, wise, and graue Counselers."

"For lack of better habilitie, I am bolde after my olde wonte, to presēt your Honor with inke and paper, more to doe my bounde dutie in shewing myselfe thankfull towardes you, for your great benifites bestowed on mee: than for any profite or pleasure, that I know your Honor can reape any waye of my rude wryting. And yet, amongst al the tryfles that ever I wrote, there was none in mine opinion that ought to please you better than this little Treatise, representing vnto you, as it were in a glasse, many of those good vertues and qualities that do raigne in you, and ought to raigne in euery other good counseler. Which Treatise was first written in the Spanishe tongue

tongue by a Spanyard called FEDERIGO FVRIO, and afterward trāslated into the Italian tongue by another Spanyard called ALFONSO D'VLLOA, but not with so good grace as I beleeue it had in the Spanishe, which in deede I neuer sawe, and therefore though my very friend Mayster John Baptist Castiglion, one of the Gromes of hir Highnesse priuie chamber, vpō good zeale he had to profite many, deliuered me the saide booke at my last being at the Court, earnestly requesting me to put the same into our vulgar tong, yet I would not altogither trāslate it, but thought it best to make a briefe collection of the substance thereof, cutting of all superfluous talke, and yet leauing nothing out (I trust) that was necessary to be spoken. But howsoeuer it be I most humbly beseech your Honor to take it well in worth," &c. &c.

"From Newton Flotman* the first of Aprill, 1570.
Most bounde to your Honor,
THOMAS BLUNDEVILL."

To a Prince that will govern well "Seaven Counsells" are recommended: viz. of revenue, of state, of war, of victuals, of law, of correction, and of rewards. After expatiating on the advantages which would accrue from this system, our author teaches us the qualities both of mind and body which are "requisite in anye counseler in generall."

The qualities of mind are no less than *fifteen*.

"1. To be wise.
2. To be eloquent.
3. To speake dyuers languages.

* In Norfolk.

4. To

4. To be a good hystoriographer.
5. To be a good morall philosopher.
6. To be politique.
7. To be a traueler.
8. To know the force as well of hys Prince, as of his enymies and neyghbours.
9. To loue hys common wealth, and to preferre the profite, and honor thereof, before his owne gaine and estimation.
10. To haue a right iudgement in all thinges without partialitie, esteeming honestie and truthe more than friende or kinsman, and to be no maintainer of any sect or faction, which be perillous members in anye common wealth.
11. To be iust in correcting the euill without rygour, and in rewarding the good according to their due desertes.
12. To be liberall.
13. To be beneficiall towards his common wealth.
14. To be affable, that is to saye, courteous and gentle, in hys speech and behauiour towards all sortes of men, both poore and ryche.
15. And finally, to haue a noble, stowte, couragious, and a constant minde, not fearing to lose both lyfe and goodes for the truth sake." W. H.

Art. XIX. Mrs. KATHERINE PHILLIPS.

[From Oldys.]

"Mrs. Katherine Phillips was born 1 Jan. 1631, being twenty-six years old on 1 Jan. 1657, as she says in

in one of her own poems. She married Mr. Phillips very young.

"Her husband being a sufferer by the prevailing Power in the Civil Wars, to read the poem expressing her brave and faithful heart to him, in the comfort she administers to him under the affliction of his reduced and straitened circumstances, that as the Parliament has rescued him, Providence would do so too, it must be a hard heart, that can read the poem without returning her some affection, or sympathizing in her tenderness towards him! There is as much fire of a virtuous love in this and several other of her poems, as there is of a vicious one in any of Mrs. Behn's.

"Bishop Taylor addresses his Measures and Offices of Friendship in a letter to Mrs. Katherine Phillips, 1657, 12mo. 2d Edit.

"Her poems were published in 8vo. a little before her death, 1664. Again, enlarged and corrected, with her Tragedies of Horace and Pompey, 1667, 8vo. Again 1669, and 1678, with a bust of her by W. Faithorne, and Preface to Sir Charles Cotterell: again 1710, 8vo. by Tonson.

She wrote under fictitious names: Antenor is her husband; Lucasia is Mrs. Anne Owen, whom she most dearly loved, and who was admitted into the society in 1651, and had her picture drawn by Sam. Cooper, after Mrs. Montague. Mr. Henry Lawes, and Dr. Coleman, set several of her songs, &c."

She died 22 June, 1664, aged 33.

She was the daughter of a merchant, of the name of Fowler.

ART. XX. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

To the Editor.

SIR,

The veneration I have long possessed for the character of Sir Philip Sidney, and the beautiful Introduction to his Sister, the Countess of Pembroke, which he prefixed to the *Arcadia*, have made me anxious to procure every thing that relates to so renowned a scholar. In this search I have met with the following interesting quarto volume, which I believe is not generally known. "A Worke concerning the Trunesse of Christian Religion, written in French: against Atheists, Epicures, Paynims, Jews, Mahumetists, and other Infidels. By Philip of Mornay, Lord of Plessie Marlie. Begunne to be translated into English by that honourable and worthy Gentleman, Syr *Philip Sidney* Knight, and at his request finished by *Arthur Golding*. *Since which time, it hath bene reviewed, and is now the third time published, and purged from sundrie faultes escaped heretofore thorow ignorance, carlesnes, or other corruption.* At London Printed for George Potter, dwelling at the great North doore of S. Pauls Church, at the signe of the Bible, 1604."

The volume, which consists of 590 pages, is dedicated "To the High and Mightie Henry Friderick Prince of Wales: and this is followed by an Epistle Dedicatorie, from du Plessie, To the Right High and mightie Prince, Henry King of Nauarre, Souereigne of Bearne, and a Peere and Chiefe Prince of the blood Royall of France:" to them succeeds the Preface to the Reader.

The

The following are some of the Summes of the Chapters.

1. "That there is a God, and that all Men agree in the Godhead.
2. That there is but only one God.
3. That the wisdome of the worlde acknowledgeth one onely God.
4. What it is that Man is able to comprehend concerning God.
5. That in the one Essence of God there are three persōs, which we cal the Trinitie.
6. That the world had a beginning.
7. When the world had his beginning.
8. That the wisdom of the world acknowledgeth the creation of the world.
9. That God created the world of nothing, that is to say, without any matter, substance, or stuffe whereof to make it.
10. That God by his prouidēce gouerneth the world, and all things therein.
11. That all the euil which is, or which seemeth to be in the world, is subject to God's prouidence.
12. That mans wisdome hath acknowledged God's prouidēce, and how the same wadeth between destiny and fortune.
13. That mans Soule is immortall.
14. That the immortalitie of the soule hath bin taught by the ancient Philosophers and beleeued by all nations.
15. That man's nature is corrupted, and he himselfe

selfe fallen from his first original, and by what meanes.

16. That the men of former time are of accord with vs concerning man's corruption and the cause thereof.

17. That God is the Soueraigne welfare of mā, and therfore that the cheefe end of man ought to be to return vnto God.

18. That the wisest of al ages are of accord that God is the cheefe But, and Soueraigne welfare of man. J. S. C.

ART. XXI. *The History of Gustavus Ericson. By Mrs. Sarah Scott.* 1761. 8*vo.*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I enclose you an account of a publication of the late Mrs. Scott, whose other works are noticed in the CENSURA LITERARIA. The "History of Gustavus Ericson," in point of composition, is fully equal to the Life of D'Aubigné. I believe it is become a scarce book. The memorandum herewith is annexed to a copy in the library of T. B. Esq. of N——.

I beg leave to wish you every possible success in the prosecution of a work calculated to be eminently useful to the lovers of antiquarian research.

London, Dec. 12, 1805. M. B.

"The name of Henry Augustus Raymond, annexed to the title of the History of Gustavus Ericson,

is fictitious, the real author being Mrs. Sarah Scott, wife of George Lewis Scott, Esq. sub-preceptor to his present Majesty (George the Third) during his minority, and afterwards one of the Commissioners of Excise, whom she survived near fifteen years, and died at her house at Catton, near Norwich, in 1795. She was sister to the celebrated Mrs. Montagu of Portman Square, London, who died in 1800; they were daughters of Matthew Robinson, Esq. of West Layton in Yorkshire, and Monks-Horton, near Hythe, in Kent; their elder brother Matthew, Lord Rokeby, died also in 1800. With abilities of a superior cast, and distinguished literary attainments, there was a mixture of eccentricity in the character of all the three. Mrs. Scott wrote also the Life of Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigné, published in 1772."

The above is transcribed from a manuscript memorandum written on the first leaf of a copy of "The History of Gustavus Ericson, King of Sweden, with an Introductory History of Sweden, from the Middle of the Twelfth Century. By Henry Augustus Raymond, Esq. Printed for A. Millar, 1761, 8vo."

T. B.

Motives of delicacy restrain the Editor from entering at large upon the characters of those whom the present communication gives him an opportunity to mention; but he cannot totally omit the occasion to say a few words. The epithet "eccentric" was totally inapplicable to Mrs. Montagu. She justly prided herself upon her knowledge of the world, and her conformity to its manners and habits. It was indeed her defect that she had too great a regard to these things, and

damped

damped her transcendent talents by a sacrifice to the cold dictates of worldly wisdom. Her understanding was as sound as her fancy was lively *; her taste was correct and severe; and she penetrated the human character with an almost unerring sagacity; but her love of popularity, her vanity, and her ambition of politeness, controuled her expressions, and concealed her real sentiments from superficial observers. No one had seen more of life than she had; and of that part of mankind, who were eminent either for their genius or their rank; and, for many years, during the latter part of her long existence, her splendid house in Portman Square is well known to have been open to the literary world. She had lived at the table of the second Lord Oxford, the resort of Pope, and his cotemporaries; she was the intimate friend of Pulteney, and Lyttelton; and she survived to entertain Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Reynolds, till their respective deaths. Beattie was frequently her inmate; and Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who now has been distinguished as an author for nearly seventy years, and still exhibits on the eve of ninety the possession of her extraordinary faculties and acquirements, was, from their early years, her intimate friend, correspondent, and visitor. During these continued opportunities Mrs. Montagu was not idle or heedless; she saw human nature in all its windings; and she saw it with the aid of a constellation of wits. Her knowledge therefore was eminently acute and practical; and as

* The Essay on Shakspeare is really a wonderful performance, as all, who will examine it impartially, must admit. It is a ridiculous supposition that she was assisted by her husband. Mr. Montagu's talent lay in mathematical pursuits.

she was a votary of the manners of the world even to a fault, had no pretensions to the epithet "eccentric." In making these observations the Editor trusts he shall not be deemed to have gone beyond the occasion; for he has touched only on a very small part of the character of Mrs. Montagu. *

To her brother, the late Lord Rokeby, indeed the term "eccentric" might not unjustly be applied. He was the perfect opposite to his sister. From his very boyhood he resolved to live by the guide of his own understanding. That understanding was by nature vigorous, and by constant exercise eminently acute; and, if he sometimes became bewildered in labyrinths for want of the assisting lights of others, he often struck out unexpected truths, which in personal conferences he communicated with peculiar force by the energy of his manner; but of which, for want of attention to the polish of language and the arts of composition, he did not gain the full credit with the public at large. In the early part of his life he had associated with the world, and sat in Parliament. Ill health first drove him into a fixed retirement; but when there, he had an opportunity of completely emancipating himself from the sphere of the world's prejudices. He saw its follies "through the loop-hole of retreat," and he had the courage to judge and act for himself. The baubles of life had no attractions for him. Solitude was no desert in his eyes. He looked around him on creation with an expanded heart, and surveyed the simple and unsophisticated charms

* It is much to be lamented that Mr. Montagu delays to publish his Aunt's Letters, for which he has such voluminous materials.

of Nature with rapture. I saw him at the age of eighty-five, from the stone steps of his hall, lifting his arm to point out the beautiful scenes around him with a heart full of gratitude to Providence for the pleasures of which our existence is capable; and then heard him lament with a tremulous and energetic eloquence how those blessings were thrown away by the crimes of society, which, influenced by luxury and instigated by ambition, defiled them with litigation, and wasted them with wars, and rapine, and bloodshed!

On the verge of eighty-eight he died in the vigour of his body and mind, from neglect of an accidental complaint in his leg. But the lamp of life could not easily be extinguished: his struggles to the last were full of agonizing strength. His heart was the very seat of simplicity, independence, and integrity. His intellect was powerful and commanding. He had a few peculiarities, which gave scope for the misrepresentations and silly comments of the light-hearted, and the light-headed; beings, about whom he gave himself no concern; and whom no man of elevated mind will ever condescend to notice!

Dec. 23, 1805.

ART. XXII. *An Account of Sir James Steuart, Bart.* *(See Vol. I. p. 151.)*

Sir James Steuart was the only son of Sir James Steuart, Bt. Solicitor General of Scotland, t. Queen Anne and Geo. I. (by Anne, daughter of Sir Hew Dalrymple,) son of Sir James Steuart, Lord Advocate of Scotland, 1692. He was born Oct. 21, 1712; was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and chose

the profession of the law; but led by the fashion of his country to foreign travel, he lost five years abroad, and returned to Scotland, an accomplished gentleman, 1740, and married October 25, 1743, Lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss. He now retired to his seat at Coltness, but returning to Edinburgh 1745, renewed the connection with the Pretender, which he had formed at Rome in an evil hour. Hence he retired to Paris, and on the hopes of his party being blasted, settled at Sedan, where he remained till 1754. He then employed several years in study. At length his son's education induced him to remove to Paris. In 1755 he carried his family into Flanders, and at this time began to communicate the fruit of his literary studies to the world. He published at Frankfort on the Main, where he resided in 1757, "A Vindication of Newton's Chronology," in French, which engaged him in much controversy. In June 1757, he settled at Toubingen in Germany, and here published his "Treatise on German Coins," in the German language. In 1758, he travelled for his health through the Tyrol to Venice, where he met Lady M. Wortley Montagu. Hence he returned to Tubingen, and published in Jan. 1761, "A Dissertation upon the doctrine and principles of money, applied to the German Coin." In this year he had so far softened resentment at home as to obtain his son a cornetcy in the British service. He now left Tubingen, and settled at Antwerp, from which resorting to Spa, he was on some suspicion sent by the French a state prisoner to the fortress of Charlemont This ill treatment produced a remonstrance to the British government, and the peace ensuing, Sir James was restored to his liberty.

At

At length our author obtained an assurance from those in power, that he should not be molested at home; on which he hastened to London, and in 1763 retired to Edinburgh, and thence soon settled at Coltness. "It was in the quiet of this retirement, that Sir James probably put his last hand to his "Inquiry into the Principles of Political Œconomy," the labour of eighteen years diligent search. This was the last work which Andrew Millar purchased, and for which he gave 500l. but when the book was published in 1767, it did not sell fast, according to his own phrase, whereby his last bargain was in the end found to be his worst. This is one of those books, with regard to which the critics and the public differed in opinion. Yet on behalf of the reader, it ought to be remembered, that the subject was, at that time, new in Britain, and as difficult as it was uncommon; that to perform a task is seldom agreeable even to the few, to whom a task can be set; that he, who professes to inform more than to please, must attract by his manner, while he displays in his matter the extent of his knowledge, and the usefulness of his informations. Adam Smith has been heard to observe that he understood Sir James's system better from his conversation than his volumes.* But we must mitigate this sarcasm, when we recollect that these two eminent men, of the same country and age, were competitors in science, and rivals in fame."

* "The Inquiry into the Principles of Political Œconomy was published at London, in two 4to. vols. 1767. It was reprinted at Dublin 1770, in 3 vols. 8vo. and it was then very widely circulated in the Colonies. The best analysis of that very complicated and extensive subject is to be seen in the Table of Contents, which is prefixed to each volume."

In 1769 he published "Considerations on the interests of the County of Lanark," in the name of Robert Frame.

The time at last arrived, when the solicitations of his friends procured his pardon to pass the Great Seal, 1771. In 1772 he printed "The Principles of Money applied to the present sate of the Coin of Bengal." He now wrote also "A Plan for introducing a uniformity of Weights and Measures," published since his death, and engaged in metaphysical enquiries, which produced "Observations on Beattie's Essay on Truth," and "Critical Remarks on the Atheistical falsehoods of Mirabaud's System of Nature, 1779," which he followed by "A Dissertation concerning the motive of Obedience to the Law of God."

At length this eminent person died Nov. 26, 1780, aged 67, leaving one son, the present Sir James Steuart, (Denham) Bart. a General in the Army, and Colonel of the 12th Dragoons.*

Art. XXIII. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

Under this head it is the intention of the Editor to insert, towards the close of his Numbers, after the manner of the Reviews, short articles, containing either Title-pages only, or Title pages, accompanied by brief remarks. A collection of mere Title-pages is often extremely useful, as is proved by the works of Ames, Herbert, and Ritson: and there are many cases

* Abridged from the Life annexed to "The Works of Sir James Steuart, in 6 vols. 8vo. 1805.

in

in which the Editor wants either room, or opportunity, for more.

Art. 1. *Certain ancient Tracts concerning the management of Landed Property, reprinted. London. Printed for C. Bathurst, &c.* 1767. 8vo.

This volume consists of a new edition of the Book of Husbandry, and Book of Surveying of Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, and of Xenophon's Treatise of Householde, translated by Gentian Hervet, at the desire of Geffrey Pole.

ADVERTISEMENT.

"The following Treatises are reprinted partly on account of their usefulness, and partly for the sake of their antiquity. The book was become exceedingly scarce, has been much sought after, and purchased sometimes at an high price. The Husbandry, and the Surveying, are attributed, and with good reason, to that most able Judge Sir Anthony Fitzherbert. The translation of the Λογος Οικονομικος of Xenophon is the best version of that piece in the English language, and expresses with some success the simple and unaffected style, and the humorous and sagacious dialogue, of that elegant writer. Upon the whole, they all very well deserved to be rescued from oblivion; and if they shall afford their readers either information, or amusement, the Editor's purpose will be answered."

Art. 2. *Tusser Redivivus, being part of Mr. Thomas Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Husbandry, directing what corn, grass, &c. is proper to be sown; what trees to be planted; how land is to be improved; with whatever is fit to be done for the benefit of the farmer, in every month of the year. To which are added Notes and Observations, explaining many obsolete terms in the said Tusser, and what is agreeable to the present practice in several counties of this kingdom. A work very*

very necessary and useful for gentlemen, as well as farmers and occupiers of land, whether wood-ground, or tillage, and pasture. London. Printed, and are to be sold by J. Morphew, near Stationers Hall, 1710. 8vo.

This was published, in twelve Monthly Numbers, by Daniel Hilman, a Surveyor of Epsom, in Surry. It is digested into such parts as are applicable to each month, and contains a regular intermixture of Tusser's Quatrains, with a prose commentary by the Editor. A short specimen will be sufficient.

"JANUARY.

"When Christmas is ended, bid feasting adue;
Go, plaie the good husband, thy stocke to renue:
Be mindful of rearing in hope of a gaine;
Dame Profit shall give thee reward for thy paine.

"The author lived the greatest part of his time in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex; in the two former there is much cattle reared at present; the latter is much altered from what they did formerly, by suckling of calves, and housing of lambs, and the taking in of commons."

Art. 3. *Albion's England. A continued historie of the same kingdome from the originals of the first inhabitants thereof: with most the chiefe alterations and accidents theare hapning, unto and in the happie raigne of our now most gracious Soveraigne, Queene Elizabeth. Not barren in varietie of inventive and historicall intermixtures. First penned and published by William Warner: and now revised and newly inlarged by the same author: whereunto is also newly added an Epitome of the whole Historie of England. London, printed by Edm. Bollifant for George Potter, and are to be sold at his shop in Paule's Churchyard, at the signe of the Bible,* 1602. 4to. *pp.* 398, *besides Epistle, Address to the Reader, and Contents.*

This

This once-celebrated poem, first published 1586, and of which there were several intermediate editions, is dedicated by Warner, (for an account of whom see Percy's Ballads, I. 311. II. 238, &c.)* to his patron, Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon.

The poem begins with these four lines,

" I tell of things done long agoe, of many things in few:
And chiefly of this clime of ours the accidents pursue.
Thou high Director of the same, assist mine artlesse penne,
To write the gests of Brutons stout, and actes of English-men."

It consists of 13 books, and 79 chapters. The Epitome of the History of England is in prose.

Of this work, and its several editions, I mean to give a more full account in future.

Art. 4. *An Æthiopian Historie: first written in Greeke by Heliodorus, and translated into English by T. V. No lesse witty then pleasant: being newly corrected, and augmented, with divers new additions by the same author. Whereunto is also annexed the argument of every booke in the beginning of the same, for the better understanding of the storie. Printed at London for William Cotton, and are to be sold at his shop, adjoyning to Ludgate,* 1605. *4to. pp. 153, besides dedication, and address to the Reader.*

The dedication of this work to Edward de Veere, Earl of Oxford, &c. is signed " Thomas Underdowne."

This author was the translator of Ovid's Ibis, illustrated with notes, 1569, &c. Warton says he opened a new field of Romance, which seems partly to have suggested Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia, by this translation of Heliodorus, which was first published in 1577. Abraham Fraunce also translated into English Hexameters the beginning of Heliodorus's History. †

* See also Wart. H. E. P. 111, 474. Theatr. Poet. 215. Rit. Bibl. Po. 384.
† Wart. III. 419, 420. Theatr. Poet. 110, 112.

Art. 5. *The Dutie of Sir Francis Wortley, deliniated in his pious pitty, and Christian commiseration of the sorrowes and sufferings of the most vertuous, yet unfortunate Lady Elisabeth Queene of Bohemia. Being a dedication to Fame and Truth, prefer'd to both the Houses of Parliament. By her humble Servant and Honourer, Sir Francis Wortley, Knight and Baronet. London, printed by R. O. for F. W.* 1641. 4to.

For an account of Sir Francis Wortley, who was born 1591, and knighted 1610, see Wood's Ath. II. 189.

Art. 6. *An Elegie upon the death of Thomas Earle of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who was beheaded upon Tower Hill the 12th of May, 1641, by Thomas Herbert.*

Take an example from Lord Wentworth all,
Lest by high climbing you do chance a fall.

Printed A. D. 1641. *pp.* 7.

See Wood's Athenæ, II. 693, who supposes the author not to be the same with Sir Thomas Herbert, the traveller, nor with another Sir Thomas, who was clerk of the council at Dublin to Henry Cromwell, Lord Lieutenant, 1657.

The following were communicated by a gentleman of Liverpool.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I have in my possession the following works.

Art. 7. *The Thre Kings of Coleyne.* An engraved title-page, under the above, of the Three Wise Men's offering to Christ sitting on his mother's lap: a pretty good performance, considering when it was engraved. The work is comprized

comprized in about 64 pages, but not numbered. The prologue, as well as the reſt, black letter. It begins thus:

"Here beginneth the lyfe of the Thre Kings of Colenige fro that time they sought our Lord;" and ends, "And thus we make an ende of this moſt excellent treatyse of those Glorious Kynges, whose bodyes reſt in the cyte of Coleyne. Imprinted at London in Flete-ſtrete at the Sygne of the Sunne by Wynkin de Worde, the year of our Lord God MCCCCC and XXVI." At the end the mark of William Caxton, Sun, Moon, Stars, Sagittarius, and Leo. Inscribed "Wynkin de Worde." *.

Art. 8. *Here begyneth a goodly treatyse, and it is called a Notable Lesson, otherwise it is called the Golden Pystle. Impressus Anno Dom. M.CCCCC.XXX.*

Beneath it is ornamented with two figures, one representing an holy Father admonishing a Layman in a supplicant attitude on his knees. The scene a Gothic Interior. This curious work consists of about twelve pages, not numbered; the last leaf of which has the marks of W. C. and Wynkin de Worde, as before †.

Art. 9. *In Die Innocencium Sermo pro Episcopo Puerorum.*

This contains about 25 pages, also in black letter, double folios, ornamented at the end with the crucifixion of our Saviour between two thieves, and one of the soldiers on horseback piercing him with his spear in his side: engraved on wood, and the similar mark of W. C. and W. de Worde. Of a ſmaller size than the laſt.

Art. 10. *The Proverbes of Lydgate.*

Below is the portraiture of a gentleman with a stick in his hand, standing with two holy fathers in conversation.

* See Herb. I. 172. *Editor.* † Ibid. I. 213. *Editor.*

On

On the other side of the title-page is another very curious print, which represents an holy father sitting under a canopy with a number of books before him on a table, and an ancient reading-desk thereon. It is comprized in 56 pages, also in black letter, prologue, title, &c. included. At the end, " Here endeth the Proverbes of Lydgate upon the Fall of Princes." Imprinted as the first, with the same marks by Wynkin de Worde *.

Art. 11. *Skelton Laureate agaynst a comely Coystrawne, that curyously chawntyd and curryshly counted, and madly in his maskys mokkyshly made agaynst XI Musys of Polytyke Poems and Poettys Matryculat.*

Underneath is a wood cut of the Laureat, as it seems, a man in a loose robe, with a book in his hand, which he is holding up, and an inscription in the background: he is decorated with a crown of laurel, and seated under a Gothic canopy. His poem begins,

" Of all nacyons under the hevyn;"

it closes thus:

" Wryten at Croydon by Crowland in the clay,
On Candlemass evyn the calendes of May †."

This and the two following are " Imprinted by Richard Pynson, Printer to the King's most noble Grace."

Art. 12. *Here followyethe the dyvers Balletys and Dyties salacyous divised by Master Skelton, Laureat.*

It begins with,

" Lullay, lullay, lyke a chylde;"

and is comprized in eight pages, black letter, printed as above.

* See Herbert, I. 230. *Editor.*

† This edition is not mentioned by Ritson, who says the poem was included in Skelton's Works by T. Marsh, 1568. *Editor.*

Art.

Art. 13. *Honorificatissimo, Amplissimo, longeque Reverendissimo in Christo patri ac domino Domino Thom. &c. &c.——A Replycasion against certain young Scholairs, abjured of late, &c. &c. by Master Skelton, Laureat.*

Comprized in 20 pages of black letter, printed as above.

Art. 14. *An Interlocucyon, with an Argument betwixt Man and Woman, and which of them could prove most excellent.*

An engraved title-page, and another wood print of a musing priest leaning on his hand in his library, with numerous books in the ancient costume. Comprized in 12 folios, printed by Wynkin de Worde.

Art. 15. *The Gospelles of Dystanes.*

A most curious book, ornamented with five wooden cuts relating to the subjects: the whole, gossiping conversations, which are singular, and are divided into six days; and each day into numerous chapters or heads. Comprized in 60 folios, in black letter. Printed by Wynkin de Worde.

Art. 16. Here beginneth a lytle Boke named *The Schole House of Women: wherein every man may rede a goodly prayer of the condytyons of weomen. Imprinted at London, in Paules Churchyarde, at the sygne of the Maydenhead, by Thomas Petyt. MDLXI**.

Comprized in 32 folios of poetry, in black letter.

Art. 17. *The Shepherd's Calender. Containing twelve Æglogues proportionable to the twelve Months, entituled to the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chivalrie, M. Philip Sidney. Im-*

* See Herbert, I. 553. *Editor.*

printed

printed at London by Thomas East for John Harrison the younger, dwelling in Paternoster Row, at the sign of the Anker, and are there to be sold.* 1581.

Comprized in 112 folios, every month embellished with an emblematic wooden cut, suitable to the subject treated on.

[*To be continued.*]

Art. XXIV. *Literary Obituary.*

Sept. 25. Rev. Edward Evanson, aged 74, author of Theological Tracts.

Sept. 27. Thomas Dogherty, Esq. of Gray's Inn, author of the "Crown Circuit Assistant," &c.

Oct. 21. William Clarke, Esq. of Liverpool, the friend and literary correspondent of Mr. Roscoe.

Oct. 28. Daniel Dumaresque, D.D. Prebendary of Salisbury, æt. 95.

Nov. 12. Robert Holmes, D.D. Dean of Winchester.

Dec. 12. Mr. John Almon, formerly Bookseller in Piccadilly, and well known in the literary world.

Same day, Mr. Henry Sampson Woodfall, formerly an eminent Printer, and Conductor of the Public Advertiser, in which the Letters of Junius appeared.

Richard Bull, Esq. an eminent collector.

* See Herb. II. 1160, who says printed by J. Windet. *Editor.*

Printed by T. Bensley, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER VII.

[Being the Third Number of Vol. II.]

ART. I. *The Secret Correspondence of Sir Robert Cecil with James VI. King of Scotland. Now first published. Edinburgh. Printed for A. Millar, in the Strand. London. MDCCLXVI. Duod. pp. 235.*

THIS was one of the publications of Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. * Lord Hailes; and, for some reason or other, does not often occur in modern catalogues. At least I was not successful in procuring a copy, when I was compiling the "Memoirs of Peers of James I.;" and only lately met with it in the library of a near relation.

Its contents are singularly curious and important. They add tenfold confirmation to the duplicity, artifice, and intrigue, of Sir Robert Cecil. And though, in the opinion of many, they may not detract from his ability,

* Sir David also published "Memorials and Letters of British History, temp. Jam. I. and Charles I. 2 vols. Glasg. 1766." Sir David was born at Edinburgh, 28 Oct. 1726; educated at Eton school, and Utrecht; called to the Scotch bar, 1748; and a Judge of Session 1766, with the title of Lord Hailes. He died 29 Nov. 1792, æt. 66, and was the author of many valuable publications, especially historical.

they must fill all virtuous minds with a horror of his selfish, and ungenerous, character.

The number of the letters is sixteen, of which the first contains King James's Instructions to the Earl of Marr and Mr. Edward Bruce, his ambassadors at the Court of Queen Elizabeth. The ninth is also a letter from this Monarch to Lord Henry Howard, (afterwards Earl of Northampton). The rest are all from Lord Henry Howard, (Cecil's instrument,) to King James, the Earl of Marr, and Mr. Edward Bruce.

The principal purpose of this correspondence was evidently to ingratiate Cecil, and the Letter-Writer, with the rising Sun, and to destroy all opinion and favour of their enemies and rivals. The primary objects of their hatred and fear were Raleigh, Cobham, and Northumberland, which at once takes away all the surprise, felt or affected, at the hard circumstances, and real or fictitious treasons, in which they were involved, soon after King James's accession to the throne of England. The intrigues, which these ill-starred men were carrying on to gain the expectant monarch's countenance, were in them, according to Cecil, flagrant crimes; though, in himself, a similar conduct was virtuous. Strange effrontery! when in him, the most confidential minister of Queen Elizabeth, it was the highest breach of trust; in them, I know not that it was even blameable!

How much then have we reason to doubt that mysterious conspiracy, which has been called Raleigh's plot! How fairly may we be sceptical, as to the justice of the punishment inflicted on Northumberland, for a supposed privity to the Gunpowder Treason! And will it be uncandid, to suspect that these accusations were

but

but final strokes of that malice, which Cecil had long been pursuing against these sufferers?

Northumberland expressed his astonishment at the heavy judgments which had fallen on him, after the active attachment he conceived that he had shewn to King James's succession, and the favourable light in which he consequently believed himself to stand with that monarch. But he had not penetrated the dissimulation, and the dark cabals, of Cecil, who all this time had been representing him as at once dangerous and contemptible; so that the Sovereign's bosom had long been prepared to receive the worst impressions of him.

Raleigh had, unhappily for the purity of his own character, joined Cecil in the fall of Essex. The accomplices of a guilty deed can seldom continue their amity long. He fell himself by the swing of that power, which he had contributed to strengthen, for the destruction of others! The crooked Secretary, more crooked still in his soul than in his body, no longer required the aid of a mind so bold and romantic as Raleigh's. He could not endure, therefore, that he should participate with him the smiles of the future possessor of the throne. Raleigh, it has been said, made an equal attempt against Cecil; and if so, he, who was successful, it might naturally be expected, would crush his opponent: but of this I do not find satisfactory evidence in these letters. Lord Henry Howard no where, that I can recollect, hints at, or endeavours to obviate, personal prejudices so disseminated against his patron or himself. He throws the foulest abuse on the general characters of Raleigh and Cob-

ham; he calls them "those wicked villains;"* "that accursed duality;"† "who hover in the air for an advantage, as kites do for carrion;"‡ and says that "hell did never spew up such a couple, when it cast up Cerberus and Phlegethon." ‖ Nay, while they are represented unworthy of confidence, inconstant and pursuing only their own interests, they are accused of applying to Cecil himself to aid their influence, first with King James, and, on this not succeeding, with Queen Elizabeth; applications inconsistent with a belief in this charge; for, surely, the mighty spirit of Raleigh could never have descended to solicit the good offices of him, whose destruction he was plotting.

But the reader shall judge for himself, by the insertion of some of the passages alluded to.

"I gave you notice," says Lord Henry Howard to Mr. Edw. Bruce, in his third letter, "of the diabolical triplicity, that is, Cobham, Raleigh, and Northumberland, that met every day at Durham House, where Raleigh lies in consultation, which awaked all the best wits of the town, out of suspicions of sundry kinds, to watch what chickens they would hatch out of these cockatrice eggs, that were daily and nightly sitten on."§ —"Cobham, finding how impossible it is to cut the sinews of Cecil's motion in our estate; and that, like a raging billow, he doth rather break himself than the rock against which he beats," &c. "either turned within five days after, or at the least seemed to turn another leaf; and taking the advantage of the fitness of time, wherein he was appointed to accompany the Duke [of Lenox] at his last going to the Queen, brake

* P. 35. † P. 66. ‡ P. 88. ‖ P. 132. § P. 29.

with

with him, touching the conceit which many hold of his affection to King James; and, as himself hath since imparted with his own mouth to Cecil, both excused himself of imputations past, and vowing future affection, which is almost miraculous." Lord Henry then gives "the reasons which Cobham vouched of his insinuation to King James." * But "Cecil knew, by certain late courses undertaken, that these were not the motives of his revolution, (though they might move a reasonable man,) but colourably laid together by Raleigh, that his purpose might be better covered and carried." †

"Cecil answered to Cobham's plain confession, that he made a great adventure if King James were either malicious or humorous, considering his ordinary axiom, both since the death of Essex and before, delivered with passion, and often openly, that it was not possible for any man to be a loyal subject to his gracious mistress, that respected King James in any degree, either present or future. Cobham said, that such fervent speeches were effects of zeal, and so to be interpreted. Cecil said that he would neither make nor meddle with his course, but he had done that which *he* would not adventure for his state, but hoped that her Majesty should outlive him; and after her, setting aside conscience, which ought ever to favour right, he was indifferent which way soever it should please God to dispose of the monarchy. This cold answer pleased not; but there was no further help, where caution had sealed up secrecy.

"The very next day Raleigh came to him with the

* P. 39, 40. † P. 42.

same brave flourishes of confidence and love, but touching the main point more reservedly; for he denied any kind of proffer of devotion or kind affection to have been made to King James from him by the Duke, but protested, that the Duke had sent earnestly to crave conference with him privately, which he had denied with a gallant answer, that he had been over deeply engaged and obliged to his own mistress to seek favour any where, and seemed in a sort, to take the motion unkindly, that should either divert his eye, or diminish his sole respect to his own Sovereign. Cecil answering, that he did well, and as himself would have made answer, if the like offer had been made; Raleigh, without any long dissimulation, went roundly to the point, desiring Cecil to let the Queen know the particular; what had been offered, what answered. From this course Cecil dissuaded him by many reasons; as, that the Queen would rather mark a weakness that gave the Duke encouragement, than praise his resolution. Again, that it would be thought a motive only to pick a thank, and in the present by dishonour, and in the future by danger, do more hurt than it could ever do him good any way." *

"If the Duke [of Lenox] crave traffic with these gallants of intelligence by correspondency of King James, Cecil desires him not to yield to it in any sort; for the first beginning King James may find that their intentions are traitorous, and only seek, like syrens, by sweet songs, to draw those passengers within the compass of their danger, whom they would work upon for private use, and desire to devour most eagerly." †

* P. 46—48. † P. 49.

Soon

Soon after follows a threat, which proves Cecil's confidence in his own power over King James. "You must persuade the King, in his next dispatch, to direct you to thank Cecil in the letter which you write to me, for the light he receives of Cobham and Raleigh by this advertisement; and if it please his Majesty to speak of them suitably to the concert which Cecil holds, it will be the better; for Cecil sware to me this day, that *duo erinacii*, that is, he and they, would never live under one apple-tree. The thing which Cecil would have me print in the King's mind, is the miserable state of Cobham and Raleigh, who are fain to put their heads under the girdle of him whom they envy most, and that they cannot escape his walk with all their agility; which, if you seem in your letter by the King's direction to observe, you tickle the right humour. *

"Raleigh and Cobham, as they vaunt themselves, have agreed with the Duke to further all the plots that shall be recommended hither, and returned back with a new crest for the weakening of you† and Mr. Bruce; whom they give out to be opposite to the Duke, in seeking to hold King James at the Queen's devotion, and to draw him all they can from having a good conceit of the Queen, or her chief counsellers of state, resenting still the death of Essex, and desiring, for revenge, the state's confusion. Cecil knows all this, and makes the better sport; because he hears that all their flattery to him, is only to incense him against you and Mr. Bruce, and to draw the King by compli-

* P. 52. † Lord Marr.

ments from hence, to entertain both there and here new followers and favourites. Your Lordship may believe, that hell did never spew up such a couple, when it cast up Cerberus and Phlegethon. They are now set on the pin of making tragedies, by meddling in your affairs; since among us, longer than they follow the Queen's humour in disclaiming and disgracing honest men, their credit serves them not. For my Lord Admiral [Nottingham] the other day wished from his soul, that he had but the same commission to carry the cannon to Durham-House, that he had this time twelvemonth to carry it to Essex house, to prove what sport he could make in that fellowship." *

Sept. 1602. "In this place all is quiet, and hath ever been without disturbance, since Cobham by sickness, and Raleigh by directions, were absent from court: for though Northumberland, to maintain life in the party, were directed by them to attend the progress, yet his head is so shallow, and his friends are so few, as he was not able to make good the first point of their project, which was to give intelligence, much less to carry the Sovereign. Being weary of ill lodgings, in respect of his patched body, he made a sudden retreat, and now means to go down to visit his Damon Raleigh, who is come from his stand in Dorsetshire, which hath angered the Queen exceedingly, because he did it without premonition of his purpose, for fear of a countermand; so gracious doth his own conscience hold him at this instant with her Majesty."

The opinion of Sir John Harington, the poet, as

* P. 131—133. † P. 229.

it

it is recorded in the Nugæ Antiquæ, is worthy of attention on the subject of Raleigh's character, * as it was written by one not ill inclined to Cecil, and of undoubted sagacity, and knowledge of the world. It is contained in a letter to Dr. John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1603.

"I doubt not but some state business is well-nigh begun, or to be made out; but these matters pertain not to me now. I much fear for my good Lord Grey and Raleigh. I hear the plot was well nigh accomplished, to disturb our peace, and favour Arabella Stuart, the Prince's cousin. The Spaniards bear no good will to Raleigh, and I doubt if some of the English have much better affection towards him; God deliver me from these designs. I have spoken with Carew† concerning the matter; he thinketh ill of certain people, whom I know, and wisheth he could gain knowledge and further inspection hereof, touching those who betrayed this business. Cecil doth bear no love to Raleigh, as you well understand in the matter of Essex. I wist not that he hath evil design, in point of faith or religion. As he hath often discoursed to me with much learning, wisdom, and freedom, I think he doth somewhat differ in opinion from some others; but I think also his heart is well fixed in every honest thing, as far as I can look into him. He seemeth wondrously fitted, both by art and nature, to serve the state, especially as he is versed in foreign matters, his skill

* A new Life of Sir Walter Raleigh has lately been published by Mr. A. Cayley; but, as I have not seen it, I know not whether I have fallen into any coincidence with him, of matter or opinion.

† "Sir George Carew, afterwards Embassador to the Court of France."

being

being always estimable and praise-worthy. In religion, he hath shewn in private talk great depth and good reading, as I once experienced at his own house, before many learned men. In good truth, I pity his state, and doubt the dice not fairly thrown, if his life be the losing stake: but hereof enough, as it becometh not a poor country knight to look from the plough-handle into policy and privacy. I thank Heaven, I have been well nigh driven heretofore into narrow straits, amongst state rocks and sightless dangers; but, if I have gained little profit and not much honour, I have not ventured so far as to be quite sunken herein." *

Lord Cobham, who has hitherto been represented to have been weak, is not held forth in that light in these letters. He is here, in conjunction with Raleigh, constantly called worthless, while the imputation of weakness and ductility is reserved for the Earl of Northumberland. But it seems, Lord Henry Howard and Cecil engrossed, in their own eyes, all the virtue and the wisdom of the nation.

What a life of anxiety and restlessness must these wretches have led, who relied for their success, not on the talent, ability, and care, with which they conducted the public weal, but on their superior artifice, on their pre-eminent falsehood and deceit, in outwitting their personal rivals! Well might Cecil exclaim to Sir John Harington, (29 May, 1603) "Good Knight,

* From Park's elegant republication of the "Nugæ Antiquæ," 1804, Vol. I. p. 341. This is a most interesting publication, in which the Poet's letters are highly curious and valuable. His portraits of Q. Elizabeth and K. James, are unusually distinct and lively.

rest

rest content, and give heed to one that hath sorrowed in the bright lustre of a court, and gone heavily even to the best seeming ground. It is a great task to prove one's honesty, and yet not spoil one's fortune. You have tasted a little hereof in our blessed Queen's time, who was more than a man, and in troth sometime less than a woman. I wish I waited now in her presence chamber, with ease at my food and rest in my bed. I am pushed from the shore of comfort, and know not where the winds and waves of a court will bear me; I know it bringeth little comfort on earth; and he is, I reckon, no wise man, that looketh this way to heaven!" *

The Countess of Kildare, widow of Henry Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, daughter of Lord Nottingham, and now re-married to Lord Cobham; and the Countess of Northumberland, sister to the unfortunate Essex; were both, as seems by these letters, active partizans of King James, and both being on doubtful terms with their husbands, were occasionally resorted to, by them, for the purposes of carrying on their cabals with the expectant monarch. The former is painted weak, vain, busy, and garrulous; the latter amiable and warm, and constant in her attachments.

A few other characters are touched by the malignant pens of these interested correspondents, thus:

"It is advertised to Cecil, that H. Leigh, at his being here, did either bring a letter or a message from your Majesty to Sussex †, which we cannot believe;

* Park's "Nugæ Antiquæ of Harington, Vol. I. p. 345.

† Robert Ratcliffe succeeded to the Earldom of Sussex, 37 Eliz. and died 1629.

your

your Majesty doth know the man so well, and hath so well tasted his affections in former levities. One pitying his estate not long ago, to a devoted friend of yours, with great fear that he would sink suddenly, was willed to be of good cheer, for that he had so much cork in his head, as that he should sink was impossible. I know not how, but in these days, as in former times, fools are not fortunate. Your Majesty hath had experience in Lincoln's* business, and are like enough to find it sooner by the slightest traffic with this giddy fellow, who, by how much he is less fearful than the other, by so much he is more dangerous, both being mad equally." †.

Again, "Cecil is infinitely glad that Mountjoy‡ and Southampton§ are so strange to the mystery, as by this appears, and that all was not true which was advertised. He desireth me to write, that in no one thing he can acknowledge your respect and grace, so much as in casting clouds over their curiosity. For Mountjoy, out of observation, hath begun to sound, but without satisfaction, to the point of his eagerness. He knows it to be very true, as Mr. Bruce writes, that they would both be glad, that he would come into the circle, though not so much, as he hath sundry motives to believe, out of desire to set forward the main, which may be done without their privity, as to labour

* Henry Clinton, Second Earl of Lincoln, succeeded 1584; died 1616; See Memoirs of King James's Peers, p. 43—45.

† P. 187.

‡ Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, afterwards created Earl of Devonshire. He died 1606, aged 43. See Memoirs, ut supr. p. 25.

§ Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the patron of Shakspeare. Ob. 1624. *Ibid.* p. 322.

their

their own private ends upon advantages. He hath saved the life of the one, out of respect to his affection to King James, though it were neither ancient, nor very meritorious: he hath preserved the reputation and credit of the other for the same respect, though his adventure herein was not small. The rest must be wrought out with opportunity and time; for the Queen hath passions, against which whosoever struggles above the measure and proportion of state, shall be reputed a participant." *

In Letter XIV. there is an assertion, to which it is very difficult to give credit.

"I do remember, that in our late unlucky tragedies, many of Essex's friends were willing that he should rather break his neck, by desperate attempts suitable to their own humours, than be saved and redeemed by the faith and industry of Cecil, who, of all men living, in case he had found *subjectum bene dispositum*, would have dealt best with, and perfected the work of his deliverance." †

Thus it is that time will gradually unfold the secrets of state, and the private intrigues of cabinets. Much has been done regarding the reigns of Elizabeth and James; but I am convinced that much yet remains to be done. There is a delight in rescuing from calumny the memory of those great and unfortunate men, who have long sunk beneath the weight of falsehood and injustice, which expands the heart and elevates the soul. How willingly would I devote to it days and

* P. 188, 189,

† P. 219. "Here is an assertion," says Dalrymple, "opposed to the general current of history."

nights

nights of labour and investigation, did my fate permit me! But, far removed from the mines of treasure, whence ore of this kind can be extracted;* at a distance from those noble repositories of letters, state-papers, and memorials, which yet have been so imperfectly explored; oppressed by difficulties, and agitated by almost hourly persecution; how can I possess the command of my humble faculties sufficiently to pursue, intensely and without interruption, any literary occupation or work of the mind? I dare not now hope that the day will ever arrive, when I shall be permitted in calmness and patience to accomplish some of those designs, long floating in my brain, which distraction and sorrow have hitherto stifled! But I will persevere. There is a selfish cowardice in sitting still, because we cannot accomplish the extent of our wishes. And compared with literature, what is there of human comfort to gild the paths of life?

ART. II. *The firste syxe bokes of the mooste Christian Poet Marcellus Palingenius, called the zodiake of life. Newly translated out of Latin into English by Barnabe Googe. Imprinted at London by Jhon Tisdale for Rafe Newbery. Anno* 1561. *Duod. pp.* 320 *besides preliminaries.*

This is said to be an exceedingly rare edition, and Mr. Herbert told Mr. Astle, to whom it belonged, that he had never seen another copy. To the title

* It is yet the author's intention soon to publish another volume of Memoirs of the Peers of James I. from a conviction of the utility of such a work, notwithstanding the little encouragement he has received.

page succeeds the author's coat of arms,* viz. quarterly, of four. 1. Per pale arg. & sab. a chevron between three dogs currant, counterchanged; on a chief three leopard's faces. 2 arg. a griffin segreant sab. 3 arg. a lion passt. ducally crowned. 4. arg. three towers, a mullet for difference. On the back of this coat are commendatory Latin verses by Gilbert Duke, of Cambridge. Then follows a similar Latin poem by E. Dering of Kent, which is succeeded by another of G. Chatherton, Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge. After these is the following.

If Chaucer nowe should live,
  Whose eloquence divine
Hath paste the poets al, that came
  Of auncient Brutus lyne;
If Homere here might dwell,
  Whose praise the Grekes resounde,
If Vergile might his yeares renewe,
  If Ovide myght be founde;
All these myght well be sure
  Theyr matches here to fynde,
So muche doth England flourishe now
  With men of Muses kynde.
Synce these might find their mates,
  What shame shall this my ryme
Receave, that thus I publishe here
  In such a perlous tyme?
A poete ones there lyved,
  And Cherill was hys name;
Who thought of Alexander's actes
  To make immortal fame.

* The paternal coat of arms of Googe to his Translation of Heresbachius's Husbandry is different from that annexed to this work, though some of the quarterings are the same: viz. 3 boars passant, with five other quarterings.

Bredde

Bredde up in Pegase house,
Of poetes aunciente bloude,
A thousande verses yll he made,
And none but seven goode
Sythe Homer, Virgile, and the rest
May here theyr matches see,
Lett Cherill not thereat disdayne;
He shall be matched with me.
For eche good verse he dyd receyve
A peece of golde, I trowe,
For eche yll verse the kynge did bydde
His eare shoulde fele a blowe.
Though I presume with him as mate
Coequall to remayne:
Yet seake I not herein to be
Coparcener of his gayne.

For an account of other editions, see Herbert II. 767, &c. and for an account of Googe and his poem, see Warton's Hist. E. P. II. p. 449, also this No. p. 212.

ART III. "*Microcosmos. The Discovery of the Little World, with the government thereof.*

Manilius.

An mirum est habitare Deum sub pectore nostro?
Exemplumque Dei quisque est sub imagine parva.

By John Davies. At Oxford printed for Joseph Barnes, and are to be solde in Fleetestreet at the signe of the Turke's head, by John Barnes, 1603." *4to. pp.* 254, *besides pages of commendatory verses at the beginning, and a set of Sonnets to great people, &c. at the end.*

This

This, which is one of the poetical works of John Davies of Hereford, (for whom see Wood's Ath. I. 444,) is dedicated to King James, and his Queen. Then follow some verses on the union, under the same Crown, of England and Scotland, &c. An Address to the Reader, and another to Hereford, his native city. To these succeed Commendatory Verses by Jo. Sanford; Rob. Burhill, Fellow of C. C. Coll.; Nicholas Deeble; John James; T. R.; Douglas Castilion; Anonimous; Charles Fitz-Jeffry; Nicholas Deeble again; Nathaniel Tomkins, and his brother Richard Davies.

The Poem is preceded by a long poetical preface in honour of King James, of twenty-eight pages, and verses entitled, "Cambria, to Henry Prince of Wales."

The "Little World," as may be guessed from the motto, is the World of the Human Mind, of which the nature, properties and conduct, afford the writer topics for a tedious poem, not easily waded through, in these days of less industry and better taste.

At the end is a long poem called "An Extasie;" after which are many Sonnets to most of the nobility and courtiers of the time. The whole concludes with verses in nine pages. "In love and affection of Master John Davies, mine approved good friend, and admiration of his excellence in the art of writing," by Nicholas Deeble; and a few Latin verses by Ed. Lapworth.

Among these dedicatory sonnets is one

"To the Right Worshipfull and most worthy Knight, Sir Edward Dyer.

Though Saturne now with Jupiter doth sitt,
Where erst Minerva and the Muse did raigne,

Ruling the Commonwealth of will, and witt,
Plac'd in the kingdomes of thy hart and braine:
Those planetts I adore, whose influence
Infuseth wisdome, counsell, gravity;
Minerva and the Muse joyes my soules sense,
Sith soule-delighting lines they multiplie.
In both respects, for that that was and is,
I tender thee the service of my Muse,
Which shall not marre thy fame, though it may misse
To give the same that which to it accrues;
Yet this gift, through thy gifts, she gives to thee:
Time's future, Dyer, die shall never see.

J. D.

Another.

"To my beloved Mr. John Davies* of the Middle Temple, Councellor at the Law.

Why should it not content me, sith thy praise
Pertaines to me, to whom thy name pertaines;
If thou by art to heaven thy fame canst raise?
Al's but *John Davies* that such glory gaines;
Admit it lives enroll'd in lasting lines
In the exchequer of the sacred Muse,
Thy name, thy fame unto my name combines
In future times, nor thou nor I can choose.
For, if John Davies such, such times brought forth,
To wit, these times in which we both doe live,
Then must John Davies share John Davies worth;
For times to come can no distinction give.
Then what neede I to beate my tired braines

* Sir John Davis, the author of "Nosce Teipsum." Another Sir John Davies of Pangbourne, in Berks, a celebrated mathematician, born 1560, died 1625.

To

To make *John Davies* live to after ages,
When thou hast done't by thy praise-worthy paines,
For, were I idle, I have thy workes wages.
Or, what, if like an intellectual Sprite,
I able were Artes spirits to purifie,
To ravish worlds to come with rare delight,
They would with my fame thy name glorifie.
Then may I play, sith thou dost worke for me;
And sith thy works do so in beauty shine,
What neede I then for fame thus busie be,
Sith thine is mine, and mine is likewise thine?
It is because my mind, that's aie in motion,
Hath to the Muses measures most devotion."

ART. IV. *A Chronological List of English Writers on Agriculture. With anecdotes and remarks.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 144.]

IV. "Four Bookes of Husbandrie, collected by Conradus Heresbachius, Councellor to the High and Mightie Prince, the Duke of Cleve: containing the whole art and trade of Husbandrie, Gardening, Graffing and Planting, with the antiquitie and commendation thereof. Newly Englished and increased by Barnabe Googe, Esq. Genesis, iii. 19. "In the sweate of thy face shalt thou eate thy bread," &c. At London, Printed by Richard Watkins, 1577, 4to."* Again, for John Wight, 1586, 4to. On the back is the author's coat of arms. Dedicated "to the Right Worshipfull his very good freend Syr William Fitz-Williams, Knight. Kingstone, the first of Februarie,

* Herbert, 1024, 783.

 1577."

1577." Then a preface; a list of authors cited; and a Table of Contents. Contains besides, 194 leaves; on the last, "Olde English rules for purchasing Lande;"* and frequently printed afterwards.

This valuable writer, says Harte, translated the work here spoken of, from the Latin of Conrad Heresbach, a German nobleman, who published it at Cologn in 1573. He was of Albingham, or Alvingham, in Lincolnshire, and grandfather to Barnaby Googe, Esq. who lived there in 1634, and after. Gervase Markham reprinted this work in 1614, 4to. with insertions, intended chiefly to adapt German Husbandry to the English climate.†

V. "A Booke of the art and manner howe to plante and graffe all sortes of Trees. Englished by Leonarde Mascal." Two Editions, 4to. by Henry Binneman ‡

Again, by Henry Denham, 4to. 1572.§

* Herbert, 1024, 783.

† Harte, 1. 32. Googe, also, says Harte, "translated something from Palingenius, perhaps the Zodiacus Vitæ; but I never saw it, to the best of my remembrance." The title of the first edition is—"The Firste three Bokes of the most Christian Poet Marcellus Palingenius, called the Zodiake of Lyfe. Newly translated out of Latin into English by Barnabe Googe. Imprinted by John Tisdale for Rafe Newberye. An. D. 1560." On the back, Googe's coat of arms. Then an epistle dedicatory "To the righte Woorshipfull and his especiall good graundmother my Lady Hales, B. G. wisheth long lyfe and helth to the pleasure of God." Therein he styles this piece "the first frutes of his study." Next follows a Latin dedication, "Clarissimis simul ac studiosissimis Guli. Cromero, Th. Honiuodo, Ra. Heimundo Armigeris" [W. Cromer, Tho. Honiwood, and Ralph Heyman, all Kentish gentlemen] "B. Gogœus Aluinghamus, S. D. Valete, ex Musæo nostro, Decimo Martii, Anno Christi 1560, ætatis nostræ XX." Then follows an acrostic of Latin Verses, by Gi. Duke," 8vo. Herb. 767. For an account of the next edition, see before, p. 206.

‡ Herb. 990. § Ib. 947.

Again,

Again, by John Wight, 1580, 4to.

Again, by Thomas East, 1590, 4to. entitled "A Booke of the Arte and Maner how to plant and graffe all sorts of trees, how to sette stones, and sow pepins, to make wild trees to graffe on, as also remedies and medicines. With divers other new practises, by one of the abbey of S. Vincent, in Fraunce, practised with his own hands: divided into seven chapters, with an addition in the ende, of certain Dutch practises, set forth and Englished by Leonard Mascall." Imprinted for Thomas Wight, 1590." On the back "The Booke to the Reader," in metre. Dedicated "to Sir Jhon Paulet, Knight, Lord S. Jhon. To the gentle Reader. The Table. An Exhortation to the Planter and Graffer," with a cut of proper instruments, eighty-four pages, and an alphabetical table, 4to.*

"The Husbandlie ordring, and governmente of Poultrie. Practised by the learnedste, and such as have been knowne skilfullest in that arte, and in our tyme. Imprinted by Thomas Purfoote for Garret Dewse, 1581." Dedicated "to Mrs. Katherine, wife of Maister James Woodford, Esq. and cheefe clarke of the Kitching to Q. Elizabeth." By Leonard Mascal, 8vo.†

"The first Book of Cattel; wherein is shewed the government of oxen, kine, calves, and how to use bulls, and other cattle to the yoake, and fell, with remidies. The second booke treateth of the government of horses, gathered by L. M. (Leonard Mascal.) The third booke intreateth of the orderin of sheep and goates, hogs, and dogs; with such remidies to help

* Herb. 990 † Ib. 998.

most diseases, as may chaunce unto them. Taken forth of learned authors, &c. and are to be sold by John Harrison, the elder, at the White Greyhound in Pater Noster Row. Printed by John Wolf, 1590, 4to." *

This book was new edited and enlarged by Richard Ruscam, near a century afterwards, under the following title.

"The Countreyman's Jewell: or, the Government of Cattel. Divided into three books. The first, discoursing of the government of horses with approved medicines against most diseases. The second treating of oxen, kine, and calves; and how to use bulls, and other cattel to the yoke or fell. The third, discoursing the ordering of sheep, goats, hogs, and dogs; with true remedies to help the infirmities that befall any of them. Also perfect instructions for taking of moles, and likewise for the monthly husbanding of grounds; and hath been already approved and by long experience entertained amongst all sorts; especially husbandmen, who have made use thereof, to their great profit and contentment. Also directions for gardening. Gathered at first by Leonard Mascal, but much enlarged by Rich. Ruscam, Gent. London. Printed for William Thackeray at the Angel in Duck Lane, 1680." Sm. 8vo. pp. 390, besides dedication and table.

"A Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line, and all other instruments thereunto belonging. Another of sundrie engines and traps to take polcats, buzzards, rats, mice, and all other kinds of vermine, and beasts whatsoever, most profitable for all Warriners, and

* Herb. 1182.

such

such as delight in this kind of sport and pastime Made by L. M." (Leonard Mascal.) A wood cut adapted to both subjects, and under it "These Treatises have many wood cuts, especially the latter. Printed by John Wolf, and are to be sold by Edw. White, 1600." The Book of fishing, fifty pages; the other has a separate title-page, but the pages are continued to p. 92. 4to. *

VI. "The Jewell House of Art and Nature. Conteining divers rare and profitable Inventions, together with sundry new experimentes in the Art of Husbandry, Distillation and Moulding. By Hugh Platte, of Lincolne's Inne, Gent. Printed by Peter Short, on Bread-streat hill, at the Star, and are to be solde in Paules Churchyard, 1594." On the back are the arms of Robert, Earl of Essex, to whom this book is dedicated. 4to. † Again, at London, 1653, 8vo.

"Sundrie new and artificiall remedies against Famine. Written by H. P. (Hugh Plat,) Esq. upon the occasion of this present dearth. Non est quo

* Herb. 1185. Leonard Mascall was of Plumsted in Sussex. Tanner says, "Registrum parochiæ de Farnham Royal Comit. Buckingh. perfecit, et injunctiones Cromwelli illi inseruit de tenendis registris, quibus præfiguntur Carmina Anglicana de rite tenendo libro. Hunc ipse præmisit titulum: "Hic liber perscriptus est per me Leonardum Mascallum, Gen. Clericum coquinæ de hospitio R. P. D. Mat. Parker, Cant. Arch. 25 June, 1573." Ob. 10 May, 1589, at Farnham Royal.

† Herb. 1207. "This Jewel house consists of five apartments, or books, each with a separate title page, &c. so as to sell single occasionally; but have the same running title, the Jewel house of Art and Nature. It is so at least with the three first books; viz. Divers new experiments. 2. Divers conceits of husbandry. 3. Chemical conclusions concerning Distillation. 4. Of moulding, casting, &c. 5. An offer of certain new inventions, which the author proposes to disclose upon reasonable considerations." Ibid.

fugias a Deo irato nisi ad Deum Placatum. Aug." His device. Printed by Peter Short on Breadstreet hill, 1596. 4to.*

Harte also enumerates, Platt's Flora's Paradise, 24mo. His Discoveries, 12mo.†, and his Garden of Eden, 12mo. often printed; Sixth edit. Lond. 1685, 8vo.‡ Herbert also registers "Hugonis Platti armigeri Manuale, sententias aliquot divinas et morales complectens; partim e sacris patribus partim e Petrarcha philosopho et poeta celeberrimo, decerptas." Printed by Richard Yardley, 1584, 12mo.§ It seems, also, that Richard Field had a licence in 1592 for printing "A brief apologie of certen newe invenc'ons compiled by H. Plot."‖

"Sir Hugh Platt," says Harte "(not to mention his other excellent talents) was the most ingenious husbandman of the age he lived in: yet so great was his modesty, that all his works seem to be posthumous,** except the Paradise of Flora, which appeared in the year 1600, when it is probable he was living. He spent part of his time at Copt-hall, in Essex, or at Bishop's Hall, in Middlesex, at each of which places he had a country-seat; but his town residence was Lincoln's Inn. His Jewel-house was published by Dr. Beati, commonly called in England Dr. Boat (who by the way was as great a genius in husbandry as most we have mentioned), and the Flora's Paradise, with a second original part, was published by one Bellingham,

* Herb. 1208.

† Tanner mentions "His Discovery of certain Wants." London. 1595, 4to.

‡ Harte, II. 113. § Herb. 1206. ‖ Herb. 1260.

** A mistake of Harte. See above.

the

the author's kinsman, who changed the title to the Garden of Eden.

"Sir Hugh held a correspondence with all lovers of agriculture and gardening throughout England. And such was the justice and modesty of his temper, that he always named the author of every discovery communicated to him.

"In a word, no man in any age ever discovered, or at least, brought into use so many new sorts of manure. Witness his account of the compost and covered dunghill, and his observations on the fertilizing qualities lodged in salt;—street dirt, and sullage of streets in great cities;—clay;—fuller's earth;—moorish earth;—dunghills made in layers;—fern;—hair;—calcination of all vegetables;—malt-dust;—willow-tree earth, soap-boiler's ashes; and broken pilchards, and marle."*

VII. "Maison Rustique, or the Countrie Farm. Compiled in the French tongue by Charles Stevens, and John Liebault, Doctors of Physicke; and translated into English by Ric. Surflet, Practitioner in Physicke. Also a short collection of the hunting of the hart, wild bore, hare, foxe, gray conie; of birds and faulconrie. Dedicated "To Sir Peregrine Bertie, Knight," &c. To the Reader. To —— Jaques of Crusoll, Duke of Uzez, &c. Paris, Oct. 1582. Io. Liebault." Some verses. Liebault's Preface. A caveat to the Reader. With a table, when to sow divers seeds: 901 pages and an index, &c. Printed by Edmund Bollifant for Bonham Norton, 1600. 4to.†

VIII. Gervase Markham's various works in Husbandry, among which is another edition of this trans-

* Harte II. 1, 13. † Herb. 1, 217.

lation

lation of Surflet, and numerous other publications, of which I am not able to give as complete a catalogue as I could wish.

Gervase Markham, a younger son of Robert Markham, Esq. of Cotham,* in Nottinghamshire, of an ancient and honourable family, commenced author and poet in the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He seems in the following reign to have become a general compiler for the booksellers, and his various works had as numerous impressions as those of Burn and Buchan in our days. He reprinted Barnaby Googe's Translation of Heresbach, in 1614,† 4to. with insertions, intended chiefly to adapt German husbandry to the English climate. "Markham by the way," says Harte, "appears to be the first English writer, who deserves to be called a hackney writer.† All subjects seem to have been alike easy to him: yet, as his thefts were innumerable, he has now and then stolen some very good things, and in great measure preserved their memory from perishing."

He published, as above said, Surflet's Translation of Liebault's Country Farm, with additions from the French books of Serres, and Vinet, the Spanish of Albiterio, and the Italian of Grilli and others. Lond. 1616. Fol.

To shew how long Markham's works continued

* Sir John Harington, the poet, in a letter preserved in the Nugæ Antiquæ, Vol. I. p. 260, mentions, when he was in Ireland, "Three sons of my cousin Robert Markham's, of Cottam," of whom he received great kindnesses. Gervase Markham was probably one. He had a brother Francis, who wrote Decades of Epistles concerning War.

† This has been said of his predecessor Robert Greene.

favourites

favourites with the public, I insert the title-pages of a collection of his Husbandry Tracts, as they appear in one volume, 4to. in my possession.

I. Cheap and Good Husbandry, for the well-ordering of all Beasts and Fowls, and for the general cure of their diseases. Containing the natures, breeding, choice, use, feeding, and curing of the diseases of all manner of cattel, as horse, oxe, cow, sheep, goats, swine, and tame conies. Shewing further the whole art of riding great horses, with the breaking and ordering of them, and the dyeting of the running, hunting, and ambling horses, and the manner how to use them in their travel. Also approved rules for the cramming and fatting all sorts of poultry, and fowls, both tame and wild, &c. And divers good and well approved medicines, for the cure of all the diseases in hawks, of what kind soever. Together with the use and profit of bees, the manner of fish-ponds, and the taking of all sorts of fish. Gathered together for the general good and profit of the commonwealth, by exact and assured experience from English practices, both certain, easye, and cheap; differing from all former and foreign experiments, which either agreed not with our clime, or were too hard to come by, or over-costly, and to little purpose; all which herein are avoided. Newly corrected and enlarged with many excellent additions. The Thirteenth Edition. London. Printed by E. H. for George Sawbridge, at the Bible on Ludgate Hill, 1676. 4to. pp. 156. Dedicated to Richard, Earl of Dorset, and signed G. M.

II. Country Contentments; or, the Husbandman's Recreations. Containing the wholesome experience, in which any ought to recreate himself, after the toil of

of more serious business. As namely, Hunting, Hawking, Coursing with grey-hounds, and the laws of Leash, Shooting in the Long-Bow, or Cross-Bow, Bowling, Tennis, Batoon, the whole art of Angling; and the use of the Fighting Cock. By G. Markham. The Eleventh edition. Newly corrected, enlarged, and adorned with many excellent additions, as may appear by this mark ☞. London. Printed as above, 1675, 4to. pp. 96. Dedicated to Sir Theodore Newton, Knight.

N. B. There was an edition of this as early as 1615, 4to.

III. The English House-Wife, containing the inward and outward virtues which ought to be in a compleat woman. As her skill in physick, chirurgery, cookery, extraction of oyls, banqueting-stuff, ordering of great feasts, preserving of all sort of wines, conceited secrets, distillations, perfumes, ordering of wool, hemp, flax; making cloth and dying; the knowledge of dayries; office of malting; of oats, their excellent uses in families; of brewing, baking, and all other things belonging to an household. A work generally approved, and now the eighth time much augmented, purged, and made most profitable and necessary for all men, and the general good of this nation. By G. Markham. Printed as above, 1675. 4to. pp. 188. Dedicated to Frances, Countess Dowager of Exeter.

IV. The Inrichment of the Weald of Kent; or, a direction to the Husbandman for the true ordering, manuring, and inriching of all the grounds within the Wealds of Kent and Sussex; and may generally serve for all the grounds in England of that nature: as 1. Shewing the nature of Wealdish ground, comparing it with the soyl of the Shires at large. 2. Declaring

what marle is, and the several sorts thereof, and where it is usually found. 3. The profitable use of marle, and other rich manuring, as well in each sort of arable land, as also for the encrease of corn and pasture through the kingdom. Painfully gathered for the good of this island, by a man of great eminence and worth; but revised, enlarged, and corrected with the consent, and by conference with the first author. By G. Markham. London. Printed as above, 1675, 4to. pp. 19. Dedicated to Sir George Rivers, Knight, of Chafford, in Kent.

V. Markham's Farewel to Husbandry; or, the enriching of all sorts of barren and sterile grounds in our nation, to be as fruitful in all manner of grain, pulse, and grass, as the best grounds whatsoever. Together with the annoyances and preservation of all grain and seed, from one year to many years. As also a husbandly computation of men and cattels daily labours, their expences, charges, and utmost profits. Now newly the tenth time revised, corrected and amended, together with many new additions, and cheap experiments. For the bettering of arable, pasture, and woody grounds: of making good all grounds again, spoiled with overflowing of salt water by sea breaches; as also the enriching of the hop garden. And many other never published before. By G. Markham. London. Printed as above, 1676, 4to. pp. 130. Dedicated to his most worthy friend, Bonham Norton, Esq.

N. B. There was an edition of this as early as 1620, 4to.

With these is bound up the following.

VI. A New Orchard and Garden: or the best way for planting, graffing, and to make any ground good for a rich orchard: particularly in the North, and generally for the whole Commonwealth; as in nature, reason, situation, and all probability may and doth appear. With the Country House-wife's Garden for herbs of common use. Their virtues, seasons, profits, ornaments, variety of knots, models for trees and plots, for the best ordering of grounds and walks. As also the husbandry of bees, with their several uses and annoyances: all being the experience of forty and eight years labour; and now the sixth time corrected, and much enlarged. By William Lawson. Whereunto is newly added the art of propagating plants, with the true ordering of all manner of fruits, in their gathering, carrying home, and preservation. London. Printed as above. 1676. 4to. pp. 102. Dedicated to Sir Henry Belloses, Kt. and Bart.

The following is the first work of Markham, which I can discover.

" A Discource of Horsemanshippe: wherein the breeding and ryding of Horses for service, in a breefe manner is more methodically sette downe then hath been heeretofore, &c. Also the manner to chuse, trayne, ryde and dyet, both Hunting-horses and Running-horses: with all the secretes thereto belonging discovered. An arte never heeretofore written by any authour. Bramo assai, poco spero, nulla chiegio." At London. Printed by John Charlewood for Richard Smith, 1593, 4to. Dedicated " To the Right Worshipfull, and his singuler good father, Ma. Rob. Markham, of Cotham in the county of Nottingham, Esq."

Esq." by Jervis Markham. Licensed 29 January, 1592-3." *

The same book, as I suppose, by the title of "How to chuse, ride, traine, and diet, both hunting horses; and a discourse on horsemanship, and the cure of their diseases. By Jarvis Markham. Dedicated to his father Robert, Esq. was printed by James Roberts, in 4to. 1596. †"

The

* Herbert, II. 1102.

† Ib. 1034. The following works of Markham may be added in this note from Herbert.

I. The most honorable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grenvile Knight. An heroic poem composed in stanzas of 8 verses, and consisting of near 90 pages. It is dedicated to Lord Montjoy, by Jervis Markham. Printed by James Roberts, for Gabriel Cawood, 4to. 1595. Herb. II. 1033, 1728.

II. The Poem of Poems, or Syons Muse, contaynyng the divine Song of King Salomon, divided into eight Eclogues, by J. M. 1595, 8vo. Ib. III. 1379.

Again, Printed for Matthew Lownes, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstones Churchyard, 1596. Dedicated "To the sacred virgin, divine Mistress Elizabeth Sidney, sole daughter of the ever admired Sir Philip Sydney." Sixteens. Ib. II. 1033.

III. Devoreux. Vertues tears for the losse of the most christian King Henry, third of that name, King of France; and the untimely death of the most noble and heroicall Gentleman, Walter Dēvoreux, who was slaine before Roan in Fraunce. First written in French, by the most excellent and learned Gentlewoman, Madam Geneuvefue Petau Maulette. And paraphrastically translated into English, by Jervis Markham. Printed for Thomas Millington, 1597, 4to. Ib. III. 1800.

IV. The Gentleman's Academie, or Booke of St. Albans, &c. first compiled by Juliana Berners, 1486. Printed by Valentine Simmes for Humfrey Lownes, 1595, 4to. Ib. II. 1289.

Ritson adds V. The tears of the Beloved, or Lamentation of St. John, &c. 1600, 4to.

VI. Ariosto's Satires, 1608, 4to. [claimed by Rob. Tofte.]

VII. The

The following curious memorandum is preserved in the Biogr. Dram. I. 299.

"Mem. That I Gervase Markham, of London, Gent. do promise hereafter never to write any more book or books to be printed of the diseases or cures of any cattle, as horse, oxe, cowe, sheepe, swine, and goates, &c. In witnes whereof I have hereunto set my hand the 24th daie of July, 1617.

"GERVIS MARKHAM."*

IX. Gabriel Plattes "may be considered as an original genius in husbandry. By the known times of his life and death, it is pretty certain that he began his observations in the latter end of Q. Elizabeth's reign, and continued them through the reigns of James and Charles I. as also during three or four years of the Commonwealth." †

VII. The famous Whore, or Noble Courtezan, &c. 1609, 4to.

I know not whether the following pieces are included in the preceding works of Markham, but probably they are; in part, at least.

1. Cure for all diseases in horses. London. 1610. 4to.

2. Faithfull Farrier, discovering some secrets not in print before. London. 1635, and 1638, 1667, 8vo.

3. His Masterpiece, concerning the curing of horses, to which is added the curing of lesser cattle. London. 1662, 1675, 4to. &c.

4. Cavallarice, concerning horses, and horsemanship. I suppose the same as The Perfect Horseman, 1671, 4to.

5. The English Husbandman in two parts. Lond. 1613-1635, with the pleasures of Princes in the Art of Angling.

6. Epitome concerning the diseases of beasts and poultry, 8vo.

7. The art of Fowling. London, 1621. 8vo.

8. The Way to get Wealth, 1638, 4to.

* See more of Markham in Theatr. Poet. Angl. 278. † Harte, I. 35.

But

But "as great a genius as this writer was, the public allowed him to drop down dead in London streets with hunger only; nor had he a shirt upon his back, when he died. He bequeathed his papers to S. Hartlib, whom a cotemporary author addresses in this manner: "None but yourself, who want not an enlarged heart, but a fuller hand to supply the world's defects, being found with some few others to administer any relief to a man of so great merit."

Letter to Hartlib from Flanders, 1650.

"Another friend of Hartlib's gives Plattes the following character. "Certainly that man had as excellent a genius in agriculture, as any that ever lived in this nation before him, and was the most faithful seeker of his ungrateful country's good. I never think of the great judgment, pure zeal, and faithful intentions, of that man, and withal of his strange sufferings and manner of death, but am struck with amazement that such a man should be suffered to fall down dead in the streets for want of food, whose studies tended to no less than providing and preserving food for whole nations, and that too as with much skill and industry, so without pride or arrogance to God or man." C. D.

In a Letter to Hartlib, 1653. *Legacy*, *p.* 183, 184.

"Hartlib, as far as can be learnt, published but few posthumous papers of Gabriel Plattes; and indeed an author, so extremely poor as this unfortunate person was, would in all probability have sold his writings to the booksellers, had they been so far finished as to deserve publication.

"The pieces already published are these which follow:

1. "Practical Husbandry improved; or, a Discovery of infinite Treasure, 4to. 1656. pp. 120.

2. "A Discovery of subterranean Treasure. 4to. 1638. About three sheets.

3. "Mercurius Lætificans. 4to. 1644. pp. 12.

4. "Observations and Improvements in Husbandry, accompanied with twenty experiments imparted to S. Hartlib by Gabriel Plattes, 4to. 1653. pp. 32.

"This author had a bold adventurous cast of mind, and seems to have preferred the faulty sublime in matters of invention, to faultless mediocrity. As to his MS. entitled "Art's Mistress," containing a series of observations and experiments in agriculture for fifty years, and, in all probability, the most valuable in matter, as well as most considerable in size, of all his writings, it was never published, so far as can be learned at present; which may be attributed to the hurry and confusion of the civil wars, or to that general inattention and carelessness which took place at the restoration.

"In a letter to Hartlib, May 14, 1644, he mentions a work of his, called "The Treasure-house of Nature unlocked, and set wide open to the world," &c. Whether this performance was ever printed is more than I know, or whether it be not the tract first mentioned in this list, which I am partly inclined to believe."*

X. Sir R. Weston's "Discourse on the Husbandry of Brabant and Flanders," 4to. 1645. Again,

* Harte, II. 63, 64.

1655.

1655. "This was published by Hartlib, who then knew not who the author was. It contains about twenty-four pages in quarto. The Legacy to his Sons, which relates also to the cultivation of their estates, consists of three quarto pages, and was written on his death-bed in 1645. The Discourse has always been looked upon as a capital performance in husbandry. It is remarked in the Philosophical Transactions, that England has profited in agriculture to the amount of many millions, by following the directions laid down in this little treatise. Hartlib afterwards, in order to explain, annexed Dr. Arnold Beati's "Annotations" to it.

"We apprehend the author of this work to be the Sir Richard Weston, who was ambassador from England to Frederic V. Elector Palatine, and King of Bohemia, in 1619, and present at the famous battle of Prague, concerning which a curious relation of his, by way of letter, is still preserved in MS.

"About twenty years ago," (adds Harte, 1770), a piece was ignorantly published under Sir Richard Weston's name, entitled "A Treatise concerning the Husbandry and Natural History of England," 8vo. which performance is a poor jejune abridgement of Hartlib's Legacy.*

XI. Robert Child was the real author of the famous work, attributed to Hartlib, called "The Legacy," which was drawn up at Hartlib's request, and, passing through his correction and revision, was published by him. It consists of one general answer to the following query: "What are the actual defects and omis-

* Harte, II. 53, 54.

sions, as also the possible improvements, in English husbandry?" To it are annexed various correspondencies from persons eminent for skill in agriculture at that time, as C D. B.W. R.H. T. Underhill, Henry Cruttenden, W. Potter, &c. as also the "Mercurius Lætificans," and twenty large experiments by G. Plattes: together with Annotations on the Legacy by Dr. Arnold Beati, and replies to the Animadversions by the author of the Legacy.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. V. *Poems on several subjects. By James Beattie, A. M. A new edition, corrected. London. Printed for W. Johnston, in Ludgate Street.* 1766. *Duod. pp.* 166. *Dedicated to James, Earl of Errol.*

This seems to have been the second edition of Dr. Beattie's poems; and is scarce, as well as the first. Of these the author, with an unaccountable and unbecoming diffidence, is said to have become afterwards ashamed, and to have attempted the suppression.

The contents are 1.* The Judgment of Paris. 2.* Ode to Peace. 3. Retirement, an Ode. 4. Ode to Hope. 5.* The Triumph of Melancholy. 6. Elegy, occasioned by the death of a Lady. 7.* Elegy. 8. The Hares, a fable. 9.* The Wolf and Shepherds, a fable. 10.* On the report of a Monument to be erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of a late author. 11.* Verses, written by Mr.

* Those with an asterisk are omitted in subsequent editions.

Blacklock,

Blacklock, on a blank leaf of his poems sent to the Author. 12. * An Epistle to the Rev. Mr. Thomas Blacklock. 13. The Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes.

I insert the Ode to Peace, which I know not why Beattie should have wished to suppress.

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLVIII.

I. 1.

Peace, heaven-descended maid, whose powerful voice
From ancient darkness call'd the morn,
And hush'd of jarring elements the noise;
When Chaos, from his old dominion torn,
With all his bellowing throng,
Far, far was hurl'd the void abyss along;
And all the bright angelic choir,
Striking thro' all their ranks th' eternal lyre,
Pour'd in loud symphony th' impetuous strain;
And every fiery orb and planet sung;
And wide through Night's dark solitary reign,
Rebounding long and deep, the lays triumphant rung!

I. 2.

Oh, whither art thou fled, Saturnian age!
Roll round again, majestic years!
To break the sceptre of tyrannic rage,
From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears,
Ye years, again roll round!
Hark! from afar, what desolating sound,
While echoes load the sighing gales,
With dire presage the throbbing heart assails!

Murder, deep-rous'd, with all the whirlwind's haste,
And roar of tempest, from her cavern springs,
Her tangled serpents girds around her waist,
Smiles ghastly fierce, and shakes her gore-distilling wings.

I. 3.

The shouts redoubling rise
In thunder to the skies.
The Nymphs disorder'd dart along,
Sweet Powers of solitude and song,
Stunn'd with the horrors of discordant sound.
Horrors, far heard amid the waste of night,
That oft have led the wanderer right,
Are silent at the noise.
The mighty Ocean's more majestic voice,
Drown'd in superior din, is heard no more;
The surge in silence seems to sweep the sounding shore.

II. 1.

The bloody banner, streaming in the air,
Seen on yon sky-mixt mountain's brow;
The mingling multitudes, the madding car,
Driven in confusion to the plain below;
War's dreadful Lord proclaim.
Bursts out by frequent fits th' expansive flame:
Snatch'd in tempestuous eddies, flies
The surging smoke o'er all the darken'd skies.
The cheerful face of heaven no more is seen,
The bloom of morning fades to deadly pale,
The bat flits transient o'er the dusky green,
And Night's foul birds along the sullen twilight sail.

II. 2.

Involv'd in fire-streak'd gloom, the car comes on,
The rushing steeds grim Terror guides:

His

His forehead writh'd to a relentless frown,
Aloft the angry Power of battle rides.
Grasp'd in his mighty hand
A mace tremendous desolates the land;
The tower rolls headlong down the steep,
The mountain shrinks before its wasteful sweep,
Chill horror the dissolving limbs invades:
Smit by the blasting lightning of his eyes,
A deeper gloom invests the howling shades;
Stripp'd is the shatter'd grove, and every verdure dies.

II. 3.

How startled Phrensy stares,
Bristling her ragged hairs!
Revenge the gory fragment gnaws;
See, with her griping vulture-claws
Imprinted deep, she rends the mangled wound!
Hate whirls her torch sulphureous round.
The shrieks of agony, and clang of arms,
Re-echo to the hoarse alarms;
Her trump terrific blows.
Disparted from behind, the clouds disclose
Of kingly gesture a gigantic form,
That with his scourge sublime rules the careering storm.

III. I.

Ambition, outside fair! within as foul
As fiends of fiercest heart below,
Who ride the hurricanes of fire, that roll
Their thundering vortex o'er the realms of woe,
Yon naked waste survey;
Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous lay;
Where late the rosy-bosom'd hours,
In loose array, danc'd lightly o'er the flowers;

Where late the shepherd told his tender tale;
And, waken'd by the murmuring breeze of morn,
The voice of cheerful Labour fill'd the dale;
And dove-ey'd Plenty smil'd, and wav'd her liberal horn.

III. 2.

You ruins, sable from the wasting flame,
But mark the once-resplendent dome;
The frequent corse obstructs the sullen stream,
And ghosts glare horrid from the sylvan gloom.
How sadly silent all!
Save where, outstretch'd beneath yon hanging wall,
Pale Famine moans with feeble breath,
And Anguish yells, and grinds his bloody teeth.
Though vain the Muse, and every melting lay,
To touch thy heart, unconscious of remorse!
Know, monster, know, thy hour is on the way!
I see, I see the years begin their mighty course!

III. 3.

What scenes of glory rise
Before my dazzled eyes!
Young Zephyrs wave their wanton wings,
And melody celestial rings.
All blooming on the lawn, the Nymphs advance,
And touch the lute, and range the dance:
And the blithe shepherds, on the mountain's side,
Arrayed in all their rural pride,
Exalt the festive note,
Inviting Echo from her inmost grot—
But, ah! the landscape glows with fainter light;
It darkens, swims, and flies for ever from my sight.

IV. 1.

Illusions vain! Can sacred Peace reside
Where sordid gold the breast alarms,

Where

Where Cruelty inflames the eye of Pride,
And Grandeur wantons in soft Pleasure's arms?
Ambition, these are thine!
These from the soul erase the form divine;
And quench the animating fire,
That warms the bosom with sublime desire.
Thence the relentless heart forgets to feel,
And Hatred triumphs o'er the o'erwhelming brow,
And midnight Rancour grasps the cruel steel,
Blaze the blue flames of Death, and sound the shrieks of Woe.

IV. 2.

From Albion fled, thy once-belov'd retreat,
What regions brighten in thy smile,
Creative Peace, and underneath thy feet
See sudden flowers adorn the rugged soil?
In bleak Siberia blows,
Wak'd by thy genial breath, the balmy rose?
Wav'd over by thy magic wand,
Does life inform fell Lybia's burning sand?
Or does some isle thy parting flight detain,
Where roves the Indian thro' primeval shades;
Haunts the pure pleasures of the sylvan reign,
And, led by Reason's light, the path of Nature treads?

IV. 3.

On Cuba's utmost steep,*
Far leaning o'er the deep,
The Goddess' pensive form was seen.
Her robe of Nature's varied green
Wav'd on the gale; grief dim'd her radiant eyes;
Her bosom heav'd with boding sighs.

* This alludes to the discovery of America by the Spaniards under Columbus. Those ravagers are said to have made their first descent on the Islands in the gulph of Florida, of which Cuba is one.

She eyed the main; where, gaining on the view,
Emerging from th' ethereal blue,
Midst the dread pomp of war,
Blaz'd the Iberian streamer from afar.
She saw; and, on refulgent pinions borne,
Slow wing'd her way sublime, and mingled with the morn.

The beautiful Ode on Retirement, which has been retained in the later editions, stands here in a much less finished state. The whole first stanza, for instance, is as follows.

Shook from the purple wings of Even,
When dews impearl the grove,
And from the darkening verge of Heaven
Beams the sweet star of Love;
Laid on a daisy-sprinkled green,
Beside a plaintive stream,
A meek-ey'd Youth, of serious mien,
Indulg'd this solemn theme.

The fable of the Hares is preceded by 38 lines, which are now omitted, &c. &c.

ART. VI. *Notices regarding several old English poets; viz. Breton, Roydon, Nash, Daniel, Gascoigne, Turberville, Peele, Bastard, Davies, Golding, Elyot, Phayer, Whetstone, Warner, Stanyhurst, Sylvester, and Thomas Buckley.*

The following valuable notices, among others, have been sent me by a learned friend, for the re-impression of the late edition of Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum,

Anglicanorum, 1800, which I have for some time been preparing. I insert them here for the benefit of those, who have already bought the work. My anxious desire to render the future edition as accurate and full as possible, makes me still delay to bring it before the public. And the communications of those whose researches have been exercised in this line of literature, in which many of the materials are so very difficult of access, will be gratefully received.

1. NICHOLAS BRETON.

In the catalogue of this prolific Poet's productions, Ritson has omitted "The Pilgrimage to Paradise," &c. a poem, in 4to. printed at Oxford, 1592, in which is the following curious declaration:

"To the Gentlemen studients and scholers of Oxford.

"Gentlemen, there hath beene of late printed in London by one Richard Joanes a printer, a book of English verses, entituled "Breton's Bower of Delights." I protest it was donne altogether without my knowlege, and many things of other men's mingled with few of mine; for, except "Amoris Lachrymæ," an epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney, and one or two other toies, which I know not how he unhappily came by, I have no part with any of them: and so I beseech ye, assuredly believe."

No earlier edition of "The Bower of Delights," than that of 1597 appears in Herbert; but it was licensed to Joanes in 1591, who, according to the Typographical Historian, was "little better than a false knave." See Herbert's Typ. Ant. II. p. 1039.

In 1626 was printed "Fantasticks, serving for a perpetual prognostication," by N. Breton, bl. l.

2. MATTHEW ROYDON.

Nash, in his Preface to "Green's Arcadia," thus mentions this little-known author.

"Neither is he (Spenser) the onely swallow of our summer; there are extant, about London, many most able men to revive poetry, though it were executed ten thousand times, as in Platoe's so in Puritan's Commonwealth: as namely, for example, Matthew Roydon, who hath shewed himself singular in the immortal epitaph of his beloved Astrophel, besides many other most absolute comic inventions, made more publicke by every man's praise, than can be by my speech."

3. THOMAS NASH.

Of the popularity of his "Pierce Penilesse," a notion may be formed, when we learn, from his "Have with you to Saffron Walden," that "it passed through the pikes of at least six impressions." The author also informs us, that "Dick Litchfield, the barber of Trinity College, a rare ingenuous odd merry Greek, hath, as I have heard, translated my Pierce Penilesse into the Macceronical tongue, wherein I wish he had been more tongue-tied, since in some men's incensed judgments, it hath too much tongue already; being above two years since maimedly translated into the French tongue, and in the English tongue so rascally printed and ill-interpreted, as heart can think and tongue can tell."

Have with you to Saffron-Walden. Qo. 1596. Sig. F.

Malone's.

Malone's censure of Nash is too severe, and the opinion seems to have been formed upon a misconception of Nash's aim in his "Have with you to Saffron-Walden," which was intended to ridicule the inflated and turgid language of Harvey, in his Astrological Tracts. The style of "Pierce Penilesse," is very dissimilar, and his "Address to the two Universities," 1589, is written in a vein of spirited and judicious criticism, of which the English language has no cotemporary example.

The editors of that too hasty and inaccurate publication, the Biographical Dictionary, in 15 volumes, 8vo. speak of Nash's "Pierce Penilesse," as a poem, and reason from it accordingly.

4. SAMUEL DANIEL.

"Some dull-headed divines," says Nash, "deeme it no more cunnyng to write an exquisite poem than to preach pure Calvin, or distill the juice of a Commentary into a quarter poem:—but you shall find there goes more exquisite paynes, and puritie of wit, to the writing of one such rare poem as Rosamond, than to a hundred of your dunsticall sermons."

Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell, 1592. *fol.* 17.

5. GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

"Whoever my private opinion condemneth as faultie, Master George Gascoigne is not to be abridged of his deserved esteeme, who first beat the path to that perfection, which our best poets have conspired to, since his departure, whereto he did ascend by comparing

paring the Italian with the English, as Tully did Græca cum Latinis."

Nash "to the Students of both Universities," 1589.

This testimony in Gascoigne's favour will be sufficient to obviate Mr. Park's suspicion,* that Nash intended to satirize him in "Pierce Penilesse:" he was already dead, and could not three years after have given new cause for the reversal of this praise.

In order to ascertain if George Gascoigne was buried at Walthamstow, I went purposely to search the parish register, and found no entry anterior to 1650.

6. GEO. TURBERVILLE.

"Neither," says Nash, was "M. Turbeville the worst of his tyme, though, in translating, he attributed too much to the necessity of the time."

7. GEORGE PEELE.

"I dare commend George Peele unto all that know him, as the chief supporter of pleasance now living, the atlas of poetrie, and primum verborum artifex; whose first increase, the Arraignment of Paris, might pleade to your opinions his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and manifold dexteritie of invention, wherein, me judice, he goeth a step beyond all that write."

Nash's Address prefixed to Menaphon, 1589.

8. THOMAS BASTARD

Was expelled the University for writing "Marplate's Bastardini," a pasquinade, exposing the amours

* See Ritson's Bibliographia, 218.

of

of the University and Town of Oxford. A MS. copy of this unpublished satire is in my possession, and the introductory stanzas are as follow:

To the Scholers.
Fie, brethren scholers, fie for shame,
Such youngster's tricks among you still?
Hath not yet learning learn'd to frame
The wanton toys of youthful will?

To the Townsmen.
And you, my brethren of the town,
That holde yourselves so well afraid,
And vaunt your foretops up and down,
Forget you what the preacher said?

Can you behold the light put out,*
And lanthorns broke in pieces mark,
And feel the horns fly round about,
And think there's nought done in the dark? &c

9. SIR JOHN DAVIS

Was among the number of those who petitioned James I. to grant them a charter for erecting an academy for the study of antiquities. The King however, so far from promoting their design, obliged them to discontinue their meetings, and threatened to prosecute the applicants as a suspicious and disloyal cabal.

From Stukeley's Hist. of the Ant. Society MS. penes me.

* Dr. Prime, preacher to the town at Carfax church, compared the University to a light, and the town to a lanthorn, and said that the light was put out, and the lanthorn broken, and the horns shed round about the town.

This was Dr. Prime of New College, of whom see Wood's Hist. and Ant. Oxon. lib. I. p. 139. Edit. 1764—and Wood's Ath. Ox. lib. I. p. 285. Edit. 1722.

10. ARTHUR GOLDING.

"In this page of praise," (says Nash, in his "Address to the Universities,") "I cannot omit aged Arthur Golding, for his industrious toyle in Englishing Ovid's Metamorphosis, besides many other editions of divinitie, turned by him out of the French tongue into our owne."

11. SIR THOMAS ELYOT.

"Among others in that age," says Nash, "Sir Thomas Elyot's elegance in translation, did sever itself from all equals."

12. THOS. PHAYER

"Is not to be forgot in regard of his famous Virgil, whose heavenly verse, had it not been blemished by his hawtie thoughts, England might have long insulted his wit, & corrigat qui potest have been subscribed to his workes."

Nash's Letter prefixed to Greene's Menaphon, 1589.

13. GEORGE WHETSTONE

Has several short poems and translated passages of poetry interspersed throughout his "Englysh Myrror," 4to. 1586, bl. l.

14. WILLIAM WARNER.

"As poetrie hath been honoured in those beforementioned professors, so it hath not been any whit disparaged by William Warner's absolute Albions.

Nash's "Address," ut supr.

Both Warner and Nash are eulogized by Drayton.

15. RICHARD

15. RICHARD STANYHURST.

"Fortune, the mistress of change, with a pitying compassion respecting Mr. Stanyhurst's prayse, would that Phayer should fall, that he might ryse, whose heroical poetry infired, I should say inspired, with an hexameter furye, recalled to life whatever hissed barbarism hath been buried this hundred yeare; and revived by his ragged quill such carterly varietie, as no hedge plowman in a countrie but would have held as the extremitie of clownerie: a patterne whereof I will propound to your judgment, as near as I can, being part of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus:

"Then did he make heavens vault to rebound
With rounce robble bobble,
Of ruffe raffe roaring,
With thicke thwacke thurly bouncing.

Which strange language of the firmament, never subject before to our common phrase, makes us, that are not used to terminate heavens moving in the accents of any voice, esteem of their triobulare interpreter as of some Thrasonical huffe-snuffe; for so terrible was his style to all mylde ears, as would have affrighted our peaceable poets from intermeddling hereafter with that quarrelling kind of verse."

Nash's Preface to Greene's Arcadia.

16. JOSHUA SYLVESTER,

Many of the particulars of whose life may be found in Dunster's Letter on Milton, was a candidate, in the

year 1597, for the office of Secretary to the Company of Merchant-Adventurers at Stade, of which he was a member; on which occasion the unfortunate Earl of Essex interested himself in his favour, and wrote two letters in his behalf, dated from the Court on the last of April: a private one to Mr. Ferrers, the deputy-governor, recommending Mr. Sylvester as an able and honest man; and a general one to the company, to the same purpose, in which he mentions that he had received a very good report of his sufficiency and fitness for the post of Secretary, being both well qualified with language, and many other good parts, and honest and of good conversation; two especial motives of his lordship's request in his behalf.

Ben Jonson has an epigram to Sylvester, and he is eulogized by Drayton; the latter dedicated his "Miracles of Moses" to Sylvester and Du Bartas. His "Tobacco batter'd," &c. was reprinted with King James's "Counterblast," and similar tracts, 4to. 1672.

17. THOMAS BUCKLEY,

Who is not mentioned by Ritson, wrote a satire (in MS. in my possession) on divers persons in Oxford.

"Ho, ho, John of Dogs, what news?"

The following is the introductory stanza:

"The Devil is dead in Devonshire late,
(A happie tale, if it be true;)
He gave the check, but not the mate,
And are you dead, sir Devil?—Adue!"

The author was admitted Bachelor of Civil Law, 1566, of All Soul's College, Oxford: he was then, says

Wood, much in esteem among the academicians for his poetry; but, being given to libelling, was forced to leave the University. *Fasti, I.* 97.

Stamford, Dec. 27, 1805. O. G.

ART. VII. *Winter. A Poem. By James Thomson. The Second Edition.* 1726.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 95.]

WINTER! who rides along the darken'd air,*
Striding the gloomy blast. First rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling skies, with tempest foul;
Beat on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That, sounding, wave below. Th' unsightly plain †
Lies overwhelm'd and lost. The bellying clouds
Combine, and deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of Heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or, skimming, flutter round the dimply flood.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls;
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade:
Thither the houschold feathery people croud,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive and wet. Meanwhile, the cottage-swain
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and, taleful, there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

* For see where WINTER comes, himself confest. *1st edit.*

† The dreary plain. *ib.*

At last, the muddy deluge pours along,
Resistless, roaring; dreadful down it comes
From the chapt mountain and the mossy wild,
Trembling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far:
Then o'er the sanded valley, floating, spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent: till again constrain'd
Betwixt two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream.
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.
Nature! great parent! whose directing hand
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty! how majestic are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul,
That sees, astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
You too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye viewless beings, say?
Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,
Against the day of tempest perilous?
In what untravel'd country of the air,
Hush'd in still silence, sleep you, when 'tis calm?
Late in the lowering sky, red fiery streaks
Begin to flush about; the reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy aim, as doubting yet
Which master to obey: while, rising slow,
Blank in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
Wears a wan * circle round her sully'd orb.
Then issues forth the storm, with mad † controul,
And the thin fabric of the pillar'd air
O'erturns, at once. Prone, on the passive ‡ main

* Black, 1*st. edit.* Corrected in the table of errata to *bleak.*

† Loud controul. *ib.*

‡ On th' uncertain main. *ib.*

Descends

Descends th' ethereal force, and plows its waves
* In frightful furrows: from the brawling deep,
Heav'd to the clouds, the watry tumult comes.
Rumbling, the wind-swoln billows roll immense,
And on th' evanish'd vessel, bursting fierce,
Their terrors thunder thro' the prostrate soul
Of feeble man, amidst their fury caught
And dash'd upon his fate: then, o'er the cliff
Where dwells the sea-mew, unconfin'd they fly,
And, hurrying, swallow up the steril shore.

The mountain growls; and all its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade:
Lone on its midnight side, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger, breathless, toils
And climbs against the blast—
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its leafy honours yet remains.
Thus, struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly dome,
Keen fastening, shakes 'em to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies; the hollow chimney howls,
The windows rattle, and the hinges creak.

Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds and distant sighs,
That, murmur'd by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death!
Huge uproar lords it wide: the clouds commixt
With stars, swift-gliding, sweep along the sky.

* These lines stood thus in the former edition.

With dreadful rift: from the mid-deep appears
Surge after surge, the rising, watry war.
Whitening, the angry billows roll immense,
And roar their terrors thro' the shuddering soul
Of feeble man, &c.

* All Nature reels—till Nature's KING, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
And straight, earth, sea, and air, are hush'd at once.
As yet 'tis Midnight's reign; the weary clouds,
Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the low-brow'd Night,
And Contemplation, her sedate compeer:
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.
And now, ye lying vanities of life!
You ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet, deluded man,
A scene of crude, † disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises, still resolv'd
With new-flush'd hopes, to run your giddy round.
Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
O! teach me what is good! teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

T. P.

[*To be continued.*]

* Thus contracted in the former edition.

All Nature reels. But hark! the ALMIGHTY speaks;
Instant, the chidden storm begins to pant,
And dies at once into a noiseless calm.

† Wild. *1st. edit.*

ART.

ART. VIII. *Das Gelehrte England oder Lexicon der Jetztlebenden Schriftsteller in Gros Britannien, Irland und Nord-Amerika nebst Einem Verzeichnis Ihrer Schriften. Vom Jahr* 1770 *bis* 1790. *Von Jeremias David Reuss, Ordentlichen Professor der Philosophie und Unter-Bibliothekar Bey der Universitäts-Bibliothek zu Göttingen. Berlin und Stettin Bey Fried. Nicolai,* 1791.

Alphabetical Register of all the authors actually living in Great Britain, Ireland, and in the United Provinces of North-America, with a Catalogue of their publications. By Jerem. Dav. Reuss, Professor of Philosophy, and Under Librarian of the Public Library of the University of Gottingen. Berlin and Stetin, printed for Frederic Nicolai, 1791. 8*vo. pp.* 495, *besides a German and English Preface.*

This is a singular instance of German industry, it being a better catalogue of English authors, then living, than any hitherto published in this country, and on a plan which deserves to be continued. It has undoubtedly many inaccuracies, but not more than are inseparable from such an attempt.

The English Preface is by George Forster, a friend of the Compiler, and merits insertion here.

"*To the English Reader.*

"Whenever a new publication is offered to the public, the author should have it in his power to point out the use and necessity of increasing, by his performance, that immense literary store, which, however

it may forward the professedly learned in their researches, seems likely enough to puzzle the student, who treads the mazes of science without a clew to conduct him. Indeed since the revival of letters in Europe, and the invention of the art of printing, the number of printed books has increased in such a rapid proportion, as to baffle the efforts of the most assiduous collectors and bibliographers, who have attempted either to accumulate general libraries, or to compile, what may be termed an history of universal literature. It is a well-known fact, amongst the lovers of bibliographical knowledge, that many an eminent literator, after having spent his life in the tedious occupation of collecting the titles of books, has left his successors in that branch of science to lament the unfinished state of his labours. And when it is considered that the annual harvest of new publications, in Germany alone, upon an average amounts to near three thousand works, we shall not surely over-rate the literary produce of all Europe, by fixing it at ten thousand volumes in the course of every year. Agreeably to this computation, a single century bids fair to be productive of a million of books, and Leibnitz seems not to have conjectured amiss, when he facetiously maintained the increase of literature to be such, that future generations would find whole cities insufficient to contain their libraries. It was undoubtedly from the same comprehensive view of this great object, that one of the first philosophic characters in England, the present illustrious President of the Royal Society, has been heard to urge the necessity of rejecting henceforward the idea of *general* collections of books in the Capital, and recommending in

its

its place, as the proper object of private collectors, to confine their libraries to one *individual* branch of human knowledge, by which means a great number of particular collections, each complete in its kind, would quickly be brought forward, and the purposes of instruction be more easily attained, than whilst the rage of indiscriminate collection subsisted, and the number of competitors for the same book precluded the possibility of completion.

" The same difficulty which attends the methodical arrangement and complete enumeration of all books now extant in print, will likewise apply to that part of literature, by which we are taught to consider the authors themselves exerting their talents, under various points of view, either as they happened to be cotemporaries, or, according to the different ages and countries in which they flourished, or, with a view to the distinct branches of knowledge, which they cultivated, and the proportion in which they contributed to the common stock of improvement. To the works, which have appeared upon this subject, inconsiderable as their numbers, and defective as their contents may have been, we are indebted for some general ideas concerning the comparative quantity of literary exertion, which different nations have shown within certain periods of time, the sciences which they have cultivated in preference to others, and the differences and singularities of national taste.

" Germany has hitherto been most successful in the laborious endeavours to illustrate the history of its own literati. The indefatigable application of Hamberger, and of his successor Meusel, has furnished a catalogue of the authors now living in that country, in which

their

their names and works are collected with surprising accuracy. Their example has encouraged a number of assiduous bibliographers to illustrate the literary history of their several provinces. In other countries this useful and necessary branch of compilation has been too much neglected. *La France Litteraire*, that meagre and defective performance, has not been continued since the year 1784. The list of Spanish authors during the reign of Carlos III. by *Juan Semperey Guarinos*, only extends to writers of some eminence, whilst Italy and all the Northern countries have not so much as attempted any thing of the kind.

"Ayscough's Index to the seventy volumes of the Monthly Review, though a work of great merit, was not however calculated to supply this deficiency with regard to English literature, as its plan excluded all the books which had not been reviewed in those volumes. As to "The Catalogue of five hundred celebrated authors of Great Britain, now living," [London, 1788, 8vo,] it does not require great penetration to observe that those names only have been selected from the bulk of English writers, on whom the anonymous critic has thought proper to pass either censure, or commendation. When these circumstances are impartially weighed, the propriety of the present publication may, perhaps, be the more easily admitted. Indeed the prevailing taste for English books in Germany, seemed more particularly to demand an enumeration, which has not hitherto been attempted in England.

"The author has confined himself entirely to the most recent literary productions of Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States of America. A period of

twenty

twenty years, from 1770 to 1790, seemed to him the most adequate to the term of modern literature. He has subjoined to the names of the living authors the titles of their works, together with their prices, always taking care to notice the German translation, where it was known to exist. Translations into other languages, as well as biographical notes concerning the authors themselves, would have swelled what was intended for a compendious essay, to the extent of several volumes. For the same reason, though the names of authors deceased within these last twenty years have been inserted, yet it has not been thought proper to recount their publications. In this part of his performance, however, the author has met with the greatest difficulty, and thinks it very probable, from the imperfection of the intelligence which he has been able to procure, that he may have placed several persons among the living, who have already paid the debt of nature. English books, written by foreigners, will naturally find a place in the literary catalogues of these nations, to whom they respectively belong, and are of course omitted here; but anonymous works have generally been referred to their proper authors, and inserted in the present collection with an asterisk (*) prefixed to them.

" In an undertaking of this arduous nature, it is next to impossible to avoid mistakes and omissions. These can only be corrected or supplied by the candid communications of the reader, and will be received with grateful acknowledgment by the author, who takes this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to several friends, from whom he has experienced the most valuable assistance. The author's situation having furnished

furnished him with all the printed subsidies relative to his undertaking, it will, perhaps, apologize for the seeming presumption of a foreigner in venturing to furnish his own countrymen with a list of British authors.

"But the writer of this preface fears to have trespassed upon the indulgence of his readers; having lost the habit of writing in a language, which was once familiar to him, he is aware that the eagerness to obey the summons of a friend, may prove a very unsatisfactory excuse for thus attempting to give the public some account of the motives and the plan of the present publication.

Mayence, Sept. 15, 1791. "GEORGE FORSTER."

ART. IX. *Bibliotheca Universalis Selecta. A Catalogue of Books, (&c. &c.) collected for the most part in Germany and the Netherlands; methodically digested, with a view to render it useful to students, collectors, and librarians; to which is added an Index of Authors, Interpreters and Editors, &c. By Samuel Paterson.* 1786. 8vo. *pp.* 470, *and upwards.*

"*Preface.*

"The arrangement of libraries is of no small importance to literature; more especially in an age when there are far more literary inquiry, just criticism, and general reading, than were ever known in this country.

"Strange, that the great æra of dissipation, should be the greatest of good letters!

"This was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.*

"A library undigested is a chaos; of little more use to the owner, or to the public, than so many divided parts of instruments: for books, in each class or science, may be considered as component parts of the same instrument; and to put them together properly, is very essential to the observer, and to the student.

"I have laboured many years in this track, with very little benefit to myself, beyond the satisfaction arising from the consideration of its utility, (myself having been always of the least consequence to myself;) but if the diligent student has been served, and the curious inquirer gratified, the labourer is amply rewarded.

"The expediency and necessity of classing voluminous collections and public libraries, is self-evident; as it is the only mean of pointing out the progress of science and knowledge of every kind, from the origin of printing; to which happy invention we owe the revival and diffusion of letters, to the present time, and of noting the desiderata in each: for to know what is wanting, and may be done, it is highly necessary to be acquainted with what has already been done.

"By such information, those who gather after others' harvests, may be led into the rich fields of Boaz, where the weightiest gleanings are to be found: such as compose through idleness, or boast, inadvertently, known facts for novelties; or designedly utter old for new opinions and discoveries, may find that all they

* Shakspeare.

have

have to say, has been better said already; and thereby spare themselves much pains, and their readers much trouble: while such as fabricate for bread, contenting themselves with pillaging some two or three known authors, and it may be the very worst they could have chose, may learn, at least, the names of better tools, of which too many of our modern book-makers appear to be entirely ignorant.

"To render the present catalogue more useful to students, collectors, and librarians, is subjoined an index of authors, interpreters and editors; which, though pretty accurate, is not altogether free from mistakes.

"Its general use is too obvious to be insisted upon; but in no one respect more so, than in the discrimination of persons of the same name; from the neglect of which many errors in biography have been committed: and to the philosophical reader, considered as a register of minds, will be full as acceptable as an alphabet of arms.

London,
April 3, 1786. } "S. P."

The Editor of the CENSURA has brought forward this Preface to notice, because it appears to him both curious and just, and to bear a strong relation to the arguments, on which the claims of his own work are built.

ART.

ART. X. *A Satyre. Dedicated to his most excellent Majestie. By George Wither, Gentleman.*

Rebus in adversis crescit.

London. Printed by Thomas Snodham for George Norton, and are to be sold at the signe of the Red Bull, neare Temple Barre. 1615. *Duod. not paged, but about pp.* 87.

This satire consists of nearly 1000 lines, and is subscribed by "Your Majestie's most loyal subject, and yet prisoner in the Marshelsey, Geo. Wyther." It is an appeal to the King from his confinement, in consequence of his Satires, entitled "Abuses Stript and Whipt." It begins thus:

"*Quid tu, si pereo?*

"What once the poet said, I may avow;
'Tis a hard thing, not to write Satyres now;
Since what we speak, abuse reigns so in all,
Spite of our hearts, will be satirical.
Let it not therefore now be deemed strange,
My unsmooth'd lines their rudeness do not change;
Nor be distasteful to my gracious King
That in the cage my old harsh notes I sing,
And rudely make a satyre here unfold,
What others would in neater terms have told.
And why? my friends and means in court are scant;
Knowledge of curious phrase and form I want.
I cannot bear 't to run myself in debt,
To hire the groom, to bid the page intreat,
Some favour'd follower to vouchsafe his word
To get me a cold comfort from his Lord:

I cannot

I cannot soothe, tho' it my life might save,
Each favourite, nor crouch to every knave:
I cannot brook delays, as some men do,
With scoffs and scorns, and take 't in kindness too.
For ere I'd bind myself for some slight grace
To one that hath no more worth than his place,
Or by a base mean free myself from trouble,
I rather would endure my penance double:
'Cause to be forc'd to what my name disdains
Is worse to me than tortures racks and chains;
And therefore unto thee I only fly,
To whom there needs no mean but honesty:
To thee, that lov'st not parasite nor minion,
Should, ere I speak, possess thee with opinion;
To thee, that dost what thou wilt undertake,
For love of justice, not the person's sake;
To thee that know'st how vain all fair shews be,
That flow not from the heart's sincerity;
And can'st, though shadowed in the simplest veil,
Discern both love and truth, and where they fail;
To thee I do appeal, in whom, Heaven knows,
I next to God my confidence repose!
For can it be thy grace should ever shine,
And not enlighten such a cause as mine? 40
Can my hopes, fix'd in thee, great King, be dead?
Or thou those satires hate thy Forests* bred?
Where shall my second hopes be founded then,
If ever I have heart to hope again?
Can I suppose a favour may be got
In any place, when thy court yields it not?
Or that I may obtain it in the land,
When I shall be denied it at thy hand?

* I presume the poet means the Holt Forest, which I think is near Bentworth in Hampshire, the place of his nativity. See a description of that country in White's Hist. of Selborne.

And

And if I might, should I so fond on't be,
To take 't of others, when I miss't of thee?
Or if I did, can I have comfort by it,
When I shall think my Sovereign did deny it?
No, were I sure, I to thy hate were born,
The love of half the world beside I'd scorn!
&c. &c. &c. &c.

ART. XI. *True Copies of certain loose Papers left by the Right Honourable Elizabeth Countesse of Bridgewater, collected and transcribed together here since her death. Anno Dom.* 1663.

An 8vo. MS. in the hand of an amanuensis, but with this certificate, written by her husband.

"Examined by
"J. BRIDGEWATER."*

This is one of the few copies of a curious MS. which has descended as an heir-loom in the family of the Editor.† Another copy is in the Bridgewater library, and perhaps some others are in the possession of other branches of the family.

But before the Editor proceeds to give extracts, he thinks it prudent, under his peculiar circumstances, to copy the article—the whole article—regarding this lady, from Ballard's Memoirs of Learned Ladies, (Oxf. 1752, 4to. p. 283,) that the reader may have before him an *impartial* testimony of her merits.

* An instance of a peer prefixing the initial of his Christian name.

† From the Earl's third son, Thomas Egerton, of Tatton Park, in Cheshire, whose son William died 1738, and was the Editor's grandfather.

" Elizabeth, Countess of Bridgewater.

" Elizabeth, Countess of Bridgewater, has such an extraordinary character given of her in her monumental inscription, that being come to that period of time, in which she lived, I am unwilling to pass her over in silence. I have searched very carefully, though ineffectually, for some concurrent testimonies of her merit: but as I cannot add any thing to the account given of her in her epitaph, so neither will it be thought much wanting, in the opinion of those, who are so candid as to suppose that inscription to have been drawn up, rather with a view of doing justice, than of doing honour, to her memory. I shall therefore transcribe it as I find it printed in Sir Henry Chauncey's " History and Antiquities of Hertfordshire," and Mr. Collins's " Peerage," from a monument in the church of Gadsden, in that county.

" D. D.

" To the sacred memory of the late transcendently virtuous Lady, now glorious Saint, the Right Honourable Elizabeth, Countess of Bridgewater.

" She was second daughter to the Right Hon. William, Marquis of Newcastle, and wife to the Right Hon. John, Earl of Bridgewater, and whose family she hath enriched with a hopeful issue, six sons; viz. John Viscount Brackley, her eldest; Sir William Egerton, second son, both Knights of the Honourable Order of the Bath; Mr. Thomas Egerton, her third; Mr. Charles Egerton, her fourth; Mr. Henry Egerton, her fifth; Mr. Steward Egerton, her sixth son: and three daughters; viz. Mrs. Frances Egerton, her eldest; the Lady Elizabeth, her second; and the Lady Catherine Egerton, her third daughter; of all which children three, viz. Mr. Henry Egerton, her fifth son; Mrs. Frances Egerton, her eldest; and Mrs. Catherine Egerton, her third daughter;

ter; lie here interred, dying in their infancy; the rest are still the living pictures of their deceased mother, and the only remaining comforts of their disconsolate father.

"She was a lady, in whom all the accomplishments, both of body and mind, did concur to make her the glory of the present, and example of future, ages: her beauty was so unparalleled, that it is as much beyond the art of the most elegant pen, as it surpasseth the skill of several of the most exquisite pencils, that attempted it, to describe, and not to disparage, it: she had a winning, and an attractive behaviour, a charming discourse, a most obliging conversation: she was so courteous and affable to all persons, that she gained their love; yet not so familiar to expose herself to contempt: she was of a noble and generous soul, yet of so meek and humble a disposition, that never any woman of her quality was greater in the world's opinion, and less in her own: the rich at her table daily tasted her hospitality; the poor at her gate her charity; her devotion most exemplary, if not inimitable; witness, (besides several other occasional meditations and prayers, full of the holy transports and raptures of a sanctified soul,) her divine meditations upon every particular chapter of the Bible, written with her own hand, and never, till since her death, seen by any eye but her own, and her then dear, but now sorrowful, husband, to the admiration both of her eminent piety in composing, and of her modesty in concealing. Then she was a most affectionate and observing wife to her husband, a most tender and indulgent mother to her children, a most kind and bountiful mistress to her family. In a word, she was so superlatively good, that language is too narrow to express her deserved character. Her death was as religious, as her life was virtuous: on the 24th day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1663, of her own age 37, she exchanged her earthly coronet for an heavenly crown."

" Prov. xxxi. 28, 29.

" Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her:

" Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

To make her character more consummate, I will add, that her noble Lord desired no other memorial of himself after his decease, but only this.

" That having, in the 19th year of his age, married the Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter to the then Earl, since Marquiss, and after that Duke, of Newcastle, he did enjoy, almost twenty-two years, all the happiness that a man could receive in the sweet society of the best of wives, till it pleased God, in the 44th year of his age, to change his great felicity into as great misery, by depriving him of his truly loving and entirely beloved wife, who was all his earthly bliss; after which time, humbly submitting to, and waiting on, the will and pleasure of the Almighty, he did sorrowfully wear out twenty-three years, four months, and twelve days, and then on the 26th day of October, in the year of our Lord, 1680, and in the 64th year of his own age, yielded up his soul into the merciful hand of God, who gave it."*

* Lord Bridgewater was so anxious for this very inscription, that he annexed a copy of it to his will, with a design for the plain tablet on which he ordered it to be placed. The will was proved by his son John, 3d Earl, on 28 May, 1687.

It is probably unnecessary to remind the reader, that he was the " Lord Brackley," who first acted the Elder Brother in Milton's immortal Masque of Comus. *Editor.*

Having

Having transcribed this character from Ballard, I now proceed to give some extracts from the curious MS. relicks of this excellent woman.

"*A Prayer and Resolution against Despair.*

"O Lord, I am vile, being sinful; but let me not run into despair, for thou, my Christ, hast redeemed me; and though my sins have blacked my soul with the smoke of ungodliness, so that I cannot look to thy throne of justice, but be struck down with my own guilt, yet thy mercies will purify me with the sweet-smelling incense of thy loving kindness! For thou hast given me this comfort, that those that were heavy-laden, if they come unto thee, thou wouldst ease them; and those that were sick, thou wouldst heal them. So come I to thee, my Lord, loaden with sickness for my daily infirmities; and with heavy burdens weighing me down with iniquity! So weighty are they, O God, that without thy mercies the balance would turn me into utter ruin. Therefore I stand amazed at my own unworthiness, not knowing how to appear before thy holiness. But yet I come, with a knowledge of my own sins, to thee, my Saviour, who may well be named my Saviour, who by thy death and passion hast saved me; and by thy blood spilt I am relieved from the fear of everlasting death, and brought to an assured hope of everlasting life in endless joys. Therefore, to thee all honour and power be given, now and for evermore!"

"*Upon occasion of my Husband's Birth-day.*

"O my God, the only and everlasting God, to thee I dedicate a true acknowledging heart for this happy

day, wherein thou hast blessed my dear husband to see 27 years! O Lord, my prayers ought to be to thee everlastingly: and thou hast kept him from all dangers! Thy infinite mercies to him, and me, is praise above what I, thy sinful servant, can give. But I will strive to obey, and give thee praises; for thou callest not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. Lord, I will turn from my evil ways; therefore I beseech thee hear this my thanksgiving; and turn thy ear to me, that begs the increase of this joyed day! And blessed be it long to him with health and prosperity; and be thou evermore with him in his greatest extremity and distress!"

"A Prayer for my Husband.

"O my Christ, give me once more leave to petition thee, to beg of thee to have mercy on my dear husband, who hath enemies about him, seeking to put some violence upon him! O sweet God, father of goodness, and full of pure mercy, I beseech thee preserve him out of their hands, and let not the son of man have any power to hurt him! But be thou, Jesus, Son of God, ever with him, to protect him from their hands of cruelty, seeking to arrest him! Lord God, keep him from their ensnarements of imprisonment, and make his return hither safe, without being entrapped by any of their allurements! God grant these, and all other things which are most needful for him, for thy Son, my Lord and Saviour's sake, in whose name thou ever bid'st me call, and thou wilt hear!"

" A Prayer in the sickness of my girl, Frank.

" O Almighty and eternal God, I, with an humble heart to thee, beseech thee, that am now grieved for my poor sick child! I beg of thee, O God, and of thy Son, my Saviour, to heal her from her great pain and sickness! Thou, that art the God of all gods, and of all things, have mercy and compassion of my dear infant; restore her, I beseech thee, to be a healthful child, and bring her out of the jaws of death! Lord Jesus, look upon my affliction, and hear my prayer; and let it be as thou hast said, that whatsoever you ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive! Lord, I believe that thou art the only true God; and without thee, we are nothing; and with thee, and thy grace, we are to fear and magnify thy name! O sweet Jesus, say unto me, as thou didst to the woman of Canaan, " O woman, great is thy faith, and be it unto thee, even as thou wilt;" and immediately the child was made whole from that hour! Lord, there is nothing impossible with thee! As thou raisedst Lazarus from the grave, so raise my dear babe to long life, that she may enjoy the honour of age; and with thy spirit take her by the hand, as thou didst the damsel Tabitha, saying, " Arise!" so I beseech thee, say to her: and I humbly desire thee, O Lord, to have mercy on her, and lay not my sins to her innocent charge; neither punish me, O Lord, in taking her from me! I know, O sweet Jesus, and believe, that thy power is great in heaven, as it was on earth; therefore I beg it of thee to have compassion on her in this world: but if it please not thee to give an ear, nor say Amen to these

my fervent prayers, I beg with my tears to have mercy on her in the world to come, and make her one of thy elect in heaven, which is a glorious saint; and to give me patience for the loss of her, and to take this affliction without grudging at thy holy will! But yet, Lord, let me say with Abraham, "let not my Lord be angry," and I will speak but this once, which is to grant her long life, which is the prayer of me, that prays in this most holy and direct prayer, which Christ thy only Son hath taught us, "Our Father which art in Heaven," &c.

It would be absurd to produce these effusions as proofs of a great literary genius. They are, what the Countess's epitaph very properly calls them, "the holy transports and raptures of a sanctified soul;" the emanations of an angelic spirit! Where can be found a character more deserving of admiration than that of this lovely and virtuous woman? And in what monumental memorial can be exhibited more true pathos, and a more interesting and exquisite picture of all that is enchanting in human nature? Even an interval of three and twenty years could not weaken the affection of her sorrowing husband: the inscription for himself, which he enclosed in his will, breathes the same deep tone of grief, and regret, and esteem!

Yet these are they, lovely in their lives and in their deaths, and not exalted by, but exalting, their high stations, whose descendants have been insulted for obscurity of birth, by pert and puny upstarts, clothed in the honours of yesterday, and as insignificant in personal

sonal merits, as in derivative splendor; men inebriated with the fumes of undeserved elevation, and raving with the mean and illiberal insolence of office!—But the Editor must restrain his pen! Away then with these angry and indignant passions, which ill accord with the memory of the incomparable woman, to whom this article is intended to do honour, and whose example ought to teach humility, forgiveness, and a superiority to all the vain and trifling distinctions which the world has to bestow!

Jan. 31, 1806.

ART. XII. *Regis pie memorie Edwardi tertii a quadragesimo ad quinquagesimum. Anni omnes a mendis quibus miserrime scatebant repurgati, et suo nitori restituti: Anno Domini* 1576. *Londini in ædibus Richardi Tottelli. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum,*

Ne moy reproves sauns cause,
Car mon entent est de bone amour.

Colophon. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete within Temple Barre, at the signe of the Hand and Starre, by Richard Tottel the seconde day of Marche, Anno 1576. *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum. Folio. Each year paged separately.*

This edition of one of the Year-books is not mentioned by Ames; but it is noticed by Herbert, II. 821, and with seeming inaccuracy, and for this reason I place it here. For Herbert considers it only as a new title-page of a former edition; and states the Colophon

phon to have the date of "13 Jan. 1556," which entirely disagrees with that, which I have copied above, from the book itself.

*** I take this opportunity of mentioning a MS. copy of one of the Year-books in my possession, which is entirely at the service of any gentleman, whose literary investigations may be directed to the subject, with a view to publication. It is totally out of the sphere of my own pursuits, and would require a more profound skill in ancient hand-writings, as well as more patience than I possess.

The book formerly belonged to Edward Rowe Mores, a well-known antiquary, and contains the following notices written by him.

"This MS. I bought among Mr. Harding's books. It is in several parts wrong bound, and contains part of the Year-book of Edw. II. published by Serjeant Maynard, but differs materially from the print. It begins Hilary, 2 Edw. II. and goes on to Hilary, 5 Edw. II.

"Then there is an Iter Kanciæ of 6 Edw. II. It appears to be very curious, and to contain an account of the Proceedings of the Justices in Eyre on opening their Commission, and so from day to day.

"Then follow the Articles of Inquiry ex parte Regis, in 21 sheets of vellum.

"Then the Year-book of Edw. II. begins again at Michs. 10 Edw. II. and goes on to Trin. 13 Edw. II.

"From thence there is a great part wanting; and it begins Michs. 18 Edw. II. and goes on to Hilary, 19 Edw. II.

"Then follows, in a different hand, a single leaf of some other Year-book.

"Then

"Then follows another Iter Kanciæ, Anno —— Edw. II."

ART. XIII. *Romvlvs and Tarqvin. Written in Italian by the Marques Virgilio Malvezzi. And now taught English by Henry Earle of Monmouth. The Third Edition. London, printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Prince's Armes in St. Paul's Church-yard.* 1648.

The noble translator of this work is Henry Carey, second Earl of Monmouth, who was born in Buckinghamshire in 1596; at fifteen became a Fellow-Commoner of Exeter College, Oxford, and in 1613 took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. During the rebellion he was compelled to retire; when entirely devoting himself to his studies, he found that consolation in the fruits he gathered from them, which was denied to many of the nobility in the same unfortunate situation. It was at this period the world became indebted to him for his literary productions. He died June 13, 1661.*

"There are," says Lord Orford, "no less than seven folios, two octavos, and a duodecimo, of his lordship's extant."

Romulus and Tarquin contains 222 pages, besides the author's preface, and six commendatory verses to the translator, with his dedication "to the most sacred Majesty of Charles the First, Monarch of Great Britaine, France and Ireland, &c." and an address "to the

* See Memoirs of Peers, ut supr. p. 435. *Editor.*

favourable

favourable Reader," which consist of fourteen more. The verses are by John Suckling, Knight; Tho. Carew; W. Davenant, Knight; A. Tounshend; Tho. Wortley; and Robert Stapylton, Knight.

The author of this production has doubtless obtained the highest justice, as the language of the translation is pleasing, and the style unaffected. A short extract from the introduction shall suffice.

" To write of modern men is a troublesome businesse; all men commit errors; few, having committed them, will heare thereof; one must or flatter them, or say nothing; to comment upon their actions, is to endeavour to teach more by a man's owne example, than by that of others; more to him that writes, than to him that reades; more to be silent, than to bee active. The actions of princes have every other appearance, than that of truth; to relate them as they appeare, pertakes of the epique straine; as they are, of the satyricall. Flatterers have yet moreover so exalted their good deeds, that the naked truth redounds to the blame of the relatio": for the truth of that praise which is heard, comes short of that which is beleeved; and some there are who arrive at that height, as they leave no place for flattery, fancying themselves greater than flattery can make them. Present actions are not with safety related, nor are they listened unto without danger: well may they be reverenced, never censured: who puts them in print seeks after an uncertain glory, exposes himself to a certain danger; who leaves it to be done by posterity, reaps no other fruit of his present labours, than a meer contemplation of a future imaginary fruitlesse glory.

——" I will avoid the treading of so steepe and intricate

tricate a path. I will write of times past to the time present. The defects of the sunne, which are with safety pointed at, reflected in the waters, are not without danger of the eyes, seene in a direct line.

——"Romulus his valour, Numa's pity, Tullus his fiercenesse, Anchus his goodnesse, the vigilancie of Lucumus, fortune of Servius, and impiety of Tarquin, shall be my subject."

The first edition of this very scarce work is printed at London, 1637, 12mo. with this difference from the third, in the title, "Romulus and Tarquin; or, De Principe et Tyranno."

Lord Orford informs us that there is a very good head of the Earl of Monmouth, by Faithorne, prefixed to his translation of Sennault's Use of the Passions, London, 1649;—which will be hereafter noticed in the CENSURA LITERARIA.

January 28. P. B.

ART. XIV. *The History of the Kings Majesties Affaires in Scotland, under the Conduct of the most Honourable James Marques of Montrose, Earl of Kincardin, etc. and Generall Governour of that Kingdome in the Years* 1644, 1645, 1646. *Printed in the Year* 1649." *Small 8vo. without either place or printer's name. pp.* 192, *Preface* 6. *At the end of which are the following lines "on the Death of King Charles the First," here copied literally.*

"Great! Good! and Just! could I but Rate
My Griefs and Thy too Rigid fate,

I'de

I'de weep the world to such a straine,
As it should Deluge once againe.
But since Thy loud-tongued blood demands supplys
More from BRIAREUS Hands than ARGUS Eys,
Ile sing Thy Obsequies, with trumpet Sounds,
And write thy EPITAPH with BLOOD and WOUNDS.

MONTROSE, written with the point of his Sword."

This history was originally written in Latin by Dr. George Wisheart, Bishop of Edinburgh, who attended Montrose in all his expeditions, and was both an eye and ear witness of what he relates. It was first published in 1646, and again 1647. It was translated also into English, and printed in that year: from that time to 1660 there were several editions in 4to. and 8vo. after which period no other appeared till the year 1720, when it again was printed in small 8vo. with the addition of a second part, and fifteen letters to Montrose from Charles the First, Charles the Second, Prince Rupert, and Queen Henrietta Maria, "from originals in the publisher's hands."—Who this was I am unable to learn. This last and improved edition contains pp. 200, besides the appendix, letters, &c. which in all consist of 294: it has neither printer's or bookseller's name, but was published at London: it is much superior to the old ones, and I doubt not but it is more scarce.

January 28. P. B.*

* The Editor begs to express his thanks to his Correspondent for these very acceptable communications.

ART.

ART. XV. *The Names of those who assisted Bishop Gibson in his Editions of Camden's Britannia, from a MS. in the handwriting of the celebrated Antiquarian, the Rev. William Clarke, of Chichester, communicated by his grandson, the Rev. J. S. Clarke.* *

Parts of this work were translated by the following hands.

Cambridgeshire, by Dr. Echard.

Cumberland, Dr. Todd, and the Improvements.

Dorsetshire, Mr. Palmer. Improvements, Mr. Etrick.

Gloucestershire, Dr. Parsons, and the Improvements.

Hampshire, Mr. Worsley, and the Improvements.

Huntingdonshire, Dr. Echard.

Leicestershire, Mr. Wright.

Northumberland, Dr. Nicholson, and the Improvements.

Oxfordshire, Dr. Kennet, and the Improvements.

Rutlandshire, Mr. Wright.

Shropshire, Mr. Palmer.

Warwickshire, Mr. Newsham, and the Improvements.

Wiltshire, Dr. Tanner, and the Improvements.

Worcestershire, Dr. Hopkins and the Improvements.

* To whom the Editor returns many thanks.

The Additions to the other Counties were chiefly from the following hands, besides the printed Surveys published.

Cornwall and Devonshire, Bishop Trelawney.
Durham, Mr. Mickleton, Dr. Kay.
Essex, Mr. Oosly.
Kent and Middlesex, Dr. Plot.
Naval Affairs, Mr Pepys.
Norfolk, MSS. Survey, by Spelman.
Surry, Mr. Evelyn.
Sussex, Dr. Harris.
Westmoreland, Mr. Machell.
Yorkshire, E. Riding, Mr. Thoresby, Dr. Johnston.
W. Riding, Mr. Burnsall, Dr. Johnston.
Wales, Mr. E. Lhwyd.
Scotland, Sir Robt. Sibbald.
Ireland, Sir Rich. Cox.

Improvements from printed books were chiefly from

Mr. Burton's Leicestershire, 1622.
Dr. Thoroton's Nottinghamshire, 1677.
Dr. Plot's Oxfordshire, 1677, and Staffordshire, 1686.
Mr. Wright's Rutlandshire, 1687.
Sir W. Dugdale's Warwickshire, 1656.
Carew's Cornwall, 1602.
King's Cheshire, 1656.

Besides the assistance of some gentlemen in every county.

Surveys of Counties published since this edition, or not mentioned, are;

Sir Rob. Atkins's Gloucestershire, 1712.
Ashmole's Antiquities of Berkshire, 1719.

John

John Aubrey's Antiquities of Surry, 1719.

Sir Henry Chauncey's Antiquities of Hertfordshire, 1700.

Coker's Survey of Dorsetshire, 1732.

S. Erdswicke's Survey of Staffordshire, 1717.

Dr. John Harris's History of Kent, 1719.

Dr. John Lewis's History of the Isle of Thanet, 1723.

John Moreton's Natural History of Northamptonshire, 1712.

John Norden's Hist. Descript. of Cornwall, 2d edit. 1728.

———— Middlesex and Hertfordshire, 2d edit.

Salmon's History of Hertfordshire, 1728."

ART. XVI. *Extempore Lines on seeing a detachment of the Rifle Corps, under Col. Beckwith, march with military music through Sandgate, on Oct. 21, 1805, on their way to embark for foreign service.*

Farewell, ye Brave! your steps may Glory wait,
And Victory ride Protectress of your fate!
As sounds the martial band its chearing notes,
On the charm'd air what mighty Spirit floats!
It animates my soul: it swells my breast,
With mingled thrills of joy and grief possest:
It tells of thousand dreadful dangers brav'd;
It tells of battles won, and countries sav'd;
Of Admiration kindling in the eyes,
Whose big drops speak what Art cannot disguise;

The Conqueror's echoing shout; the endless fame,
That plays around the hero's blazing name!
But ah! how much it also tells to mourn!
The screaming wife from husband's bosom torn;
The weeping children clinging round their sire;
The sighing friends, that in despair retire!
But what are those more chasten'd tones I hear,
What mellower murmurs meet my pensive ear?
See yon bold youth in calmness urge his way;
Before his mind no wanton visions play;
But thus, in thought compos'd, he seems to say:
" Farewell, ye hills, where many a summer's day
" I've pass'd; where many a sweet autumnal morn,
" And many a wintry noon, with hound and horn,
" I've gladden'd all your echoes! O farewell!
" Tho' in my heart the parting sigh will swell,
" 'Tis not for ease I sigh, nor dangers shun!
" 'Tis Gratitude's sweet sigh for pleasures gone!
" I go at Glory's call in distant fields
" To seek the joy the Conqueror's laurel yields:
" It is my country's call: I go to fight
" Her generous warfare with chastiz'd delight.
" O ye, who now with watry eyes pursue,
" And heaving bosoms, our departing crew,
" Weep not for us; if favouring Heaven decrees
" Our safe return cross yonder spreading seas,
" With keener rapture we shall view again
" Each well-known cliff, sweet valley, and green plain,
" When wreath'd with honours, conscious of desert,
" We claim the offering of each grateful heart!
" And should we see your long-lov'd scenes no more,
" But fall like heroes, on some distant shore,
" Glory shall soothe the torturing hour of Death,
" And Fame shall consecrate our parting breath!"

Art. XVII. *Webbe's Discourse of English Poetrie, 1586.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. I. P. 349.]

Though it is not my design to reprint the contents of Oldys's British Librarian, yet, to complete the set of articles on old English poetry, I have judged it worth while to repeat in this place the following.

[*From the British Librarian.*]

"The author of this very scarce pamphlet, consisting of five sheets and an half, dedicates it to Edward Suliard, Esq. whose sons were under his tuition, and who had been presented by him with some other work before, which was a translation of some poetry belike, from, or into Latin. In his preface, to the noble Poets of England, he observes, that though books of, or tending to poetry, were then more numerous than any other English books, yet that "Poetry has found fewest friends to amend it; those who can, reserving their skill to themselves, those who cannot, running headlong upon it; thinking to garnish it with their devises, but more corrupting it with fantastical errors." Therefore the chief end of his writing this discourse is, to propose a Reformation of English Poetry, "by having some perfect platform, or prosodia of versifying ratified; either in imitation of the Greeks and Latins, or, where it would not well abide the touch of their rules, through the like observations, selected and established by the natural affectation of the speech."*

In

* But this project, though we find it was proposed and attempted by other prime wits of these times before, such as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Edward

 Dyer,

"In the Discourse, having spoken in general of poetry, what it is, whence it had its beginning, and in what esteem it has always been, according to Plato, Aristotle, and Spenser, in his Shepherd's Calendar, which our author thinks inferior neither to Theocritus nor Virgil, and therefore zealously wishes for his other works abroad, especially his English Poet, which his friend E. K. did once promise to publish; he then shews the opinion that was held of the power of poetry; how Alexander and Scipio were delighted with it. So proceeds to enumerate the most memorable poets among the ancients, as Orpheus, Amphion, Tyrtæus, Homer, Ennius, and Empedocles; with the comic, tragic, and pastoral poets among the Grecians; and in like manner the Latin poets, more particularly of Virgil; then of the epigrammatic, elegiac, and historical poets. Of Ovid, Horace, besides many others, and also, as not inferior to some of them, Palengenius, Mantuan, and, for a singular gift in a sweet heroical verse, matches with them, Christopher Ocland, the author of our Anglorum Prælia.

"Hence he descends to the English poets: and here observes, that he knows of no memorable work written by any poet in English, till twenty years past;

Dyer, Spenser, Dr. Gabriel Harvey, and others, not succeeding; our end of reviving here, or reviewing this Discourse, is chiefly for the sake of those characters, which our author has given in it, of the ancient, and more especially the English Poets, from Chaucer and Gower, down to the most considerable of those who flourished at the time of this publication; that the critical reader may better know whether the opinions held of them in those days, and ours, correspond; and better judge, from the conclusions we form upon the writings of our ancestors, what liberty posterity will take with our own.

though

though learning was not generally decayed at any time, especially since William the Conqueror, as may appear by many famous works written by bishops and others; yet that poetry was then in little account; the light of the old Greek and Latin poets which they had, being contemned by them, as appears by their rude versifying, wherein they thought nothing to be learnedly written in verse, which fell not out in rhyme, either by the middle words of each verse sounding alike with the last, or every two verses ending with the like letters. The original of which tinkling verse is ascribed by Mr. Ascham to the Hunns and Goths. King Henry I., surnamed Beauclerk, is here next spoken of, his name being a proof that learning in his country was not little esteemed of at that rude time; and that among other studies, it is probable such a Prince would not neglect the faculty of poetry. But the first of our English poets, here mentioned, is John Gower, in the time of King Richard II. a singular well learned man, whose works our author wishes were all whole and perfect among us, as containing much deep knowledge and delight. Chaucer, the god of English poets, next after, if not equal in time, hath left many works both for delight and profitable knowledge, far exceeding any other that as yet, ever since his time, directed their studies that way. Though his style may now seem blunt and coarse, yet in him may be seen the perfect shape of a right poet. By his delightsome vein, he so gulled the ears of men with his Devices, that though corruption bore such a sway that learning and truth could scarce shew themselves, yet without controul might he gird at the vices and abuses of all states, and gall them with very sharp

and eager inventions; which he did so learnedly and pleasantly that none therefore would call him in question, &c. Lydgate, for good proportion of his verse, and meetly current style, as the time afforded, is by our author thought surely comparable with Chaucer, yet more occupied in superstitious and odd matters than was requisite in so good a wit; which, though he handled them commendably, yet the matters themselves being not so commendable, his esteem has been the less. The next of our ancient poets he supposes to be Pierce Ploughman, who is somewhat harsh and obscure, but indeed a very pithy writer, and the first our author had seen who observed the quantity of our verse without the curiosity of rhyme. Then he comes to Skelton, in the time of Henry VIII. who, as he obtained the laurel garland, is, with good right, granted the title of a poet, being a pleasant, conceited fellow, and of a very sharp wit; exceeding bold, and would nip to the very quick where he once set hold. After him is mentioned Master George Gaskoyne, as painful a soldier in the affairs of his prince and country, as he was a witty poet in his writing; in whose further commendation he cites the words of E. K. upon the ninth eclogue of "the new poet." Here he passes over divers, as the old Earl of Surrey, the Lord Vaux, Norton, Bristow, Edwards, Tusser, Churchyard, W. Hunnis, Haiwood, Sand, Hyll, S.Y. M.D. because they would make his discourse too tedious. But observes, that the Earl of Oxford may challenge to himself the title of the most excellent, among the rest of the lords and gentlemen in her majesty's court. Hence he proceeds to the translators; among whom he shall ever account Dr. Phaer the

best,

best, for his Virgil, as far as half the tenth book of the Æneids, the rest being no less commendably finished by that worthy scholar and famous physician T. Twyne: equal with him he joins Arthur Golding, for his labour in Ovid's Metamorphoses; who, for his further profiting this nation and speech in all good learning, is here greatly extolled. The next place is given to Barnaby Googe, besides his own compositions, for his translation of Palengenius his Zodiac; and he is followed by Abraham Flemming, with whom he would join another of his name, who had excelled as well in all kinds of learning as in poetry especially, were his inventions made public. Here he apologizes for not being particular on the translators of Seneca, Ovid, Horace, Mantuan, and many others; also the students of the universities and inns of court, because he has not seen all he has heard of, nor dwells in a place where he can easily get knowledge of their works. One, however, he may not over-slip, and that is, Master George Whetstone, a man singularly well skilled in this faculty of poetry. To him is joined Anthony Munday, an earnest traveller in this art, in whose name our author had seen very excellent works, especially upon nymphs and shepherds, well worthy to be viewed and to be esteemed as very rare poetry. With these he places John Graunge; Knight; Wylmot; Darrel; F.C. F.K. and G.B. But here has reserved a place purposely for one, who if not only, yet principally, deserves the title of the rightest English poet that ever our author read, that is, the author of the Shepherd's Kalendar. And finds none fit to couple with him, unless Gabriel Harvey, for his much admired Latin poetry, his reformation of our English

verse, and beautifying the same with brave devices, though chiefly hidden in hateful obscurity, and the author long since occupied in graver studies. And if he were to join Harvey's two brothers, the one a divine, the other a physician, is assured they would much adorn the art, if they would set their hands to it.

"After his judgment of the poets, he speaks of the English poetry in its matter and form; what verse is, the arguments of primitive poetry, the comic, tragic, and historic; the use and end of poetry from the testimony of Horace. With his advice, of letting things, feigned for pleasure, nearly resemble truth, how duely observed by Chaucer. Others of Horace his rules, with the translation of Sir Thomas Elyot, of reading lascivious poems, and what good lessons some readers will pick out of the worst of them. Examples to this purpose from Plautus, Terence, Ovid, Martial, by Sir T. Elyot. Of heroic poetry, and that we have nothing answerable to Homer and Virgil imputed to our not having had a timely regard to the English speech, and curious handling of our verse, though now it had great advantages of eloquence from some rare and singular wits: among whom, that Master John Lilly has deserved most high commendations, as one who has step'd further therein than any before, or since he first began the witty discourse of his Euphues. Whose works, surely, in respect of his singular eloquence, and brave composition of apt words and sentences, let the learned examine and make trial thereof through all the parts of rhetoric in fit phrases, in pithy sentences, in gallant tropes, in flowing speech, in plain sense; and surely, in my judgment, I think, he will yield

yield him that verdict which Quintillian gives of both the best orators, Demosthenes and Tully: that from the one nothing may be taken away, to the other, nothing may be added.* But for a closer example, to prove a former assertion, of the fitness of our language to receive the best form of poetry, we are referred to the examination of Dr. Phaer's translation of Virgil with the original, from both which here are several examples laid before us, and our critic thinks that the like inference ought to be drawn from the comparison of Ovid's Metamorphoses with Golding's translation.

"Next our author treats more particularly of the pastoral poetry, or eclogue: here, having spoken of Theocritus, Virgil, and others, he comes to one of our own country, comparable with the best in any respect, even Master Spenser, author of the Shepherd's Calendar, who would, he thinks, have surpassed them, if the coarseness of our speech (that is, the course of custom which he would not infringe) had been no greater impediment to him, than their pure native tongues were to them. Here we have a little comparison between Virgil's Eclogues, and Spenser's, and the commendations of E. K. upon the English poet. The subject matter and use of his said Calendar, and our author's apology for what had been objected against something in his sixth eclogue, shewing it is the foolish construction, and not his writing, that is blameable. To these writers of pastorals, are joined those who wrote precepts of husbandry in verse, after the manner of Virgil's Georgics; such as that book

* See Censura Literaria, Vol. I. p. 160, for Lilly.

of

of Tusser, a piece surely, says he, of great wit and experience, and withal very prettily handled. And he thinks that this argument has been so little treated of in poetry, because so many have written of it in prose. As for a translation of the Georgics, it appears that Abr. Flemming, in his version of the eclogues, did make some promise thereof, and that our author Webbe did perform the like; but it seems not that either of their works were printed. * Thence from the subject of our English writers, he passes to the form and manner of our English verse; censures our barbarous practice of rhyming; what is understood by rhyme, and how improperly that word is applied. The first beginning of rhyme. Rules to be observed in framing our English rhyme. Next we come to the several kinds of English verse differing in number of syllables, where it is observed the longest verse, in length, our author has seen used in English, consists of sixteen syllables, not much used, and commonly divided, each verse equally into two, rhyming alternately. The next in length is of fourteen syllables, the most usual of all others, among translators of the Latin poets, which also often is divided into two lines; the first of eight syllables, the second of six, whereof the sixes always rhyme, and sometimes the others. But, to avoid tediousness and confusion, repeats only the different sorts of verses in the Shepherd's Calendar, which contains twelve or thirteen several sorts differing in length, or rhyme, or distinction of the staves. After these examples we have some remarks, on the

* For an account of most of the Poets here enumerated, see Theatr. Poet. Angl. 1800, 8vo.

natural

natural order of words, or position in English poetry, and that the quantity of our old verse, of fourteen syllables, runs much upon the iambic; with further observations upon rhyme. Gaskoyne's instructions for versifying. Of some rare devices and pretty inventions in composition, as in the song of Colin, sung by Cuddy in the Shepherd's Calendar, framed upon six words, prettily turned and wound up together. Not unlike John Graunge's device of making the last words of a certain number of verses fall into sense: and that there were several delicate performances in this nature, of Echoes, privately passing among the finest poets of our author's time. We have something also after the manner of the acrostic, from the compositions of W. Hunnis. Then he proceeds to the reformed kind of English verse, in imitation of the Greeks and Latins, which many had attempted to put in practice, and this part takes up three leaves, in which, among other things, he observes the hexameter to be the most famous verse; and that the first who attempted to practice it in English, was the Earl of Surrey, who translated some part of Virgil into verse, but without regard of true quantity of syllables. Here he repeats the famous distich in hexameter, common in the mouths of all men, which was made by Master Watson, Fellow of St. John's College in Cambridge, about forty years past; and two more in the gloss of E. K. upon the fifth eclogue of the new poet. That the great number of the like kind made by Mr. Harvey, were not unknown to any, and his own translation of the two first eclogues of Virgil in the like sort of verse, is, by our author, here exhibited. After which examples in hexameter, he comes to the elegiac verse with

examples; and lastly, in like manner of the Sapphic, with an example thereof in his version, from the fourth eclogue in the Shepherd's Calendar, of Colin's Song, sung by Hobbinol, in praise of the Queen. To the whole is annexed, the Canons, or general cautions of poetry prescribed by Horace, first gathered by Geo. Fabricius Cremnicensis; and at the end, a short epilogue, in which, for rendering our poetry equal with the best in other tongues, he gives us hopes of framing some apt English Prosodia, but hopes first to enjoy the benefit of some other's judgment, whose authority may bear greater credit, and whose learning can better perform it."

ART. XVIII. *Abuses Stript and Whipt: or Satyrical Essays in Two Books. By George Wither. London*, 1613, 1614, 1615, 1622, 8vo.*

The author, in his address to the reader, speaks of these as "the first fruits of his converted Muses," in which he desires them not "to look for Spenser's or Daniel's well-composed numbers; or the deep conceits of now-flourishing Jonson; no, say 'tis honest plain matter, and that's as much as I expect."

In a proæmium, which he entitles "The Occasion of this Work," he gives the history of his early life.

When nimble Time, that all things overruns,
Made me forsake my tops and eldern guns;

* The Editor's copy, of which the title page is wanting, contains pp. 302, besides Dedication and Address. See CENSURA LITERARIA, Vol. I. p. 40.

Reaching

Reaching those years, in which the school-boys brag
In leaving off the bottle and the bag;
The very spring before I grew so old,
That I had almost thrice five winters told,
Noting my other fellow-pupils' haste,
That to our English Athens flock'd so fast:
Lest others for a truant should suspect me,
That had the self-same tutor to direct me,
And in a manner counting it a shame
To undergo so long a school-boy's name,
Thither went I. For, though I'll not compare
With many of them that my fellows were;
Yet then, (I'll speak it to my teacher's* praise,)
I was unfurnish'd of no needful lays:
Nor any whit for grammar rules to seek,
In Lilly's Latin, nor in Camden's Greek;
But so well grounded, that another day
I could not with our idle students say,
For an excuse, "I was ill enter'd;" no:
There yet are many know it was not so.
And therefore, since I came no wiser thence,
I must confess it was my negligence;
Yet, daily longing to behold and see
The places where the sacred sisters be,
I was so happy to that *Ford* I came,
Of which an *Ox*, they say, bears half the name:
It is the spring of knowledge, that imparts
A thousand several sciences and arts,
A pure clear fount, whose water is by odds
Far sweeter than the nectar of the gods:
Or, for to give 't a title that befits,
It is the very nursery of wits.

* His Epigram 16, at the end of this publication, is addressed to his "Schoolmaster, Master John Greaves."

There

There once arrived 'cause my wits were raw,
I fell to wondring at each thing I saw:
And for my learning made a month's vacation
In noting of the place's situation;
The palaces and temples that were due
Unto the wise Minerva's hallowed crew;
Their cloisters, walks, and groves: all which survey'd,
And in my new admittance well apaid,
I did, as other idle Freshmen do,
Long to go see the bell of Oseney too:
But yet indeed (may I not grieve to tell?)
I never drank at Aristotle's well.
And that perhaps may be the reason why
I know so little in philosophy.
Yet old Sir Harry Bath was not forgot;
In the remembrance of whose wondrous shot,
The Forest bye, believe it they that will,
Retains the known name of "Shot-over" still.
But having this experience, and withall
Gotten some practice at the tennis-ball,
My tutor, telling me I was not sent
To have my time there vain and idly spent,
From childish humours gently call'd me in,
And with his grave instructions did begin
To teach; and by his good persuasions sought
To bring me to a love of what he taught.
Then after that, he labour'd to impart
The hidden secrets of the Logic art;
Instead of Grammar rules he read me then
Old Scotus, Seton, and new Keckerman.
He shew'd me which the Predicables be,
As Genus, Species, and the other three;
So having said enough of their contents,
Handles in order th' ten Predicaments;

Next

Next Postprædicamenta with Priorum,
Perhermenias & Posteriorum:
He with the Topics opens, and discries
Elenchi, full of subtle fallacies:
These to unfold indeed he took much pain,
But to my dull capacity in vain;
For all he spake was to as little pass,
As in old time unto the vulgar was
The Romish rites, which, whether bad or good,
The poor unlearned never understood;
But of the meaning were as far to seek,
As Coriat's horse was of his master's Greek,
When in that tongue he made a speech at length,
To shew the beast the greatness of his strength.
For I his meaning did no more conjecture
Than if he had been reading Hebrew lecture.
His Infinities, Individuities,
Contraries, and Subcontrarieties,
Divisions, Subdivisions, and a crew
Of terms and words, such as I never knew,
My shallow understanding so confounded,
That I was gravel'd like a ship that's grounded;
And, in despair the mystery to gain,
Neglecting all, took neither heed nor pain.
Yea, I remain'd in that amazed plight,
Till Cinthia six times lost her borrowed light.
But then, asham'd to find myself still mute,
And other little Dandiprats dispute,
That could distinguish upon Rationale,
Yet scarcely heard of Verbum Personale;
Or could by heart, like parrots, in the schools
Stand prattling, those methought were pretty fools.
And therefore in some hope to profit so,
That I like them at least might make a shew,

I reach'd my books that I had cast about,
To see if I could pick his meaning out:
And, prying on them with some diligence,
At length I felt my dull intelligence
Begin to open; and perceived more
In half an hour, than half a year before.
And, which is strange, the things I had forgot,
And till that very day remembered not
Since first my tutor read them, those did then
Return into my memory again:
So, that with which I had so much to do,
A week made easy, yea, and pleasing too.
But then therewith not thoroughly content
I practis'd to maintain an argument;
And having waded thorough sophistry,
A little look'd into philosophy,
And, thinking there the ethics not enough,
I had a further longing yet to know
The cause of Snow, Hail, Thunder, Frost, and Rain,
The Lightnings, Meteors; and what here 'twere vain
For me to speak of; since I shall but shew it
To those that better than myself do know it.
Then from the causes of things natural,
I went to matters metaphysical:
Of which, when I a little news could tell,
I, as the rest in schools, to wrangling fell;
And, as example taught me, to disgrace her,
When I oppos'd the truth, I could outface her.
But now ensues the worst. I getting foot,
And thus digesting Learning's bitter root;
Ready to taste the fruit, then when I thought
I should a calling in that place have sought,
I found, that I, for other ends ordain'd,
Was from that course perforce to be constrain'd:

For

For Fortune, that full many a boon hath lost me,
Thus, in the reaping my contentment, crost me.
" You, Sir," quoth she, " that I must make my slave,
For whom in store a thousand plagues I have,
Come home, I pray, and learn to hold the plough,
For you have read philosophy enough!
If wrangling in the schools be such a sport,
Go to our Ploydens in the Inns of Court:
For ask your parish neighbours; they can tell,
Those fellows do maintain contention well.
For art in numbers you no coil need keep;
A little skill shall serve to tell your sheep!
Seek not the Stars thy evils should relate,
Lest when thou know them thou grow desperate;
And let alone Geometry; 'tis vain;
I'll find you work enough to mar your brain!
Or would you study Music? Else 'twere pity!
And yet it needs not: you shall find I'll fit ye:
I'll teach you how to frame a song, and will
Provide you cares to be the subject still!"
This Fortune, or my Fate, did seem to tell me;
And such a chance indeed ere long befell me.
For, ere my years would suffer me to be
Admitted but to take the low'st degree,
By Fate's appointment, that no stay can brook,
The Paradise of England I forsook;
To Art and Study both I bade farewell,
With all that good my thoughts did once foretell:
There all my sweetest hopes I left; and went
In quest of Care, Despair, and Discontent.
For seeing I was forc'd to leave these mountains,
Fine groves, fair walks, and sweet delightful fountains,
And saw it might not unto me be granted,
To keep those places where the Muses haunted,

I home returned, somewhat discontent,
And to our BENTWORTH's beechy shadows went,
Bewailing these my first endeavours lost,
And so to be by angry Fortune crost;
Who, though she daily do much mischief to me,
Can never, whilst I live, a greater do me;
Yet there, ere she on me procur'd her will,
I learn'd enough to scorn at Fortune still.
Yea, use had made her envy seem so vain,
That I grew almost proud in her disdain:
And, having thorough her first malice worn,
Began to take a pleasure in her scorn.
  But after I returned, as is said,
And had some time in mine own country staid,
I there perceiv'd, as I had long suspected,
Myself of some men, causeless, ill affected:
By those to whom my own respect unfeign'd,
Made me esteem their love to me unstain'd.
I found, though they in shew my friends had been,
And kept their hidden malice long unseen,
With such fair shews as if they sought my good,
None my advancement with more spite withstood.
For, seeming kind, they often did persuade
My friends to learn me some mechanic trade,
Urging expence, perhaps; and telling how
That learning is but little made of now;
When 'twas through malice, 'cause they fear'd that I
Might come to understand myself thereby,
Exceed their knowledge, and attain to do
Myself more good, than they would wish me to.
Some such, or worse, at best a wicked end,
Thus mov'd this self-conceited crew to bend
Their spiteful heads, by secret means to cross
My wish'd desire, and propagate my loss.

But

But having noted this their hollowness,
And finding that mere country business
Was not my calling; to avoid the spite,
Which at that season was not shewn outright;
And to escape the over-dangerous smiles,
Of those new-found uplandish crocodiles;
Upon some hopes, I soon forsook again
The shady grove, and the sweet open plain,
To see the place of this great Isle's resort,
And try, if either there, or at the Court,
I might by good endeavour action find,
Agreeing with the nature of my mind.
But there I view'd another world, methought,
And little hope, or none of that I sought.
I saw I must, if there I aught would do,
First learn new fashions, and new language too:
If I should have been hung, I knew not how
To teach my body how to cringe and bow,
Or to embrace a fellow's hinder quarters,
As if I meant to steal away his garters;
When any stoop'd to me with conges trim,
All I could do, was stand and laugh at him.
Bless me, thought I, what will this coxcomb do,
When I perceiv'd one reaching at my shoe;
But when I heard him speak, why I was fully
Possess'd, we learn'd but barbarism in Tully.
There was not any street but had a wench,
That at once coming could have learn'd them French.
Grecians had little there to do, poor souls,
Unless to talk with beggermen in Pauls.
All our school-Latin would not serve to draw
An instrument adjudged good in law:
Nay, which is more, they would have taught me fain
To go new learn my English tongue again;

As if there had been reason to suspect
Our ancient used Hampshire dialect.
There I perceiv'd those brutish thronging swarms,
That were transformed by lewd Circe's charms;
There heard I wanton Sirens tune the lay,
That works th' unwary traveller's decay.
The cruel Lycanthropi walk'd in sight;
So did the beastly loose Hermaphrodite.
I saw Chimeras, Furies, fearful things,
And Fiends, whose tongues are such envenom'd stings,
As plague not only bodies that have breath,
But make a wound, that oft, uncur'd by death,
Poisons the next in blood, and comes to be
At length the ruin of a progeny.
There I saw Gulls that have no brains at all,
And certain monsters which they Gallants call;
New broods of Centaurs, that were only proud
Of having their beginning from a cloud.
These, with a thousand other creatures more,
Such as I never saw the like before,
In stranger shapes, and more deform'd and vile,
Than ever yet appear'd to Mandeville,
Flock'd there, that I almost to doubt began,
How I had pass'd the strait of Magellan;
Or gotten on the sudden, with such ease,
To see the wonders at th' Antipodes.
O Lord, thought I, what do I mean to run,
Out of God's blessing thus into the Sun!
What comfort, or what goodness here can I
Expect, among these Anthropophagi,
Where, like the droves of Neptune in the water,
The less are made a prey to feed the greater!
Certain it is, I never shall be able,
To make my humour suit to please this rabble;

Better

Better it were I liv'd at home with wants,
Than here with all these strange inhabitants,
Whose natures do with me so disagree,
I shall scoff at them, though they ruin me.
Yet being loath to turn till I had tried,
What fate my new adventure would betide,
I staid for my experience, and withall
Flattering myself with hope, there would befall
Unto my share something well worth my suit,
Which honesty might serve to execute,
Without respecting how to please the rude,
And apish, humours of this multitude.
But all in vain I that preferment sought;
Ill Fortune still my hopes confusion wrought:
Which though for ominous some understood,
Yet I presum'd upon some future good;
And though I scarce am wish'd so well of some,
Believe there is a happy time to come;
Which, when I have most need of comfort, shall
Send me true joy to make amends for all:
But say it be not, whilst I draw this air,
I have a heart, I hope, shall ne'er despair;
Because there is a God, with whom I trust
My soul shall triumph, when my body's dust.
Yet when I found that my endeavours still
Fell out, as they would have 't that wish'd me ill;
And when I saw the world was grown so coy,
To curb me as too young then to employ;
And that her greatness thought she did not want me,
Or found no calling bad enough to grant me,
(And having scap'd some envies, which to touch
Unto this purpose appertains not much,)
Weighing both bad and therewith also this,
How great a shame and what reproach it is

To be still idle; and because I spied
How glad they would be, that my fate envied,
To find me so; although the world doth scorn
T' allow me action, as if I were born
Before my time; yet e'en to let her see
In spite of Fortune I'd employed be;
Casting preferment's too much care aside,
And leaving that to God that can provide;
The actions of the present time I eyed,
And all her secret villanies descried:
I strip'd Abuse from all her colours quite,
And laid her ugly face to open sight.
I labour'd to observe her ways, and then
In general the state and tricks of men.
Wherein although my labour were not seen,
Yet, trust me, the discovery hath been
My great content: and I have for my pain,
Although no outward, yet an inward gain.
In which because I can with all my heart
Allow my countrymen to share a part,
And 'cause I think it may do some a pleasure,
On opportunity I'll now take seisure,
And summon up my Muse to make relation!
I may b' employ'd ere long;—now's my vacation.

The Contents of the First Book of these Satires are 1. The Occasion. 2. The Introduction. 3. Of Man. 4. Of Fond Love. 5. Of Lust. 6. Of Hate. 7. Of Envy. 8. Of Revenge. 9. Of Choler. 10. Of Jealousy. 11. Of Covetousness. 12. Of Ambition. 13. Of Fear. 14. Of Despair. 15. Of Hope. 16. Of Compassion. 17. Of Cruelty. 18. Of Joy. 19. Of Sorrow. 20. The Conclusion of the First Book.

The Second Book contains 1. Of Vanity. 2. Of Inconstancy. 3. Of Weakness. 4. Of Presumption.

And

And to these is added the Scourge, a Satire. To which are annexed "Certaine Epigrams to the King's most excellent Majestie, the Queene, the Prince, the Princesse, and other noble and honourable personages, and friends, to whom the author gave any of his bookes."

I transcribe one or two.

*To Henry, Earl of Southampton.**

EPIGRAM 7.

Southampton, since thy province brought me forth,
And on those pleasant mountains I yet keep,
I ought to be no stranger to thy worth,
Nor let thy virtues in oblivion sleep.
Nor will I, if my fortunes give me time;
Meanwhile read this, and see what others be!
If thou can'st like 't and wilt but grace my rhyme,
I will so blaze thy Hampshire springs and thee,
Thy Arle, Test, Stour, and Avon shall share fame
Either with Humber, Severn, Trent, or Thame.

To his loving friend, and Cousin-German, Mr. William Wither.

EPIGRAM 15.

If that the Standards of the House betray
What Fortunes to the owners may betide:
Or if their destinies, as some men say,
Be in the names of any signified,
'Tis so in thine; for that fair antique shield
Borne by thy predecessors long ago,
Depainted with a clear pure Argent field,
The innocency of thy line did shew.

* The patron of Shakspeare.

Three sable crescents, with a chevron gul'd,
Tells that black fates obscur'd our house's light;
Because the planet that our fortunes rul'd,
Lost her own lustre, and was darken'd quite:
And, as indeed our adversaries say,
The very name of *Wither* shews decay.
But yet despair not; keep thy White unstain'd,
And then it skills not, what thy crescents be!
What, though the Moon be now increas'd, now wan'd;
Learn thence to know thy life's inconstancy;
Be careful, as thou hitherto hast been,
To shun th' Abuses man is tax'd for here;
And then thy soul, that's now eclips'd with sin,
When Moon and Sun are darken'd, shall look clear;
And whatsoe'er thy English name may threat,
The "Harvest's son" the Greeks entitle thee.
Ere thou shalt want, thy Hare will bring thee meat,
And to kill care, herself thy make-sport be:
Yea, yet, though Envy's mists do make them dull,
I hope to see the waned orbs at full.

N. B. For the better understanding of this Epigram, note, that his arms are, in a field Argent, a chevron gules, betwixt three crescents sable: his name, according to the Greeks, is Τυιθεγος, *and his crest is a Hare with three wheat-ears in her mouth.*

Art. XIX. *Literary Obituary.*

DR. CURRIE, CONTINUED FROM P. 80.

"James Currie, M. D. had lately become an inhabitant of Bath, and would have graced any place or society to which he belonged. He bore great pain and uneasiness, for several years, with calmness and resignation, and finished his course, with affording an example

ample of that patience and fortitude, which so eminently distinguished his character through life. His medical abilities were confessedly very great. Persevering, ingenious, and penetrating, few circumstances escaped his observation; and his talent of applying to practice the facts which he had observed, was seldom equalled. He was also a remarkable instance of the improvement which the cultivation of the moral duties produces upon the understanding. His judgment was not clouded by jealousy, or his view of the subject or case in question obscured by partiality, or darkened by prejudice. Equally ready to adopt the suggestions of others, as he was those of his own judgment, he never deviated from the point aimed at, because the whole of the path was not traced out by himself. Superior to such considerations, which never prevail in exalted minds, he rested his character on higher grounds; and the discerning part of mankind soon became sensible, that such acquiescence, when it met his own unprejudiced ideas, was an honour to his character. Candour and benevolence were the guides of his conduct, and led him to esteem and reputation in the present world, softened his passage to the tomb, and in his last moments disarmed the dart of death. Original however, in his ideas, he was better suited to point out the way, than to follow the speculations of others; and what he advised, obtained a kind of involuntary preference, which nothing but a consciousness of merit in the adviser could have secured. His counsels, though destitute of the recommendation of peremptory assertion, or lavish display of pretended success, which sometimes overpower when they do not convince, carried with them

them the more powerful charms of sense, judgment, reflection, and acquaintance with the subject, and were accompanied with a most amiable and satisfactory manner of manifesting these admirable qualifications to the understanding of those with whom he conversed. Nor did pain and sickness, however embittering they were to the enjoyment of life, cloud his faculties, or disorder his temper. He resigned life with the same benevolent disposition of mind in which he had lived, and with undiminished powers of understanding. The faculties of his mind were not, however, confined to professional subjects. Well versed in elegant knowledge, he combined the pursuits of ornamental literature with those of the severer studies. Poetry, history, and other branches of knowledge that improve the understanding, and animate the mind to exert itself in every capacity, were held by him in high esteem, and were favourite objects of his attention. On these models, selected from the best authors, he formed his own style of writing, which was pure, elegant, and correct; and often adorned with passages which, in beauty of language, and delicacy and propriety of sentiment, yield to none of which our country can boast. The lovers of science might wish his life to have been longer protracted; in which wish all the friends of the country, who knew him, would willingly join; but wiser Fate says NO: and Reflection steps in and warns us, that "his warfare is accomplished;" and that we must not, from partial, or interested, or indeed any human considerations, presume to wish the prolongation of suffering to him, who had so long, and so eminently struggled with pain and misery—and, in

the midst of these painful exertions, uniformly laboured for the benefit of mankind.

Bath, Sept. 3, 1805. WILLIAM FALCONER.'

"On Tuesday, September 24, died at his house in Great Titchfield street, in the 63d year of his age, Mr. William Byrne, a distinguished landscape engraver: he was educated under an uncle, who engraved heraldry on plate, but having succeeded in a landscape after Wilson, so as to obtain a premium from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, it was regarded as the precursor of talent of a superior order, and he was sent to Paris, at that time the chief seminary in Europe, for the study of engraving, for improvement. In Paris he studied successively under Aliamet and Wille; from the former of whom he imbibed the leading traits of that style of engraving which he afterwards adopted as his own:—under the latter he engraved a large plate of a storm, after Vernet, but the manual dexterity of Wille was alien to his mind, and probably contributed not much to his improvement, though he always spoke of Wille's instructions with respect.

When he returned to England, the success of Woollett, as a landscape engraver, had set the fashion in that department of the art; but Byrne, disdaining to copy what he did not feel—perhaps scorning the influence of fashion in art, preserved the independence of his style, and continued to study, and to recommend to his pupils Nature, Vivares, and the best examples of the French school.

His larger performances are after Zuccarelli and Both; but his principal works (containing probably his best engraving) are the Antiquities of Great Britain,

Britain, after Hearne; a set of Views of the Lakes, after Farington; and Smith's Scenery of Italy. His chief excellence consisting in his aerial perspective, and the general effect of his chiaro-scuro; he was more agreeably and more beneficially employed in finishing than in etching, and hence he generally worked in conjunction with his pupils, who were latterly his own son and daughters. His manners were unassuming; his professional industry unremitting; and his moral character exemplary. He seldom went from home, but lived in the bosom of a numerous and worthy family, who are now deploring their loss." *From the Star Newspaper.*

Feb. 19, 1806, died the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, æt. 89, of whom an account will hereafter be given.

ART. XX. *To Correspondents.*

The Correspondent, whose letter, bearing the post-mark of January 7, contains complaints of irregularity in the arrangement of the materials of this work, and objects strongly to the division of long articles into different Numbers, affords me a justification for occupying a small space, partly in apology, and partly in defence of myself against imputed motives, which, if he knew me, he could never even have suspected.

The arrangement of the subjects of a publication of this nature must, not only from necessity, but from choice, be miscellaneous. And even where a methodized catalogue of books in a particular department has been attempted to be given, it was never intended to preclude a more detailed account of single works of the same head, when accident or opportunity threw them

them in the way. But if some volumes authorize a longer account, than such catalogues can well admit, others may be dispatched with a notice too brief for them. And such seem to me proper for the "Bibliographical List" of mere title-pages, which I first introduced in my last Number.

My Correspondent's remarks were principally directed to the Account of English Writers on Agriculture; and to this I request that these observations may also be applied. But if this defence be not sufficient, there is surely much indulgence due to the Editor of a periodical publication. He does not profess to begin with all his materials ready before him: it is to time that he trusts gradually to develope his treasures, and increase the fund of his knowledge. Were he therefore to adopt any method which would preclude subsequent acquisition and improvement, he would destroy the very advantage which it is the characteristic object of his plan to attain; and as bibliography is a study, which is not easily exhausted, he might continue to linger, before he entered on a subject, like the countryman in Horace, who wanting to cross a stream, waited in hopes its waters would pass away. All must remember the beautiful translation of Cowley,

> "Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
> He who defers this work from day to day,
> Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
> Till the whole stream, which stopt him, should be gone,
> That runs, and, as it runs, for ever will run on."

On the contrary the temporary defect of method, arising almost necessarily out of these circumstances,

is

is soon remedied, or at least alleviated, by full Indexes and digested Tables of Contents.

The objection to carrying long articles from one number to another, does not appear to me well-considered. The contrary would prevent that diversity of subjects, which the generality of readers of such a work as the present require. Nay, some learned friends did strongly disapprove my introduction of the disquisition of the Battle-Abbey Roll entire into one Number, because they considered it to fill an unproportionate space, even though it consisted of arguments, of which the force would have been much weakened by separation. Thus it is apparent that the endeavour to please the taste of every one is perfectly hopeless!

But be the plan I have adopted right or wrong, the motives, to which my Correspondent ascribes it, cannot be heard by me, without some mortification: and he must permit me to add, some mixture of indignant feelings! He believes me to be actuated by mercenary views; by the "paltry artifice" of attempting thus to draw on my readers from Number to Number. To me, who began this work, through the purest love of literary occupation, and under a conviction that it would be an amusement too expensive even for the weakest prudence, who never hoped any better terms than to be relieved from the hazard of loss, which the unsolicited and unexpected liberality of my publishers soon took on themselves;—to me, whose whole life has passed in disregard of all pecuniary considerations, who have sacrificed all the golden views that tempted me, to my enthusiasm for the Muses, and abandoned an honourable profession that commands all the honours and riches of the State, for slighted and unproductive

productive studies, how aggravated is the humiliation of such a stigma! Is it possible that motives so mean and base could operate on a mind so circumstanced? A well-known writer indeed, a veteran in literature, a man of family, who has filled honourable stations, and, what is far better, a man of erudition and genius, has lately said, as an apology for his Memoirs,

"My poverty, and not my will consents."

I am sorry for him. I confess I should never have looked to authorship as a reparation for poverty! But if the emoluments of learning are ill calculated to counteract simple poverty, how insignificant must they be to relieve an embarrassed property—as a defence against those, who "lap the blood of sorrow," and feast upon the vitals of necessity;—against the fangs of extortion and legalized robbery; the swarm of locusts, increased and still increasing, who, almost as formidable as the ravaging legions of Bonaparte, overrun the land, and divide its spoils among themselves! My Correspondent ought to recollect that an author may seek, in the intense pleasure of literary occupation to soothe, though he may not be able to "erase, the written troubles of the brain;" to calm the regrets of youthful confidence ill placed; of trusting in the honour of those, who have no honour, who deliver their posterity, bound hand and foot, to the forbearance of rivals, and the mercy of lawyers; to the care of those, who have no care but to secure themselves; who feel no pangs for "the law's delay, the insolence of office," but suffer, without compunction, the loss of precious years, which not the united fortunes of the Bedfords, the Devonshires, and the Marlboroughs, can afterwards

afterwards repair!———O no, no! My Correspondent, nursed, perhaps, in the lap of ease and prosperity, and cherished by the luxury and enjoyments of a great commercial city, which has drawn to its vortex all the wealth and resources of the country, thinks not of these things; or he never would have suspected me of such ungenerous motives, as those which he has imputed to me! Were I a writer for gain, I could surely have found more popular and productive subjects to employ my humble talents upon! I might have poured forth pamphlets of political venom; have compiled vapid histories; have written tales of wonder; and have put together modern memoirs; in which every thing trite and common might have been fitted to uncultivated capacities, and congenial with ordinary tastes! Never could I have been so foolish, as to waste my time in laborious and recondite researches, which, in proportion as they are deep and valuable, are remote from general curiosity!———Thus much I could not refrain from saying, though well aware to what fresh obloquy, what sneers of folly, and frowns of malice, it will expose me. I hear them accuse me of eternal egotism; and I confess there are unjust imputations, which my irritable nature will not bear in silence.—But enough! ———

The unfinished Articles, which are not yet resumed, will be concluded, as soon as an opportunity recurs. The cause of the delay is not worth explaining.

Feb. 13, 1806. S. E. B.

*** Some Communications, which reached the Editor too late, will appear in the next Number.

Printed by T. Bensley, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER VIII.

[Being the Fourth Number of Vol. II.]

ART. I. *The Firste Parte of Churchyardes Chippes: contayning twelve severall labours. Devised and published only by Thomas Churchyard, gentilman. Imprinted at London in Flete-streate neare unto Saint Dunstone's Church, by Thomas Marshe, 1575, cum privilegio. 4to.*

THE following are the contents of this book.

1. The Seige of Leeth.
2. A Farewell to the Worlde.
3. A Fayned Fancie of the Spyder and the Gowte.
4. A Dollful Discourse of a Lady and a Knight.
5. The Rode into Scotlande, by Sir William Dreury, Knight. (prose)
6. Sir Symond Burley's Tragedie.
7. A Tragicall Discourse of the Unhappy Man's Life.
8. A Discourse of Vertue.
9. Churcheyarde's Dreame.
10. A Tale of a Fryer and a Shuemaker's Wife.

11. The Siege of Edenborough Castle.
12. The whole Order of the receiving of the Queene's Majestie into Bristowe.

Numbers 2, 4, 6, and 9, were reprinted in Churchyard's Challenge: and No. 12 has been inserted by Mr. Nichols, in his very curious Collection of the Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth, Vol. I.

Churchyard dedicated his Chips "To the right worshipful his tried and worthy friend, Maister Christofer Hatton, Esq." afterwards Sir Christopher: and his dedication was preceded by a copy of verses, "To the dispisers of other men's workes that shoes nothing of their owne," which concludes with the following lines, somewhat explanatory of his singular title to the book.

"What needs more words to waest my wind
About these busie brains;
That powlts and swels at others toils,
And take themselves no pains.

The best is, though small goodnes be
In these bare *Chipps* of mine;
My hatchet hew'd them all in deede,
Whear they be grosse or fine.

And when that theas have made a blase,
And bin in world a while,
A *bigger basket* will I bring
To make you worldlings smile.

And whether theas you like or noe,
The rest are neer the stamp;
Which if you pleas to fling in fier,
Will burne as cleer as lamp.

Thus

Thus farewell frends or flyring foes;
I know not how to fawne:
I mean to see you ons again,
So leave my booke for pawne. Adue."

T. P.

ART. II. *Churchyard's Challenge. London. Printed by John Wolfe.* 1593. *4to. pp.* 278.

Here followes the severall matters contained in this booke.

1. The Tragedie of the Earle of Morton.
2. The Tragedie of Sir Simon Burley.
3. A Discourse that a Man is but his Minde. (prose)
4. A Discourse of the true steps of Manhood. (prose)
5. A Warning to the Wanderers abroad, that seeke to sow dissention at home.
6. A Discourse of the Honor of a Souldier. (prose)
7. A Discourse of Gentlemen lying in London, that were better keepe house at home in their countrey.
8. A Discourse of an olde Souldier and a young.
9. A Discourse of Misfortune and Calamitie. (prose)
10. A Discourse and Commendation of those that can make Golde.
11. The Tragedy of Shore's Wife, much augmented.
12. A Story of an Eagle and a Lady, excellently set out in Du Bartas.
13. A Tragicall Discourse of the haplesse man's life.
14. A Discourse of a Fantasticall Dreame.
15. A Discourse of Law and worthy Lawyers. To the Right Hon. Lady Puckering.

16. A few plaine Verses of Truth against the flatterie of Time: made when the Queen's Majestie was last at Oxenford. (See the Progresses of Q. Elizabeth, Vol. III.)
17. A Discourse of the only Phœnix of the Worlde.
18. A Praise of that Phenix; and Verses translated out of French.
19. The Adue the Writer made Long agoe to the World, when he went to studie.
20. A Tragicall Discourse of a dolorous Gentlewoman.
21. A Dolefull Discourse of a great Lorde and a Ladie: translated out of French.†

This volume has an Epistle Dedicatory "to the Right Hon. Sir John Wolley, Knight, Secretary for the Latin tung to the Queene's Majestie," which is followed by a Preface "to the worthiest sorte of people, that gently can reade and justly can judge." I transcribe a poetical prefix, complimentary to Spenser, which the author entitles

"*A new kinde of a Sonnet.*

"In writing long, and reading works of warre,
That Homer wrote and Virgil's verse did show;
My Muse me led in overweening farre,
When to their stiles my pen presum'de to goe.
Ovid himselfe durst not have vaunted so;
Nor Petrarke grave with Homer would compare;
Dawnt * durst not think his sence so hye did flow
As Virgil's works, that yet much honord are.
Thus each man sawe his judgement hye or low,

* Dante.

† To this table of contents succeeds a copious list of pieces before printed, &c. which is given by Herbert, III. 1806.

And

And would not strive or seeke to make a jarre,
Or wrastle where they have an overthrow;
So that I finde the weakenes of my bow
Will shoot no shaft beyond my length, I trow.
For reason learnes, and wisdome makes me know
Whose strength is best and who doth make or marre:
A little lamp may not compare with starre;
A feeble head, where no great gifts doo grow,
Yields unto skill whose knowledge makes smal shew.
Then, gentle world, I sweetly thee beseech!
Call Spenser now the spirit of learned speech.
Churchyard's good-will."

It appears from the dedication, that the old doughty bard named this book his CHALLENGE, by way of defiance to those who doubted that the contents were of his own composing; and in order to *challenge* the several productions "as his children to abide behinde him in the worlde, to make them inheritors of such fame and dispraise as their father should enjoy or deserve: hoping they shall not be called bastards, nor none alive will be so hardy as to call them his babes, which were brought forth and fostered up so carefully at his owne charges, and the hazard of an envious worlde." T. P.

ART. III. *The Tragedie of Shore's Wife: much augmented with divers newe additions. By Thomas Churchyard.* 1593.

The Legend of Jane Shore, by Churchyard, has been reprinted at p. 99, as it appeared in the Mirror

for Magistrates; but in the latest publication of the old *Court-poet*, entitled "Churchyard's Challenge," that legend had an augmentation of 21 stanzas, which, as the book is extremely scarce, and as the insertion may serve to complete the former article, I will here transcribe. Prefixed is a dedication, in which the ancient bard hurls the gauntlet of personal defiance at some malevolents, who wished to deprive him of the credit of having produced the poem.

"To the right honorable the Lady Mount-Eagle and Compton, wife to the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurst's son and heire.

"Good Madame, for that the vertuous and good Ladie Carie, your sister, honourablie accepted a discourse of my penning, I beleeved your Ladiship would not refuse the like offer, humbly presented and dutifully ment, I bethought me of a tragedie that long laye printed and many speake well of: but some doubting the shallownesse of my heade, (or of meere mallice disdaineth my doings) denies me the fathering of such a worke, that hath won so much credit: but, as sure as God lives, they that so defames me, or doth disable me in this cause, doth me such an open wrong, as I would be glad to right with the best blood in my body, so he be mine equall that moved such a quarrell: but mine old yeares doth utterly forbid me such a combat; and to contend with the malicious, I thinke it a madnesse; yet I protest before God and the world, the penning of Shore's Wife was mine; desiring in my hart, that all the plagues in the worlde maie possesse me, if anie holpe me, either with scrowle or councell, to the publishing

publishing of the invencion of the same Shore's Wife: and to show that yet my spirits faile me not in as great matters as that, I have augmented her tragedie, I hope in as fine a forme as the first impression thereof, and hath sette forth some more tragedies and tragicall discourses, no whit inferiour, as I trust, to my first worke. And, good Madame, because "Rosimond" is so excellently sette forth (the actor * whereof I honour) I have somewhat beautified my Shore's Wife, not in any kind of emulation, but to make the world knowe, my device in age is as ripe and reddie as my disposition and knowledge was in youth: † so having chosen a noble personage to be a patrones to support poore Shore's Wife's Tragedie againe, I commend all the verses of her, olde and newe, to your good Ladiship's judgement; hoping you shall lose no honour in the supportation of the same, because the true writer thereof, with all humblenesse of mind and service,

* Samuel Daniel; who published his "Complaint of Rosamond," in 1592. See Nash's commendation of it cited at page 237. Meres in his Wits Treasury, 1598, thus quaintly lauded it: "As every one mourneth, when hee heareth of the lamentable plangors of Thracian Orpheus for his dearest Euridice; so every one passionateth, when he readeth the afflicted death of Daniel's distressed Rosamond."

† Gabriel Harvey, in his Foure Letters, &c. 1592, appears to intimate that Nash, in the pride of his satiric talent, had fallen foul of Maister Churchyard, and had been compelled to plead *peccavi*, and to cry his mercy in print. Nash published a reply in Foure Letters Confuted, &c. 1593, and admits that he had an old quarrel with Churchyard, which Harvey had endeavoured to revive, but which he declares nothing under heaven should draw him to do: and then addressing himself to the old bard, he exclaims—"I love you unfainedly, and admire your aged muse, that may well be grandmother to our grand eloquentest poets at this present. *Sanctum et venerabile vetus omne poema.* Shore's Wife is young, though you be stept in years; in her shall you live when you are dead," &c.

presents the tragedie unto your honourable censure, wishing long life and increase of vertues fame to make your Ladiship's days happie.

T. CHURCHYARD."

After stanza 10 (see p. 101,) the following *four* were added.

By beautie blas'd, like torch or twinckling starre,
A lively lamp that lends darke world some light,
Faire Phœbus beames scarse reacheth halfe so farre
As did the rayes of my rare beautie bright;
As summer's day exceedes blacke winter's night,
So Shore's wive's face made foule Browretta blush,
As pearle staynes pitch, or gold surmounts a rush.

The damaske rose or Rosamond the faire,
That Henry held as deere as jewells be,
Who was kept close in cage from open ayre,
For beauties boast could scarse compare with me:
The kindly buds, and blossomes of brave tree,
With white and red had deckt my cheekes so fine,
There stoode two balles, like drops of claret wine.

The beaten snow, nor lily in the field,
No whiter sure then naked necke and hand;
My lookes had force to make a lyon yield,
And at my forme in gase a world would stand;
My body small, fram'd finely to be span'd,
As though dame Kind had sworne, in solemn sort,
To shrowd herselfe in my faire forme and port.

No part amisse, when Nature took such care
To set me out, as nought should be awry,

To

To fornish forth, in due proportion rare,
A peece of worke should please a princes eye.
O would to God, that boast might prove a lie!
For pride youth tooke in beauties borrow'de trash,
Gave age a whippe, and left me in the lash.

After st. 24, (p. 105,) follow these *three.*

Sweete are the songs that merry night-crow* singes,
For many parts are in those charming notes;
Sweete are the tunes and pipes that pleaseth kings;
Sweet is the love wherein great lordings dotes;
But sweetst of all is fancie where it flotes,
For throwe rough seas it smoothly swimmes away,
And in deepe flouds where skulls of fish doe play.

And where love slides, it leaves no sign nor showe,
Where it hath gon, the way so shuts againe;
It is a sport to heare the fine night-crow
Chaunt in the queere upon a pricke-song plaine:
No musicke more may please a prince's vaine
Than descant strange, and voice of favrets brest,
In quiet bower when birds be all at rest.

No such consort as plaine two parts in one,
Whose rare reports doth carry cunning clean,
Where two long loves and lives in joy alone.
They sing at will the treble or the meane,
Where musicke wants the mirth not worth a beane;
The King and I agreed in such concorde,
I rul'd by love, though he did raigne a lord.

After st. 26, (p. 105,) follow these *three.*

I tooke delight in doing each man good,
Not scratting all my selfe as all were mine,

* The nightingale.

But

But lookt whose life in neede and danger stoode,
And those I kept from harme with cunning fine.
On princes traine I always cast mine eine;
For lifting up the servants of a king,
I did throw court myself in favour bring.

I offered ayde before they sued to me,
And promisd nought, but would performe it streight;
I shaked downe sweet fruit from top of tree,
Made aples fall in laps of men by sleight.
I did good turnes whiles that I was a-height,
For fear a flawe of winde would make me reele,
And blowe me downe, when Fortune turn'd her wheele.

I fil'd no chests with chynks to cherish age,
But in the harts of people layde my gold,
Sought love of lord, of master, and of page,
And for no bribe I never favour solde.
I had inough, I might doe what I would,
Save spend or give or fling it on the ground,
The more I gave, the more in purse I found.

After st. 41, (p. 109,) follow these *nine*.

Brought bare and poore, and throwne in worlde's disgrace,
Holds downe the head that never casts up eye;
Cast out of court, condemn'd in every place,
Condemn'd, perforce, at mercy's foote must lye:
Hope is but small when we for mercie crye;
The bird halfe dead, that hauke hath fast in foote,
Lay head on blocke where is no other boote.

The rowling stone, that tumbleth downe the hill,
Finds none to stay the furie of his fall;
Once under foote, for ever daunted still;
One cruell blowe strikes cleane away the ball.

Left

Left once in lacke feeles alwayes want of will;
A conquered mind must yeeld to every ill,
A weake poore soule, that fortune doth forsake
In hard extreames, from world her leave may take.

From those that fall, such as doe rise doe run;
The sound with sicke doe seldome long abide;
Poore people passe as shadowes in the sun,
Like feeble fish, that needes must follow tyde;
Among the rich a beggar soon is spied;
When weake Shore's Wife had lost her staffe of stay,
The halt and blind went limping lame away.

The poore is pincht and pointed at indeed,
As baited bull were leading to a stake;
Wealth findes great helpe, Want gets no friend at neede,
A plagued wight a booteles mone may make,
A naked soule in street for colde may quake:
But colde or hot, when mischiefes come a-roe,
As falles the lot, the back beares off the blowe.

Prefarment past, the world will soon forget;
The present time is daily gaz'd upon;
Yf merchant rich from wealth doe fall in debt,
Small count is made of his good fortune gon.
We feede on flesh, and fling away the bone,
Embrace the best and set the worst aside,
Because faire flowers are made of in their pride.

You yonglings nowe, that vain delights lead on
To sell chaste life for lewd and light desires,
Poore gaine is got, when rich good name is gon;
Foule blot and shame lives under trimme attires:
Worlde soone casts off the hackney horse it hiers;
And when bare nagge is ridden out of breath,
Tibbe is turn'd loose, to feed on barren heath.

Of flowers a while men doe gay poses make;
The scent once past, adue dry withered leaves;
Love lasts not long, prickt up for pleasures sake;
Straw little worth, when corne forsakes the sheaves:
A painted post the gazar's eye deceives;
But when foule faults are found that blear'd the sight,
The' account is gon of girlls or gugawes light.

Young pooppies play, small season lasts you see;
Old apish sportes are quickly out of grace;
Fond wanton games will soon forgotten be;
As sowre as crabbe becomes the sweetest face:
There needes no more be spoken of this case;
All earthly joyes by tract of time decayes;
Soone is the glasse runne out of our good dayes!

My fall and facte makes proofe of that is spoke,
Tels world to much of shadowes in the sunne,
Dust blowne with winde, or simple proofe of smoake,
That flies from fire and fast throwe aire doth run:
It ends with woe that was with joy begun;
It turnes to teares that first began with sport;
At length long paine finds pleasure was but short.

After st. 48, (p. 111,) the following.

Woe worth the day, the time, the howre and all,
When subjects clapt the crowne on Richard's head;
Woe worth the lordes, that sat in sumptuous hall,
To honour him that princes blood so shead:
Would God he had bin boyld in scalding lead,
When he presumde in brother's seat to sit,
Whose wretched rage rul'd all with wicked wit.

After st. 53, (p. 112,) the following.

The fall of leafe is nothing like the spring,
Ech eye beholdes the rising of the sunne,

All

All men admire the favour of a king;
And from great states growne in disgrace they run,
Such sodaine claps ne wit nor will can shun;
For when the stoole is taken from our feete,
Full flat on floore the body falls in streete.

T. P.

Art. IV. *England's Parnassus: or the choysest flowers of our moderne poets, with their poeticall comparisons. Descriptions of Bewties, Personages, Castles, Pallaces, Mountaines, Groves, Seas, Springs, Rivers, &c. Whereunto are annexed other various discourses, both pleasant and profitable. Imprinted at London for N.L. C.B. and T.H.** 1600. *With the device of a Ling entangled in the branches of a honeysuckle. pp.* 510. *besides dedication, &c. small* 8vo. *or duod.*

A character of this collection has been given by Oldys in the Preface to Hayward's British Muse, and copied into the new edition of the Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum (1800). I shall not therefore repeat it here. It may however be added, that notwithstanding the defects with which Oldys rather too severely taxes it, time has given it a value, which every lover of old English poetry will duly estimate. Seventy years ago the greater part of the authors, from whom extracts, too short indeed, are here given, were forgotten; the curiosity and diligence of the present day has revived all their memories; and perhaps recovered

* Viz. Ling, Burby, and Haies. Herb. III. 1342, who says that there were three or four editions of the book about this time. Sed qu?

and

and ascertained every poem, from whence the passages are borrowed. The laborious searches of the late Mr. Ritson in this way will establish his fame, in spite of his dullness, and his unhappy disposition. And the still superior knowledge of some living friends, (whom I know too well, to offend them by adding their names,) blended as it is with taste and fancy, has lately thrown a grace and interest on this branch of bibliography, which is daily increasing the public curiosity regarding a part of our national antiquities, the most illustrative of the progress of human manners and civil society. The state of our knowledge on these subjects is materially altered since the time of Oldys, who, though his bibliographical erudition was very eminent, after having observed that R. Allot, the editor of this Collection, "cites no more than the names of his authors to their verses," could add, that "most of them were now so obsolete, that not knowing what they wrote, we can have no recourse to their works, if still extant." He then, a little too severely, says, that "what renders this and the other Collection (The Belvedere, or Garden of the Muses, 1600, 8vo.) very defective, and prevents them from affording the redundant light, of which they were capable, is the little merit of the obsolete poets, from which they are in a great measure extracted; which want of merit, as Sir Philip Sydney justly observes, "is the cause of their wanting esteem."

But there is scarcely a single volume of old poetry, which ever obtained even a short-lived reputation, from whence some good may not be extracted. Some traits of manners, some memorials of temporary sentiment, some forms of expression, some records of departed

parted merit, which it is a pity should entirely perish, are sure to be preserved in them. And in such a collection as the present it is highly instructive to observe, constantly intermixed, and floating with the same apparent credit by each other's side, those who have for ages been left behind on shoals and in creeks silent and forgotten, and those who still are borne forward by the increasing impulse of the gale of Fame! The perpetual comparison will enable us to appreciate, in the most certain and striking manner, the qualities by which a lasting reputation is ensured.

This Collection is dedicated, in the following Sonnet,

"To the Right Worshipful Sir Thomas Mounson, Kt.

English Mæcenas, Bounty's elder brother,
The spreading wing, whereby my fortune flies;
Unto thy wit, and virtues, and none other,
I consecrate these sacred Poesies;
Which, whilst they live, as they must live for ever,
Shall give thy honour life, and let men know,
That those, to succour virtue who persever,
Shall conquer Time, and Lethe's overflow.
I pick'd these flowers of learning from their stem,
Whose heavenly wits and golden pens have chac'd
Dull ignorance that long affronted them:
In view of whose great glories thou art plac'd,
That whilst their wisdoms in these writings flourish,
Thy fame may live, whose wealth doth wisdom nourish *.

Your Worships humbly
at Command,

R. A."

* I have modernized the spelling.

"To

" To the Reader.

I hang no ivy out to sell my wine;
The nectar of good wits will sell itself;
I fear not, what detraction can define;
I sail secure from Envy's storm or shelf.
I set my picture out to each man's view,
Lim'd with those colours, and so cunning arts,
That like the phœnix will their age renew,
And conquer envy by their good deserts.
If any cobler carp above his shoe,
I rather pity, than repine his action;
For ignorance still maketh much ado,
And wisdom loves that, which offends detraction.
Go fearless forth, my book; hate cannot harm thee;
Apollo bred thee, and the Muses arm thee.

R. A."

The first set of extracts is under the head of " Angels," and begins with twenty-one lines from Spenser, followed by passages from Drayton, Fairfax, Warner, and Shakspeare. The next is under " Ambition," beginning with Daniel, and succeeded by Markham, Chapman, Spenser, Drayton, Higgins, Lodge, Warner, Hudson, Gascoigne, Dekkar, and Fairfax. The third is " Affection," from Shakspeare, Marlow, and Spenser. The fourth " Affliction," from Davies; the fifth " Audacity," from Warner, Shakspeare, and Weever; and the sixth " Art," from Drayton, Marston, Chapman, Jonson, Lodge, Storer, Harington, Fitz-Geffrey and Spenser; the seventh " Avarice," from Spenser, Harington, Sylvester, Warner, Shakspeare, and Dekkar. Here end the titles under the letter A.

Under

Under the "Descriptions of Beauty and Personage" i the following by Thomas Watson, p. 393.

Her yellow locks exceed the beaten gold;
Her sparkling eyes in heaven a place deserve;
Her forehead high and fair, of comely mould;
Her words are musical, of silver sound;
Her wit so sharp, as like can scarce be found.
Each eyebrow hangs like Iris in the skies;
Her eagle's nose is straight, of stately frame;
On either cheek a rose and lily lies;
Her breath is sweet perfume, or holy flame:
Her lips more red than any coral stone;
Her neck more white than aged swans that moan;
Her breast transparent is, like chrystal rock;
Her fingers long, fit for Apollo's lute;
Her slipper such as Momus dare not mock;
Her virtues are so great, as make me mute.
What other parts she hath, I need not say,
Whose fairest face alone is my decay.

Tho. Watson.

The next is by Dr. Lodge, p. 394.

Like to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperious glory shines,
Of self-same colour is her hair,
Whether unfolded, or in twines:
Her eyes are saphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear, when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.
Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud,
That beautifies Aurora's face;
Or like the silver crimson shrowd,
That Phœbus' smiling locks do grace.

Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh;
Which with bounds she still encloses,
Apt to entice a deity.
Her neck is like a stately tower,
Where Love himself in pleasure lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes.
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her paps are rocks of heavenly flame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light,
To feed perfection with the same:
With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with azure blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view.
Nature herself her shape admires;
The Gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brands doth light.

D. Lodge.

The following also, by the same poet, is at p. 399.

Like to Diana, in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela.
As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
Deck'd with the ruddy lustre of her love,
Is fair Samela.
Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
When as her brightness Neptune's fancy moves,
Shines fair Samela.
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are gold; the breasts are ivory,
Of fair Samela.

Her

Her cheeks, like rosy lilies, yield forth gleams;
Her brows' bright arches, fram'd of ebony;
Thus fair Samela
Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the shew of majesty;
For she is Samela;
Pallas in wit; all three if you will view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yields fair Samela.

D. Lodge.

CALM WEATHER. p. 359.

As then no wind at all there blew,
No swelling cloud accloyd the air,
The sky, like grass of watched hue,
Reflected Phœbus' golden hair:
The garnish'd trees no pendant stirr'd,
Nor voice was heard of any bird.

Mat. Roydon.

WOMEN. p. 310.

- - - Women be
Fram'd with the same parts of the mind as we;
Nay Nature triumph'd in their beauty's birth,
And women made the glory of the earth;
The life of beauty, in whose supple breasts,
And in her fairest lodging virtue rests,
Whose towering thoughts, attended with remorse,
Do make their fairness be of greater force.

J. Weever.

What art so deep; what science is so high,
Unto the which women have not attain'd;
Who list in stories old to look, may try,
And find my speech herein not false nor feigned;

And though of late they seem not to come nigh
The praise their sex in former times have gain'd,
Doubtless the fault is either in back-biters,
Or want of skill or judgment in their writers.

J. Weever.

Among the many rare and special gifts,
That in the female sex are found to sit,
This one is chief, that they, at meerest shifts,
Give best advice, and shew most ready wit;
But man, except he chews, and thinks, and sifts
How every part may answer to their fit,
By rash advice doth often overshoot him,
And doth accept the things that do not boot him.

Idem.

MAJESTY, POMP. p. 442.

Look, as great Cinthia in her silver car
Rides in her progress round about her sphere,
Whose tendance is the fair eye-dazzling stars
Trooping about her chariot, that with clear
And glorious shows makes every eye delight
To gaze upon the beauty of the night,
Clad and attended with the world's delight;
So is the Queen in majesty brought forth.

Christopher Middleton.

KING. p. 451.

When as the sun forsakes his crystal sphere,
How dark and ugly is the gloomy sky;
And in his place there's nothing will appear,
But clouds that in his glorious circuit fly.
So when a king forsakes his royal place,
There still succeeds oblique and dark disgrace.

Idem.

DESCRIPTIONS

DESCRIPTIONS OF PALACES, CASTLES, &c. p. 469.

In little time these ladies found
A grove with every pleasure crown'd;
At whose sweet entry did resound
A ford, that flower'd that holy ground:
From thence the sweet-breath'd winds convey
Odours from every myrtle spray,
And other flowers; to whose array
A hundred harps and timbrels play;
All pleasure's study can invent
The dames' ears instantly present;
Voices in all sorts different,
The four parts and the diapent.

George Chapman.

SEAS, WATERS, RIVERS, &c. p. 481.

- - In that mead proud making grass,
A river, like to liquid glass,
Did with such soundful murmur pass,
That with the same it wanton was.
Hard by this brook a pine had seat,
With goodly furniture complete,
To make the place in state more great,
And lessening the inflaming heat,
Which was with leaves so beautified,
And spread his breast so thick and wide,
That all the sun's estranged pride
Sustain'd repulse on every side.

Idem.

The following is a specimen of the strange attempt at English hexameters, extracted from Abraham Fraunce, p. 484.

OF TREES AND HERBS.

Myrtle's due to Venus, green laurel due to Apollo,
Corn to the lady Ceres, ripe grapes to the young merry Bacchus,
Poplar unto Alcides, and olives unto Minerva.
Gentle Amaranthus, thou fairest flower of a thousand,
Shalt be love's flower henceforth, though thou cam'st from a bleeding,
Yet blood shalt thou stanch, this gift will I give thee for ever. *Abr. Fraunce.*

OF THE MARIGOLD. p. 503.

The marigold so likes the lovely sun,
That when he sets, the other hides his face,
And when he gins his morning course to run,
She spreads abroad, and shews her greatest grace.
Tho. Watson.

DILICULUM. p. 326.

By this Apollo's golden harp began
To send forth music to the ocean,
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard,
But he the Day's bright bearing car prepar'd,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaming beams mock'd ugly night.
Christopher Marlow.

MANE. p. 328.

The gaudy Morn out of her golden sleep
Awak'd, and little birds uncag'd 'gan sing,
To welcome home the bride-groom of the sea.
George Peele.

VESPER.

VESPER. p. 333.

About the time, when Vesper in the west
'Gan set the evening watch, and silent Night,
Richly attended by his twinkling train,
Sent sleep and slumber to possess the world,
And Fantasy to hawzen idle heads,
Under the stately canopy of heaven
I laid me down, laden with many cares.

George Peele.

OF EDEN. p. 351.

For Adam God chose out an happy seat,
A climate temperate both for cold and heat,
Which dainty Flora paveth sumptuously
With flowery Ver's enamell'd tapistry;
Pomona pranks with fruits, whose taste excells,
And Zephyr fills with musk and amber smells,
Where God himself, as gardner, treads the allies,
With trees and corn covers the hills and vallies,
Summons sweet sleep with noise of hundred brooks,
And sun-proof arbours makes in sundry nooks;
He plants, he prunes, he pares, he trimmeth round,
The ever-green beauties of a fruitful ground:
Here, there, the course of the holy lakes he leads;
With thousand dyes he mottleth all the meads.

Joshua Sylvester.

LIFE. p. 169.

The sun doth set, and brings again the day,
But when our life is gone, we sleep for aye.

Thomas Achelly.

VIRTUE. p. 293.

Virtue dies not; her tomb we need not raise;
Let them trust tombs, which have outliv'd their praise.

Thomas Bastard.

WAR. p. 299.

War rightly handled is most excellent,
And easy makes impossibility;
It mounts the Alps, and through the seas doth rent;
By it in blood a way to heaven we see.

Gervase Markham.

CARE. p. 25.

Care, the consuming canker of the mind,
The discord that disorders sweet-hearts' tune;
Th' abortive bastard of a coward mind;
The lightsome lackey that runs post by death,
Bearing the letters which contain our end;
The busy advocate, that sells the breath,
Denouncing worst to him is most his friend.

Henry Constable.

CONCORD. p. 33.

When tract of time returns the lusty Ver,
By thee alone the buds and blossoms spring;
The fields with flowers be garnish'd every where;
The blooming trees abundant leaves do bring;
The cheerful birds melodiously do sing.
Thou dost appoint the crop of Summer's seed
For man's relief, to serve his Winter's need.

George Gascoigne.

CONTENT.

CONTENT. p. 39.

He only lives most happily
That's free and far from majesty;
Can live content, although unknown:
He fearing none; none fearing him;
Meddling with nothing but his own,
While gazing eyes at crowns grow dim.

Thomas Kyd.

ENVY. p. 72.

Envy lives with us, while ourselves survive;
But when we die, it is no more alive.

Charles Fitz-Geffrey.

The knotty oak, and wainscot old,
Within doth eat the silly worm;
E'en so a mind, in envy cold,
Always within itself doth burn.

Idem.

JEALOUSY. p. 143.

Foul-weather'd Jealousy to a forward spring
Makes weeds grows rank, but spoils a better thing;
Sows tares 'gainst harvest in the fields of love;
And dogged humour dog-days-like doth prove,
Scorching love's glorious world with glowing tongue;
A serpent by which love to death is stung;
A foe to waste his pleasant summer flowers,
Ruin his mansion, and deface his bowers.

E. Gilpin.

KINGS. p. 157.

He knows not what it is to be a king,
That thinks a sceptre is a pleasant thing.

Robert Greene.

Too true that tyrant Dyonisius
Did picture out the image of a king;
When Damocles was plac'd in his throne,
And o'er his head a threatening sword did hang,
Fasten'd up only by a horse's hair. *Idem.*

LOVE. p. 175.

Love is root, and only crop of care,
The body's foe, the heart's annoy, and cause of pleasures rare;
The sickness of the mind, the fountain of unrest;
The gulf of guile, the pit of pain, of grief the hollow chest;
A fiery frost, a flame that frozen is with ice;
A heavy burden, light to bear, a virtue fraught with vice
It is a worldly peace, a safety seeing dread,
A deep despair annex'd to hope, a fancy that is fed;
Sweet poison for his taste, a port Charybdis-like,
A Scylla for his safety, though a lion that is meek.
George Turberville.*

THE SAME. p. 177.

Of virtue only perfect Love doth grow,
Whose first beginning though it be more slow
Than that of lust, and quickens not so fast,
Yet sure it is, and longer time doth last.
The straw inkindles soon, and slakes again;
But iron is slow, and long will heat retain.
Thomas Hudson.

MELANCHOLY. p. 205.

Thou nursing mother of fair wisdom's lore,
Ingenious Melancholy!
John Marston.

* Called by mistake *Thomas.*

MIND. p. 209.

What plague is greater than the grief of mind,
The grief of mind that eats in every vein?
In every vein that leaves such clods behind,
Such clods behind, as breed such bitter pain?
So bitter pain, that none shall ever find,
What plague is greater than the grief of mind.

Earl of Oxford.

THE SAME. p. 209.

Nor is it but our minds that make our native homes our grave,
As we to ours, others to theirs, like partial fancy have;
Transmute we but our minds, and then all one an alien is,
As if a native once resolv'd makes every country his.

William Warner.

POESY. p. 231.

All art is learn'd by art; this art alone
It is a heavenly gift; no flesh nor bone
Can prize the honey we from Pind distil,
Except with holy fire his breast we fill.
From that spring flows, that men of special choose
Consum'd in learning and perfit in prose,
For to make verse in vain does travel take,
When as a prentice fairer words will make.

King of Scots.

SILENCE. p. 259.

Dumb Silence, sworn attendant on black Night,
Thou that hast power to close up Murmur's jaw;
To stop the barking of the watchful hound,

And

And charm the gaggling of those waking fowl,
That sav'd Jove's capitol, mild Queen of Rest!

Thomas Dekkar.

SOUL. p. 275.

Heaven waxeth old; and all the spheres above
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay;
And Time itself shall cease in time to move;
Only the soul survives, and lives for aye.

John Davies.

BEAUTY. p. 402.

Yet never eye, to Cupid's service vow'd,
Beheld a face of such a lovely pride;
A tinsel veil her golden locks did shrowd,
That strove to cover what it could not hide:
The golden sun behind a silver cloud
So streameth out his beams on every side:
The marble goddess set at Cnidos naked
She seem'd; were she uncloth'd, or that awaked.
The gamesome wind among her tresses plays;
And curleth up those growing riches short;
Her spareful eye to spread his beams denies,
But keeps his shot, where Cupid keeps his fort.

*F. G.**

The Editor has concluded the whole with the following lines, printed on the back of a blank page, after the "Finis."

Fame's windy trump blew up this haughty mind
To do, or wish to do, what here you find:

* Probably *Fulke Greville.*

'Twas

'Twas ne'er held error yet in errant knights,
Which privilege he claims, to dress their fights
In high hyperboles; for youth's example,
To make their minds, as they grow men, grow ample.
Thus such achievements are essay'd and done,
As pass the common power and sense of man.
Then let high spirits strive to imitate,
Not what he did, but what he doth relate.

ART. V. *Leoline and Sydanis. An heroick Romance of the adventures of amourous Princes: together with sundry affectionate addresses to his mistresse under the name of Cynthia, by Sir F. K(innaston), Knt. 4to.* 1642.

The two exquisite poems printed in Ellis's "Specimens" naturally attract one to the source from whence they were derived: the major part of the volume containing them is occupied in relating (in stanzas "of the staff of seven," as Puttenham calls them) the loves of Leoline and Sydanis:

> On the Virgivian ocean's foaming shore,
> Downe at the mountain Snowdon's rocky foot,
> Whose cloud-bound head with mists is ever hoar,
> So high the sight can scarcely reach unto 't,
> (Against whose sides the forked lightnings shoot)
> A stately castle stood; whilome the seat
> Of the old Brittain's King, Arvon the Great.

Here the hero of the tale was born; and as soon as he is introduced to our notice he falls in love with the daughter of Duke Leon, at a sacrifice to Venus. But as "the course of true love," which "never did run

run smooth," was not to be reversed for this most amiable pair, a "farinee-fac'd" splay-foot gentleman from France,

("Monsieur Marquis Jean Foutre was his name,")

who was present at the wedding, for the nuptials were celebrated, interposes with foul intent to pollute the tide of Leolyne and Sydanis' happiness:

So by the canker-worme the fragrant rose
Is tainted.

To perfect his intent he has recourse (like most of his contemporaries) to magic, and ties a knot and utters a spell, which had such influence on the "Virillity" of the bridegroom, as "it were pity o' my life" to discompose the gravity of the editor by describing. The difficulties to which "the son of Arvon" was opposed, will be better fancied than felt; it may therefore suffice to inform the reader, that his friends in turn had recourse to a druid; who, to obviate the influence of Jean Foutre's magic, administers a potion, the operation of which is similar to that of Shakspeare's Juliet's. The lady now flies to the druid's cave, who, from hatred to King Arvon, that had confined him there, persuades her that it is poison they have communicated, and that it is fit she fly beyond sea, before her pursuers overtake her.

The druid's words, like the death-boding notes
Of the night raven, or the ominous owl,
Send from their dismal hollow sounding throats:
Or like the noise of dogs, by night that howl
At the departing of a sick man's soul,
Struck terror into Sydanis.

She

She follows the recommendation of the magician and escapes in a boat to Ireland, disguised, and at length becomes page to the daughter of Dermot king of Eblana. Jean Foutre follows her, but is drowned in the passage. On the third night, the operation of the soporiferous draught being exhausted, the prince rises while the attendants appointed to watch his supposed corse were asleep, and taking with him an esquire, who relates every circumstance by the way, they too embark for Erinland. The body is supposed in the morning to have been stolen by Leoline's father, and King Arvon proceeds to revenge the insult by investing the walls of Caerleon.

Landing in Ireland, Leoline finds the body of the Marquis Jean Foutre cast on the beach, and untying the ribbon which he had given the traitor at his wedding, he dissipates the spell that had caused his debility.

Disguised as Frenchmen, his esquire and Leoline escape to the court of Dermot, where they soon obtain favour; and Sydanis, disguised as a page, negociates between her husband and Mellifant, till she discovers that Leoline is resolved to marry her mistress, supposing his spouse to be dead. This part of the romance contains "unutterable things:" the fears of Sydanis are removed, however, by the refusal of King Dermot to accept Leoline's offer of marriage, as his daughter was promised to Androgios, from Britain, and he returns in disgust to Wales.

Mellifant and Sydanis, unconscious of each other's purpose, resolve to follow him disguised, but the latter is seized and returned to the King, who, missing his daughter

daughter and Leoline at the same period, determines to transport his army and attack King Arvon. As he lands at Carleon he is met by Androgios embarking to fetch home his daughter: upon explanation Androgios challenges Leoline to single combat: but as they prepare for battle, a chariot, drawn by eight white swans, appears in the air, which descends bearing Mellifant to the feet of Androgios; at the same time that the spectators anticipated the transmission of one of the heroes from the danger of the combat, as on a well-known occasion,

> Hoc Venus, obscuro faciem circumdata nimbo,
> Detulit. *

By an equally-powerful intervention Sydanis is at the same time restored to Leoline, and so "ends this strange eventful history."

The judgment of Mr. Ellis has anticipated my examination of the latter part of this volume. The following poem, however, may be read not without pleasure.

TO CYNTHIA, ON HER CHANGING.

> Dear Cynthia, though thou bear'st the name
> Of the pale Queen of night,
> Who changing yet is still the same,
> Renewing still her light;
> Who monthly doth herself conceal
> And her bright face doth hide,
> That she may to Endymion steal
> And kiss him unespied;

* Æneid. Lib. 12.

D

Do not thou so, not being sure
When this thy beauty's gone,
Thou such another canst procure
And wear it as thy own;
For the by-sliding silent hours,
Conspirators with grief,
May crop thy beauty's lovely flowers
Time being a sly thief,

Which with his wings will fly away,
And will return no more;
As, having got so rich a prey,
Nature cannot restore.
Reserve thou, then, and do not waste
That beauty which is thine;
Cherish those glories that thou hast,
Let not grief make thee pine:

Think that the lily, we behold,
Or July flower may
Flourish, although the mother mould
That bred them be away;
There is no cause, nor yet no sense,
That dainty fruits should rot,
Though the tree die and wither, whence
The apricots were got. O. G.

ART. VI. *The Memoires of the Duke of Rohan: or, a faithful Relation of the most remarkable occurrences in France; especially concerning those of the Reformed Churches there. From the death of Henry the Great until the Peace made with them, in June* 1629. *Together with divers politick Discourses upon several occasions. Written originally in French, by the Duke of Rohan, and now*

Englished by George Bridges, of Lincolns-Inne, Esq. London, Printed by E. M. for Gabriel Bedell, and Thomas Collins; and are to be sold at their shop, at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet-street. 1660. 8*vo. pp.* 224, *besides Epistle, Preface and Table.*

After this occurs a new Title-Page, viz. *Divers Politique Discourses of the Duke of Rohan; made at several times upon several occasions: written originally in French; and now rendered into English. By G. B. Esq. London, Printed by Thomas Ratcliffe, for G. Bedell and T. Collins, at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleetstreet.* 1660. *pp.* 70.

George Bridges, the translator of this work, was younger brother of Sir Thomas Bridges, of Keinsham Abbey in Somersetshire, and son of Edward Bridges, Esq. of the same place, by Philippa, daughter of Sir George Speke, K.B. He died Jan. 1, 1677, and was buried in Keinsham church. I cannot refrain from embracing the opportunity of saying a few words about the above branch of this once numerous and spreading family. I cannot refrain, because there was a vile attempt, on a late occasion, for the most malicious and dishonest purposes, to substitute them in a wrong place. The Keinsham branch were notoriously, and upon the most demonstrable proof, descended from Thomas Bridges, who died 1559, and lies buried at Cornbury*

* In Oct. 1796, I visited Cornbury church, and saw the broken fragments still legible of the brass which records his memory, and many honourable employments. I restored the parts to their place in the wall, whence they are probably again separated for ever.

in

in Oxfordshire, and to whom Edw. VI. granted the site of the Priory of Keinsham. He was younger *brother* to John, first Lord Chandos; and some account of him may be found in Tho. Warton's Life of Sir Thomas Pope. He left issue Henry, who died 1597, and was father of Sir Thomas, whose son Edward was father of George Bridges the translator. George Rodney Bridges, the first cousin of this George, married the famous Countess of Shrewsbury, who is said to have held the Duke of Buckingham's horse in the disguise of a page, while he fought a duel with her husband, Lord Shrewsbury. Pope records the loves of this tender pair:

"Gallant and gay, in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love."

The son of this too famous Countess, by her last husband, lived at Avington, near Winchester, which city he long represented in Parliament, and dying 1751, aged 72, left his estates to his remote cousin the late Duke of Chandos; among which was the large manor of VILLIERS in Ireland, derived, I presume, from his mother, which was for many years afterwards the subject of dreadful litigations with the tenants, as may be seen in Hargrave's Law Tracts.

But, proveable and clear as was the descent of this branch, it was not the only instance, in which wicked opponents made use of similar materials, in defiance of the acknowledged falsehood of their application. There existed a certain family of the name, of respectability and fortune, and for many generations possessed of the seat* of their residence. These had long flattered

* Tyberton, in Herefordshire.

themselves by the claim of alliance to a noble house. But it happened unfortunately for this claim, that there existed amongst the most authentic records of the Heralds' College, under the powerful certificate of the very learned Gregory King, and even their own signature,* a pedigree which decisively annihilated these pretensions.† But this family was pressed forward also to create confusion, and disseminate prejudices. It was not indeed brought publicly forth: the propagators knew it would not bear the light; and that the consequence would be instant confutation. But they worked like moles in the dark: vile toad-eaters and dissemblers, who got access to the houses of the Great by base servility and adulation, poisoned by these means the minds of too many, and misled and puzzled those who were too easily puzzled. I forbear to point out individuals, though there is one deceitful little wretch, whose constant dangling at the doors of high rank, and peculiar activity in this business, will, should he ever read these passages, be fully aware of its allusions.

Having written thus far, I look back, and hesitate! But what I have written shall stand! I have forborne for years, out of delicacy, to tell the truth on this subject; but there is a point, when forbearance becomes a folly, and even a crime. Let it not be supposed,

* In the last Visitation of Herefordshire.

† If this should meet the eye of an accomplished scholar, for whose literary talents I bear respect, and who imagines that his alliances give him an interest in the question, I advise him to satisfy himself of his misapprehension by consulting the proofs I refer to. His candour must then acknowledge the errors he has indulged; and he will regret a rude message he once sent.

that

that I care for these baubles, or that my mind still dwells incessantly on the ill usage that my family have received. Indignation has worked my cure. My heart is purged, I trust, of all its weak ambitions; and I allow of no superiority, but that of the disposition and the head. Were I vested with the titles and possessions even of a leading Duke, but were (as might have happened) low in manners, vulgar in intellectual qualities, and base in disposition, I should consider that my honours and wealth would expose instead of covering my personal inferiority! Could I reach the pathetic or sublime strains of Burns, how mean would it be, to feel humiliation, had I been born in an hovel, and traced no blood in my veins, but what had flowed from labourers and peasants!

I know not then why I should concern myself in endeavouring to honour a family, who, numerous and powerful and far spread as they have been, have in the long track of ages been little known in literature, but whose habits have been almost all feudal, whilst I am forced to press an humble translator into the service, and rest our fame upon one, who must stand in the hindmost ranks of authorship! Nor shall I perhaps gain much more credit by the niche which, on doubtful pretensions, I have formerly obtained for a peer of the family in the temple of Lord Orford's Noble Authors. But I care not:

——————quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.

I can see insolent and undeserving men, sitting in the seats of my ancestors, and inebriated by the giddy height they have attained; I can see them without humiliation

miliation or regret. Nay, I can with sincerity return scorn for scorn! But enough!

The Duke de Rohan died April 13, 1638. His Memoirs are highly esteemed. It seems to have been agreed that he was one of the greatest men of his time.

The translation is dedicated to James Marquis of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The translator says he was principally induced to publish it in our language, by some passages tending to the Vindication of our late incomparable king and martyr, from no less false than foul aspersions concerning Rochelle; his care and diligence to order their relief being here acknowledged, by persons more concerned, than our pretended propagators of religion; the Rochellers' ruin being chiefly occasioned by their own inconstancy, refusing to admit those succours when come, which they before, even with tears, implored, and their own intestine divisions and factions; with which his blasphemous and rebellious subjects first sought to wound his fame, that with more security they might imbrue their hands in his most sacred blood." *

* In Bibliotheque des Sciences, Oct. Nov. Dec. 1767. (Tom. XXVIII. Part II. A La Hage, 1768,) is an account of a Book entitled "Histoire de Tancrede de Rohan, avec quelques autres Pieces concernant L'Histoire Romaine. A Liege, chez J. F. Bassompierre, Imprimeur de Son Altesse, & Libraire; 1767, grand in 12 de 498 pp."

This Tancred, says Anderson in his Genealogies, was rejected by the Parliament of Paris, who made his sister heiress of Rohan.

Dec. 26, 1805.

ART.

ART. VII. *A Treatise of the Nobilitie of the Realme, collected out of the body of the common Law, with mention of such statutes as are incident hereunto, upon a debate of the Barony of Aburgavenny. With a Table of the heads contained in this Treatise. London, Printed by A. N. for Matthew Walbanke, and Richard Best, and are to be sold at their shops at Grayes Inne gate.* 1642. *Duod. pp.* 157.

I do not recollect that it has been noticed, that this pretended treatise is nothing more than an inaccurately-printed note of the Argument of the learned Serjeant Doddridge, (afterwards knighted, and a judge,) in the disputed question, regarding the Barony of Abergavenny, between Edward Neville, the heir male, and Mary, wife of Sir Thomas Fane, the heir general.

Sir John Doddridge argued in favour of the heir male, in which he finally succeeded. And the whole argument is reprinted in "Collins's Cases of Baronies by Writ, (Lond. 1734, Fol.)" without notice of this former publication. The main question was, whether, under the circumstances, the possession of the Castle of Abergavenny carried the Barony along with it. It seems that the other side had argued against the existence of Baronies by tenure, from the inconveniences and absurdities that would attend alienation. But Doddridge in reply laid it down "That by alienation without licence, the Barony is forfeited: but that the alienee of such Barony, nobly descended, is Baron. But if such alienation with licence be made to any

person ignoble, though the burden of the tenure doth remain on him for the King's best advantage, yet he may not take upon him the dignity without the King's special favour upon his merit." p. 83.

In another place, p. 69, he says, "If a baron by tenure doth aliene the same, either he doth it without licence, or else with licence obtained. If without licence, then the conclusion is certain, that it is forfeited, and to be seized to the King, and the dignity extinguished in the Crown, whence it was derived."

Henry Lord Abergavenny died 1587, leaving Mary his sole daughter and heir, who became wife of Sir Thomas Fane, who challenged the Barony of Abergavenny against Edward Neville, son of Sir Edward, younger brother of her grandfather George Lord A.; on which Sir Edward, the Castle of Abergavenny was settled both by testament and act of parliament. But the dispute was not determined till May 25, 1 James I. when, after great arguments, the title of Lord Abergavenny was, both by judgment of the House of Peers, and order of the Lords Commissioners for the office of Earl Marshal of England, decreed for the heir male; and, to make some amends to the heir female, the Barony of Le Despenser was confirmed to her and the heirs of her body.

ART. VIII. *A Narrative of some Passages in or relating to the Long Parliament. Curse not the King, no not in thy thought. Eccles.* x. 20.—*Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft.* 1 *Sam.* xv. 23. *By a Person of Honour. London. Printed for Robert*

Robert Pawlet at the Bible in Chancery Lane, 1670. *sm. duod. pp.* 101.

This little tract was written by Dudley, 4th Lord North, and contains several curious passages. But it may be unnecessary to give a full account of the book, as the elaborate edition of Lord Orford's * Royal and Noble Authors by Mr. Park, which the public has reason to expect will soon make its appearance, must, I presume, comprise notices of or extracts from this volume.

Dec. 26, 1805.

ART. IX. *A smale Garland of pious and godly Songs, composed by a devout man, for the solace of his freinds and neighbours in their afflictions.*

The sweet and the sower,
The nettle and the flower,
The thorne and the rose,
This Garland compose.

Printed in Gant [*Ghent*] 1684. *Small 8vo. pp.* 80.

Part of this little collection of pious ditties, like that printed at Edinburgh in 1597, and reprinted there in 1801, under the title of Godly and Spiritual Songs, &c. seems designed to supersede the use of some pro-

* I am sorry to observe Mr. Cumberland's contemptuous mention of the author of the Castle of Otranto, the Mysterious Mother, and other works of indubitable genius, as well as of industrious research, and elegant taste. My respect for a veteran in literature restrains my pen from saying more. See Cumberland's Memoirs, p. 17.

faner

faner ballads, by being adapted to the same tunes. It is probable that they were composed by an Irish priest, as one of them is described to have been written on Christmas day, 1678, "when the clergie were banished in the time of the plot. To the tune of *Bonny-Brooe.*". Another is to be sung to the tune of *Shea veer me geh hegnough turshogh tyne trelogh, &c.* Several carols are to be sung as *Neen Major Neale:* and the following to a pleasant Irish tune called *No-arah oige neé yeorane.*

Like an hermit in my cell,
With my self alone I dwell;
To my self I onely tell
My sad moanes:

With dolefull sighes I doe complaine;
My teares express my grief and paine;
My bitter thoughts cannot refraine
From heavy groanes, &c.

The following stanzas seem to indicate that the writer was exiled for his loyalty and his religion.

"The banished man lamenteth the 20th of November, the day of his parting, drawing neare.

To the tune of "*Farewell, faire Armedia, &c.*"

Behould I am speechless, my lips are groun weake;
My toung, without motion, wants language to speake;
My heart drown'd with sadness, sighes onely affords;
My eyes with their teares doe weep with my words;
I grieve, and I mourne, I crie and lament,
Againe to return to my banishment:
To part with my country, my kindred and friends,
And with all the comforts that on them attends.

Why

Why twice I was banish'd, this cause is most true,
For rendring to God and to Cæsar their due;
When first I was banish'd, noe cause could they bring,
But that I was subject to Charles my king:
What for him I suffer'd, the cause gave content,
'Twas for him, and with him, away I was sent;
For suffering with him I could not complaine,
One thought of *his* sufferings did ease all my paine.

T. P.

ART. X. *The Mindes Melodie. Contayning certayne Psalmes of the kinglie prophete David, applyed to a new pleasant tune, verie comfortable to everie one that is rightlie acquainted therewith. Edinburgh, Printed be Robert Charteris, Printer to the King's most excellent Majestie,* 1605. *Cum privilegio regali. Small* 8vo. 16 *leaves.*

What the "new pleasant tune" might be, to which these psalmodies were composed, doth not appear; but the following is the metre chosen by the laborious penman, and his selection consists of the 1. 4. 6. 8. 15. 19. 23. 43. 57. 91. 101. 117. 121. 125. and 128th psalms, with the Song of Simeon.

PSALM 1.

Blest is the man,
Yea, happie than,
By grace that can
Eschew ill counsell and the godles gates:
And walkes not in
The way of sin,
Nor doth begin

To

To sit with mockers in the scornfull sates:
But in Jehovah's law
Delites aright,
And studies it to know
Both day and night:
That man shall bee
Like to the tree
Fast planted by the running river growes,
That frute doth beare
In tyme of yeare,
Whose leafe shall never fade nor rute unloose.

T. P.

ART. XI. *The Lamentation of Troy for the death of Hector. Whereunto is annexed an Olde Woman's Tale in hir solitarie cell. Omne gerendum leve est. London, printed by Peter Short for William Mattes,* 1594, 4*to.* 32 *leaves.*

This volume is inscribed to Sir Peregrine Bertie, Knt. Lord Willoughby of Eresby, who distinguished himself at the battle of Zutphen in 1586, and is styled by this poet (I. O.) the "only Hector of Albion, and therefore most worthy to protect Hector." The principal poem is written somewhat after the plan of those in the "Mirror for Magistrates;" at which the author seems to glance sarcastically in the following stanza:

Sweet sacred Muses! you whose gentle eares
Are wont to listen to the humble praier
Of plaining poets, and to lend your teares
From your faire eies unto a woe-displayer;

Now

Now rest yourselves: your ayde I not implore,
For in my selfe I find aboundant store.

In a prologue to this poem, he makes Troy's ghost declare—

Yet had she rather Spencer would have told them;
For him she calde, that he would helpe t' unfold them.

And in the poem itself he thus apostrophises our great allegorical bard:

O then, good Spencer, th' only Homer living,
Deign for to write with thy fame-quikninge quill:
And though poore Troy due thanks can not be giving,
The gods are just, and they that give them will.
Write then, O Spencer, in thy Muse so trim,
That he in thee, and thou maiest live in him!

T. P.

ART. XII. *Winter. A Poem. By James Thomson. The Second Edition.* 1726.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 246.]

Dun,* from the livid East or piercing North
Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd:
Heavy, they roll their fleecy world along,
And the sky saddens with th' impending storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first, thin wavering; till, at last, the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day

* Lo! *1st. edit.*

With

With a continual flow. [*Blackening, they melt,
Along the mazy stream. The leafless woods
Bow their hoar heads: and e'er the languid sun,
Faint, from the west, emit his evening ray,]
Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill,
Is all one dazzling waste. The labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of Heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
That Providence allows. [†The red-breast, sole,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering fellows, and to trusted man
His annual visit pays: now to the dome,
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth, and, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family, askance,
And pecks and starts and wonders where he is:
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet.] The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants; the hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heavens, and next, the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then sad, dispers'd,
Dig, for the wither'd herb, thro' heaps of snow.

* These lines in brackets appeared thus in the 1st. edition.

See! sudden hoar'd,
The woods beneath the stainless burden bow;
Blackening, along the mazy stream it melts:
Earth's universal face, &c.

† This interesting description of the robin was added in the 2d. edit.

Now,

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food, at will: lodge them below the storm,*
And watch them strict; for, from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
In one fierce blast, and o'er th' unhappy flocks,
Hid † in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till, upwards urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
That curls its wreaths amid the freezing sky.

In Russia's wide, immeasurable moors,
Where WINTER keeps his unrejoicing court,
And in his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving Tempest is for ever heard;
Seen by the wilder'd traveller who roams,
Guideless, the yew-clad, stony wastes, the bear,
Rough tenant of these shades! shaggy with ice
And dangling snow, stalks thro' the woods, forlorn,
Slow-pac'd, and sowrer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement wreath,
And scorning the complainings of distress,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

[‡Or from the cloudy Alps and Appenine,
Capt with grey mists and everlasting snows,
Where Nature in stupendous ruin lyes,
And from the leaning rock, on either side,
Gush out those streams that classic song renowns;
Cruel as death! and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony and ghaunt and grim!
Assembling wolves, in torrent troops, descend,
And spread wide-wasting desolation round.

* Blast, 1*st. edit.* † Lodg'd. *ibid.*

‡ This long paragraph was added in the 2d. edit.

Nought

Nought may their course withstand. They bear along,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear th' screaming infant from her breast:
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lyon stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds a hapless, undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrowded body from the tomb, o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they howl.]
Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow keen, be my retreat
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To chase the chearless gloom: there let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead,
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts and arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought—I throw aside
The long-liv'd volume, and deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades that, slowly-rising, pass
Before my wondering eyes. First, Socrates,
Truth's early champion, martyr for his God:
Solon, the next, who built his commonweal
On equity's firm base: Lycurgus, then,

Severely

Severely good: and him of rugged Rome,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons;
Cimon, sweet-soul'd, and Aristides just:
With that attemper'd heroe,* mild and firm,
Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled:
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme:
Scipio, the humane warriour, gently brave,
Fair learning's friend; who early sought the shade,
To dwell with Innocence and Truth retir'd:
And, equal to the best, the Theban, he
Who, single, rais'd his country into fame.
Thousands behind, the boast of Greece and Rome,
Whom Virtue owns, the tribute of a verse
Demand: but who can count the stars of Heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?
But see who yonder comes! nor comes alone,
With sober state and of majestic mien,
The sister Muses in his train—'Tis he!
Maro! the glory of the poet's art!†
Great Homer too appears, of daring wing!
Parent of song! and equal, by his side,
The British Muse, join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, nor miss their way to Fame's ascent.
Society divine! immortal minds!
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
And mount my soaring soul to deeds like yours.
Silence! thou lonely power! the door be thine:
See, on the hallow'd hour that none intrude
Save Lycidas,‡ the friend, with sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.

[*To be concluded in the next Number.*]

* Timoleon. † Maro! the best of poets and of men, 1st. edit.

‡ *Forsan* Mallet.

ART. XIII *Sketch of the Character and Writings of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.*

The following character of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter may be relied on, as coming from the best authority.

"Feb. 19, 1806, died at her lodgings, in Clarges Street, London, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter of Deal; a lady long and well known in the literary world, and sincerely beloved and respected by a large circle of friends, of much eminence, both in regard to their talents, their virtues, and their situation in life. Hers indeed were not merely the ordinary attainments of a female writer; nor even of a second-rate scholar of the more learned sex; but her learning was sound, deep, and critical; her knowledge general, and her taste pure and classical. All that she understood, she understood thoroughly; and what she had once known she never forgot.

"Her acquaintance with both dead and living languages was such as is seldom met with in one person. Perhaps no scholar of the present age knew so many, and so well; the late Sir William Jones only excepted. Like that eminent linguist, too, she particularly delighted in Greek, and was more completely mistress of that language, than she was of any other. Hebrew and Latin she understood well; and Arabic enough to read it tolerably, and to add, in a MS. dictionary of her own of that difficult language, many different meanings of words and their combinations. Of the modern tongues she was acquainted with French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Portuguese, of which she preferred Spanish and German.

Her

"Her knowledge of ancient and modern history was equally exact and extensive. Of the sciences, astronomy was her favourite study; and in that she had made a very considerable progress.

"But Mrs. Carter was not only a scholar, she was also one of the most pious and humble of Christians; one of the kindest relations; one of the most affectionate of friends; one, in its most extensive sense, of the most charitable of women.

"The superiority of her mind never led her to make others feel their deficiencies; on the contrary, in the easy society of domestic life, nothing was remarkable in her, but the amiable mildness of her unassuming manners, and much attention to genuine politeness.

"Her publications were not numerous; she read more than she wrote, and thought more than she said. Her principal work was the Translation of Epictetus, with an admirable introduction to it, which has passed through several editions. She also published, when very young, a translation from the Italian of Algarotti's Dialogues, from Newton's Philosophy, in 2 vols. 12mo; and afterwards a small volume of Poems, which have been always much read and admired; and of which four editions have been printed.

"Mrs. Carter was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D.D. by Margaret sole daughter and heiress of Richard Swayne, Esq. of Bere in Dorsetshire. She was born at Deal, Dec. 17, 1717, and died Feb. 19, 1806, in the 89th year of her age. Some account of her life and character is preparing for the press by one of her nephews,* who also is her executor."

* The Rev. Montagu Pennington, Vicar of Westwell in Kent. *Editor.*

Without attempting to anticipate the Life here announced, the Editor cannot forbear adding a few literary notices to the just and well-drawn character, with which he has been favoured.

Few have ever reigned, for such a length of time, in the world of learning, as Mrs. Carter. Nearly seventy-two years have elapsed, since she first attracted the notice of the public for her erudition and her genius. She was a correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine almost from its commencement; and, as it is curious to trace the progress of great talents, I shall point out the earliest communications which I have discovered in that work.

It appears that Mrs. C. was the author of a Riddle, in Vol. IV. p. 623, (Nov. 1734,) when she had not completed her 17th year, which drew forth the following lines in the succeeding Vol. for June 1735, p. 321.

"To Miss Cart-r, author of the Riddle, in Nov. 1734.

"Ingenious Nymph! in mystic numbers skill'd,
Why are thy pleasing lays so long withheld?
For well the glowings of thy fire attest,
That Phœbus' frequent visits warm thy breast:
O let us not thy silence still accuse,
But wake our raptures with thy powerful Muse;
To wishing eyes present thy moving page,
And with thy sister Muses charm the age." &c.

SYLVIUS.

These produced the following answer in the next month, p. 379.

TO

TO SYLVIUS.

Unskill'd in numbers and poetic flight,
How shall the blushing Muse presume to write?
Unform'd my thoughts, and negligent my lays,
Can I appear a candidate for praise?
O did those raptures in my bosom glow,
Which in Fidelia's moving accents flow;
Unbid I would confess the sacred flame,
And stand intrepid in the lists of fame:
Pleas'd with the trial trace out human life
Thro' all its scenes of happiness and strife;
The hopes and fears, which on its state attend,
And how in death these different passions end;
Proceed in lively colours to display
The solemn horrors of the last great day;
With tuneful force describe the realms above;
The blissful seats of harmony and love.
These are the lofty subjects I would chuse,
But these transcend my unexperienc'd Muse!
The too unequal task I must decline,
And to Fidelia's pen the glorious task resign.

E. C—R.

In this year (1735) Mrs. Carter must have written the sublime and highly-finished lines "In Diem Natalem," which stand first in her poems, and begin,

"Thou Power Supreme, by whose command I live!

as she says,

"Scarce eighteen suns have form'd the rolling year,
And run their destin'd courses round this sphere,
Since thy creative eye my form survey'd,
Mid undistinguish'd heaps of matter laid."

In February, 1738, Mrs. Carter communicated to the Gent. Mag. Vol. VIII. p. 99, the following Riddle which deserves notice, because it drew forth the high praises of the celebrated Samuel Johnson, then struggling into fame, and who published at that precise period (May 1738) his "London,"—"remarkable," says Cave, (ib. p. 269,) "for having got to a second edition in the space of a week."

A RIDDLE.

Nor form, nor substance, in my being share;
I'm neither fire, nor water; earth, nor air;
From motion's force alone my birth derive;
I ne'er can die, for never was alive:
And yet with such extensive empire reign,
That very few escape my magic chain:
Nor time nor place my wild excursions bound;
I break all order; Nature's laws confound;
Raise schemes without contrivance or design,
And make apparent contradictions join;
Transfer the Thames, where Ganges' waters roll;
Unite th' equator to the frozen pole:
Midst Zembla's ice bid blushing rubies glow,
And British harvests bloom in Scythian snow;
Cause trembling flocks to skim the raging main,
And scaly fishes graze the verdant plain;
Make light descend, and heavy bodies rise;
Stars sink to earth, and earth ascend the skies.
If Nature lie deform'd in wintry frost,
And all the beauties of the Spring be lost,
Rais'd by my power new verdure decks the ground,
And smiling flowers diffuse their sweets around.
The sleeping dead I summon from the tomb,
And oft anticipate the living's doom;

Convey

Convey offenders to the fatal tree,
When law or stratagem have set them free,
Aw'd by no checks, my roving flight can soar
Beyond imagination's active power;
I view each country of the spacious earth;
Nay visit realms, that never yet had birth;
Can trace the pathless regions of the air;
And fly with ease beyond the starry sphere;
So swift my operations in an hour,
I can destroy a town, or build a tower;
Play tricks would puzzle all the search of wit,
And shew whole volumes that were never writ.
In sure records my mystic powers confest,
Who rack'd with cares a haughty tyrant's breast,
Charg'd in prophetic emblems to relate
Approaching wrath, and his peculiar fate.
Oft to the good by heaven in mercy sent
I've arm'd their thoughts against some dire event;
As oft in chains presumptuous villains bind,
And haunt with restless fears the guilty mind.

ELIZA.*

"I have composed a Greek Epigram to Eliza," says Johnson to Cave, "and think she ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Lewis le Grand."†

Accordingly, in Gent. Mag. for April 1738, p. 210, is found the following:

Εις τὸ της Ελισσης περι των Ονειρων
Αινιγμα.

Του Καλλους δυναμει τι τελος; Ζευς παντα δεδωκεν
Κυπριδι, μηδ' αυτου Σκηπτρα μεμηλε Θεω.

* In the same vol. p. 159, is an imitation of Hor. Lib. I. Ode 22, by Mrs. C.

† Boswell's Life of Johnson, I. 100.

Εκ Διος εστιν οναρ, θειος ποτ' εγραψεν Ομηρος,
Αλλα τοδ' εις Σνητους Κυπρις επεμψεν Οναρ.
Ζευς μουνος φλογοεντ πολεις εκπερσε κεραυνω,
Ομμασι λαμπρα Διος Κυπρις οϊσα φερει.

In Elizæ Enigma.

Quis formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax
Omnia, nec curæ sunt sua sceptra Jovi.
Ab Jove Mæonides descendere Somnia narrat,
Hæc veniunt Cypriæ Somnia missa Deæ.
Jupiter unus erat, qui stravit fulmine gentes;
Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovis.

In the same volume of Gent. Mag. p. 315, appeared Mrs. Carter's elegant lines, beginning

"While clear the night, and every thought serene,"

which now stand second in her collection.*

In this year she translated, for Cave, "Crousaz's Examen of Pope's Essay on Man," which is announced in the Register of Books for November, p. 608; of which, amongst Dr. Birch's MSS. is the following notice:

"*Elizæ Carteræ, S.P.D. Thomas Birch.* Versionem tuam Examinis Crousaziani jam perlegi. Summam styli et elegantiam, & in re difficillimâ proprietatem, admiratus. Dabam Novemb. 27°. 1738.†

And about this time, in a letter from Mr. Cave to Dr. Birch, "Mr. Johnson advises Miss C. to undertake a translation of Boethius De Consolatione, because there is prose and verse, and to put her name to it, when published.

* The four last lines are now left out.

† Boswell's Life of Johnson, p. 116.

In

In Gent. Mag. for March 1739,* p. 152, appeared her "Verses to the Memory of Mrs. Rowe," with her signature at length. In the December following, p. 657, is inserted the ensuing compliment.

ON ELIZA.

Once witty Sappho polish'd Greece adorn'd;
Her learned Dacier Gallia lately mourn'd;
And happy we could boast our tuneful Rowe,
As chaste a Muse as ever sung below:
At that soft name what eye but weeps anew?
To worth so rare a tribute justly due!
But see Apollo still on Britain smile,
And bid Eliza charm our favour'd isle!
Blest maid, in whom their graces all combine,
Wit, learning, virtue, and a vein divine!

AMASIUS.

In the same Vol. p. 599, Nov. 1739, was first published the celebrated Ode to Melancholy.

It was also in this year, when only æt. 22, that she translated "Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy, explained for the use of the Ladies; in six Dialogues of Light and Colours. From the Italian of Sig. Algarotti. Printed for Edw. Cave, 2 vols. 12mo." which produced the following compliment, in the Magazine for June, p. 322.

* In the preceding year were published "Seventeen Sermons on divers Subjects, by Nicolas Carter, D.D. Vicar of Tilmanstone, &c. Printed by E. Cave, and sold by C. Rivington, 8vo.; and in Gent. Mag. 1739, p. 155, are "Verses from a Mother to her Daughter, with Dr. Carter's Sermons," signed Melissa.

To

To Miss Carter, on her Translation of Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy, explained for the use of the Ladies. From the Italian of Sig. Algarotti.

Till Algarotti rose, but few could trace
The piercing Newton thro' unbounded space;
A genius great as his the task requir'd;
Most, what they knew not to explain, admir'd;
No dark abstracted reasoning here we find,
To cloud perception, and fatigue the mind;
But to adorn the pleasing truths conspire
Fontenelle's fancy, and our Newton's fire;
And each with each so happily unites,
That, while the sense instructs, the wit delights;
Still ease and clearness reign throughout the whole;
To every part give beauty, life, and soul.
Thus to the eye reflects the polish'd glass
Soft Mira's every charm of shape and face:
But we, perhaps, these treasures ne'er had known,
Had not their worth, confest, to Carter shone;
No pen could better all their charms impart,
Her judgment equal to her happy art.
Now may the British fair, with Newton soar
To worlds remote, and range all Nature o'er;
Of motion learn the late discover'd cause,
And beauteous fitness of its settled laws.
How matter hence its various forms supplies
And fills this earth, and those expanded skies:
How the Sun's orb emits unnumber'd rays,
While each the rainbow's many dyes displays;
What gives it with exhaustless fires to flame,
The same in lustre, and its warmth the same;
What the mild regent of the night attracts,
And what the sea's returning tides directs;

Whence

Whence the successive changes spring we see,
How all things vary, and how all agree.
Be thine the glory to have led the way,
And beam'd on female minds fair science' ray;
Awak'd our fair from too inglorious ease,
To meditate on themes sublime as these;
The many paths of Nature to explore,
And boldly tread, where none have reach'd before:
To thee they owe, the stranger charm'd shall tell,
That, as in beauty, they in wit excel.
Ah why should modesty conceal thy name?
Th' attempt were vain, to hide such worth from fame;
The polish'd page Eliza's hand betrays,
And marks her well-known softness, warmth and ease.

J. Swan.

Mrs. Carter continued for some years to contribute her poems to the Gent. Mag. In 1744, p. 389, appear her lines, which now stand the seventh of her collection; and many others may no doubt be found scattered through that respectable publication; but it is time to have done with this search for them. Mrs. Barbauld says the Ode to Wisdom* first came forth in Richardson's Clarissa, but without the writer's consent. It was not till more than twenty years after this period, that Mrs. C. ventured to form them into a separate volume. And it is a strong proof that not even the union of fame and merit will always secure a wide and rapid sale, that these poems have yet only reached a *fourth* edition,† which has been sixteen years in circulation, while crude abortions, tinsel non-

* It appeared in Gent. Mag. 1747, p. 585.

† The first edition was in 1762. The third in 1776. The fourth in 1789.

sense,

sense, or vapid and prosaic rhymes have found instantaneous purchasers, and exhausted numerous impressions.

ART. XIV. *The Essayes of a Prentise, in the Divine art of Poesie. Imprinted at Edinburgh, by Thomas Vautroullier,* 1585, 4*to. Cum privilegio Regali.*

If our *Rex pacificus* hoped to rival the "Gaberluzie-Man" and "Christ's Kirk on the Green" of his predecessor, and, as of politics, to be

> in oure tongue ane flour imperial,
> And beir of makars the triumphs royall
> By fresche ennamallit termes celestiall,*

we have only to applaud the endeavour, and lament that the execution should fall so far short of the example. But while literary curiosities are estimable, the present pages will not be without interest. Poets are not of every-day birth; and royal rhymers are still less frequent:

> Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto:

but the comic poems of James the Fifth, and the *chansons du Roi de Navarre,* a king need not blush to acknowledge.

For the present volume;—after the commendatory poems, of which there are five English and three Latin, follow twelve sonnets, addressed to the seasons, and the most important personages of the Pantheon,

* Dunbar's Goldin Terge.

in

in the last of which he hopes through their assistance that

He lofty Virgil shall to life restore:

The gods either heard not or scattered his prayers in the wind; so the *gestes* of the Mantuan remain unattempted. A translation of Du Bartas's "Uranie" succeeds, which was afterwards better executed by Joshua Sylvester, "ane metaphorical invention of a tragedie called Phœnix," and "a paraphrasticall translation out of the poet Lucan." The next in order is "ane schort treatise, containing some reulis and cautelis to be observit and eschewit in Scottis poesie." The monarch's idea of what a poet should be, may be judged from the following

SONNET

Decifring the perfyte poete.

Ane rype ingyne, ane quick and walkned witt,
With sommair reasons, suddenlie applyit,
For every purpose using reasons fitt,
With skilfulnes, where learning may be spyit,
With pithie wordis, for to expres zow by it
His full intention in his proper leid,
The puritie quhairof weill hes he tryit:
With memorie to keip quhat he dois reid
With skilfulness and figuris, quhilks proceid
From Rhetorique, with everlasting fame
With uthers woundring, preassing with all speid
For to atteine to merite sic a name,
All thir into the perfyte poëte be.
Goddis, grant I may obteine the Laurell trie.

The first chapters teach the rules of rhyming, feet, flowing,

flowing comparisons, &c. The sixth chapter I shall transcribe.

" Ze man also be warre with composing ony thing in the same maner, as hes bene ower oft usit of before. As in speciall, gif ze speik of love, be warre ze descryve zour loves makedome, or her fairnes. And sielyke that ze descryve not the morning and rysing of the sunne, in the preface of zour verse: for thir thingis are sa ofte and diverslie writtin upon be poëtis already, that gif ze do the lyke, it will appeare, ze bot imitate, and that it cummis not of zour awin inventioun, quhilk is ane of the chief properteis of ane poëte. Thairfore gif zour subject be to prayse zour love, ze sall rather prayse hir uther qualiteis, nor her fairnes, or hir shaip: or ellis ze sall speik some lytill thing of it, and syne say, that zour wittis are sa small, and your utterance sa barren, that ze cannot descryve any part of hir worthilie: remitting alwayis to the reider, to judge of hir, in respect sho matches, or rather excellis Venus, or any woman quhome to it sall please you to compaire her. Bot gif zour subject be sic, as ze man speik some thing of the morning, or sunne rysing, tak heid, that quhat name ze give to the sunne, the mone, or uther starris the ane tyme, gif ze happin to wryte thairof another tyme, to change thair names. As gif ze call the sunne Titan at a tyme, to call him Phœbus or Apollo the uther tyme, and sielyke the mone, and uther planettis."

In the seventh chapter, recommending an invariable exertion of self invention, he adds the following politic *cautel*.

" Ze man also be war of wryting any thing of matteris of cõmoun weill, or uther sic grave sene subjectis (except

(except metaphorically, of manifest truth opinly knawin, zit nochtwithstanding using it very seindil) because nocht onely ze essay nocht zour awin inventioun, as I spak before, bot lykeways they are to grave materis for a poet to mell in."

The eighth chapter treats of the several kinds of verse and that "in materis of love" gives the British Solomon an opportunity of introducing the following lyrics as an example of that "cuttit and brokin verse, quhair of new formes were (then) daylie invented according to the poëtis pleasour,"

Quha wald have tyrde to heir that tone,
Quhilk birds corroborat ay abone
Through schouting of the larkis!
They sprang sa heich into the skyes,
Quhill Cupide walknis with the cryis
Of Nature's chapell clerkis.
Then leaving all the heavins above,
He lichted on the eard;
Lo! how that lytill god of love
Before me then appeard.
So mylde-like
And child-like,
With bow thre quarters skant,
So moilie
And coylie
He lukit lyke a Sant.

These "rules and cautels," which are the most curious portion of the book, are followed by a metrical version of the hundred and fourth psalm, out of Tremellius, and "ane schort poeme of Tyme."

This volume, it must be confessed, conveys no exalted idea of James's poetical talents; nor, considering

ing these but "the essayes of a prentise in the arte," do his subsequent efforts further his claim to the title of a poet. The royal versifyer was useful, however, by reflection: the example of the monarch influenced the exertions of his subjects, and if he was not, like Falstaff, witty himself, he at least "was the cause of wit in other men." O. G.

ART. XV. *Extracts from John Taylor's Praise of the Needle. By a Correspondent.*

The following extracts have been sent me by a Correspondent, whose literary talents I have long respected, but the title page of the volume whence they were taken being lost, and not being acquainted with the poem, here cited, I have waited in hopes of ascertaining the point, because my Correspondent conceives the author not to be the writer of this name, who is called "The Water-Poet."

THE PRAISE OF THE NEEDLE.

II.

Katharine first married to Arthur, Prince of Wales, and afterwards to Henry the 8. *King of England.*

I read that in the seaventh King Henries raigne,
Fair Katherine, daughter to the Castile King,
Came into England with a pompous traine
Of Spanish ladies, which she thence did bring.

She

She to the eight King Henry married was,
And afterwards divorced, where vertuously
(Although a Queen) yet shee her dayes did pas
In working with the Needle curiously;
As in the Tower, and places more beside,
Her excellent memorials may be seene:
Whereby the Needle's praise is dignifide
By her faire ladyes, and her self, a Queene.
Thus for her paynes, here her reward is just;
Her works proclaime her praise, though she be dust.

III.

Mary, Queene of England, and Wife to Philip King of Spaine.

Her daughter Mary here the scepter swaide;
And though she were a Queene of mighty power,
Her memorie will never be decaide;
Which by her workes are likewise in the Tower.
In Windsor Castle, and in Hampton Court,
In that most pompous roome cal'd Paradice:
Who-ever pleaseth thither to resort,
May see some workes of hers of wondrous price.
Her Greatnesse held it no dis-reputation,
To take the Needle in her royall hand:
Which was a good example to our nation,
To banish Idlenesse from out her land:
And thus this Queene, in wisedome thought it fit,
The Needle's worke pleas'd *her*, and she grac'd *it*.

IV.

Elizabeth Queene of England, and daughter to King Henry the eight.

When this great Queene, whose memory shall not
By any tearme of time be overcast;
For when the world, and all therein shall rot,
Yet shall her glorious fame for ever last;
When she a maide, had many troubles past,
From jayle to jayle, by Mary's angry spleene;
And Wood-stocke, and the Tower in prison fast,
And after all, was England's Peerlesse Queene;
Yet howsoever sorrow came or went,
She made the Needle her companion still;
And in that exercise her time she spent,
As many living yet, doth know her skill.
Thus was she still a captive, or else crown'd,
A Needle-woman Royall, and renown'd.

V.

The Right Honourable, vertuous, and learned Lady, Mary, late Countesse of Pembrooke.

A patterne and a patronesse she was,
Of vertuous industry, and studious learning:
And she her earthly pilgrimage did passe,
In acts, which were high honour, most concerning.
Brave Wilton-house in Wiltshire well can show,
Her admirable workes in Arras framed:
Where men, and beasts, scene-like, trees seeme to grow,
And Art (surpass'd by Nature) seemes asham'd.
Thus this renowned honourable dame,
Her happy time most happily did spend:
Whose worth recorded in the mouth of fame,
(Untill the world shall end) shall never end.
She wrought so well in Needle-worke, that she,
Nor yet her workes, shall ere forgotten be.

VI.

VI.

The Right Honourable and religious Lady, Elizabeth Dormer, wife to the late Right Honourable the Lord Robert Dormer, deceased.

This noble Lady imitates time past,
Directs time present, teacheth time to come:
And longer then her life, her laud shall last;
Workes shewes her worth, though all the world were dumbe.
And though her reverend selfe, with many days
Of honourable age is loaden deepe,
Yet with her Needle (to her worthy praise)
Shee's working often, ere the sunne doth peepe.
And many times, when Phœbus in the west
Declined is, and Luna shewes her head,
This ancient honour'd Lady rests from rest,
And workes, when idle sloath goes soone to bed.
Thus she the Needle makes her recreation,
Whose well-spent paines are others imitation.

L——d, Jan. 21, 1806. H. W.

To whatever John Taylor this poem of "The Praise of the Needle," belongs, which my Correspondent says has been his delight from childhood, it may not be out of place to give the best account, which occurs to me, of the "Water Poet." This is to be found in the third volume of Osborne's Catalogue of the Harleian Library, in which No. 3517, is, "*All the workes of John Taylor, the Water-Poet: being sixty and three in number. Collected into one volume by the author, with sundry new additions; corrected, revised and newly imprinted, 1630, fol.*"

 "These

"These works consist of several pieces, partly serious, but mostly comical, in prose, as well as verse; which the author had published from time to time, in single pamphlets. He frankly owns himself no scholar; but being a man of good natural parts, of a ready and copious invention, and having travelled much and seen company of all sorts, he has, in many things, made good use, especially in the satirical vein, of his fancy and observations. Several of the nobility, &c. encouraged him; and to them he dedicates several of these tracts. There are also commendatory verses, before many of them, by some ingenious writers. Among the pieces, for which he was most noted, may be reckoned his *Whip of Pride*; *the Travels of Twelvepence*; *Taylor's Goose*; *Taylor's Motto*; *his Chronicles in Verse*; *the Cormorant*; *Praise of Hemp-seed*; *Praise of Clean Linen*; *the Peace with France*; *in praise of Archy*; *several Elegies*, *&c.* Among the Prose pieces, his *Penniless Pilgrimage, from London to Edinburgh*, in which he travelled a mile underneath the sea; *The acts of Nich. Wood, the Kentish Germund*; his *Pieces upon Tho. Coriat, the Odcumbian Traveller*; *Wit and Mirth, or pleasant Jests*, *&c.*

"As to the author, he is said to have been a Gloucestershire man, and was bred a sailor: he was at the taking of Cadiz, under the Earl of Essex, in 1596, and at Flores, in the Island Voyage, next year; he was besides in Germany, Bohemia, Scotland, &c. He was many years Collector for the Lieutenant of the Tower, of the wines, which were his fee, from all ships, which brought them up the Thames: but was

at

at last discharged because he would not purchase the place at more than it was worth. He calls himself "the King's Water Poet," and "the Queen's Waterman;" and wore the badge of the royal arms. After the beheading of King Charles, he kept a public house in Phœnix Alley, near Long Acre, and set up the Mourning Crown, for his sign; but found it safer to take it down again and hang up his own head, instead of it. It is said he died about the year 1654."

ART. XVI. *Succinct genealogies of the noble and ancient Houses of Alno, or de Alneto, Broc of Shephale, Latimer of Duntish, Drayton of Drayton, Mauduit of Westminster, Greene of Drayton, Vere of Addington, Fitz-Lewis of West Horndon, Howard of Effingham, Mordaunt of Turvey, justified by public Records, ancient and extant charters, &c. By Robert Halstead. London.* 1685. *Fol.*

Of this curious and very scarce work, of which only 24 copies were printed, the name of the compiler is fictitious. It was drawn up by Henry, 2d Earl of Peterborough, who died 19 June, 1697, and Mr. Rans, his chaplain, Rector of Turvey, Co. Bedford; and is the same which is mentioned at the head of the article of this family in Collins's Peerage, as collected in the reign of Charles II. and printed at the charge of this nobleman.

It is illustrated with plates of arms, seals, &c. and contains copies or extracts of all the records, title-deeds, and other ancient documents relating to the Mor-

daunts, and their alliances, who obtained their ancient seat at Turvey (which has been long dilapidated and was sold by the present Earl) as early as the reign of Rich. I. by marriage with Alice eldest daughter and coheir of Sir William de Alneto, or D'Aunay. But the first who obtained a peerage was Sir John Mordaunt, who was summoned to the Upper House, 4 May, 1532, and whose father John was a Serjeant at Law, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, temp. Henry VII.

There are many who consider such laborious collections, in honour of individual families, as proofs of a silly and useless vanity; but the severe Dr. Johnson thought otherwise, and deemed it little less than the duty of a grateful posterity thus to honour the memories of distinguished ancestors.*

The magnificent mansion at Drayton in Northamp-

* The History of the Percival family has been since illustrated with very extraordinary industry, in 2 vols. 8vo. under the title of "The History of the House of Ivery;" which as it contained all the families *supposed* to be derived from the common stock of a great Baron, prior to the assumption of surnames, gave a very wide field for collateral materials, and could comprehend the great Baronial House of Lovel, &c. Nor is the race of Percival confined to a family of Irish settlers; but by connecting themselves with the head of their name in Somersetshire, the volumes comprehend some curious particulars regarding a house of English Gentry, whose male descendants have long since expired; but whose name has been replaced in the county with not a little display of feudal ostentation, if we survey the Castle of Enmore, and seems likely to flourish with *new* honours, according to the decisive authority of the Red-Book!

John, the first Earl of Egmont, wrote a considerable part of this genealogical history, according to Lord Orford, who says it was afterwards enlarged and methodized by Anderson, author of the Royal Genealogies, and by Mr. Whiston of the Tally Court. But it was suppressed as far as possible, soon after the publication, so that it is now become scarce.

tonshire,

tonshire, which descended to Earl Henry's daughter and coheir Mary, was left by her to her last husband Sir John Germaine, and is now, I believe, the property of Lord Sackville.

Of the rare and valuable volume here recorded, Mr. Gough says that "eight copies are now known to be extant; viz. two at Drayton House; others in the British Museum; Devonshire House; Heralds' College; Caius College; and the Public Library, Cambridge. Mr. White bought one at Mr. Joy's sale, 1779, for 19 guineas."* The present Editor can add, that a copy is in the Library at Lee, near Canterbury, belonging to the Editor's son, a minor, by devise from his uncle Thomas Barrett, Esq. who died in Jan. 1803.

ART. XVII. *Parochial Antiquities attempted in the History of Ambrosden, Burcester, and other adjacent parts in the counties of Oxford and Bucks. By White Kennet, Vicar of Ambrosden. Vetera Majestas quædam, &c. (ut sic dixerim) Religio commendat. Quinctil. de Instit. Orator l. i. c. 6. Oxford, Printed at the Theater,* 1695. *Qo. pp.* 704. *besides dedication, preface, full index, and long glossary.*

This laborious compilation of the learned Bishop of Peterborough, has for many years been scarce, and sold at a high price. It arose from an inquiry into the abuse of an ancient public charity in the parish of which he was presented to the vicarage in 1685.

* Brit. Topogr. II. p. 51.

"This was the occasion," says he, "which first engaged me in inquiries and searches after papers and records, which might any way relate to my church and parish.

"When I had once began to be thus inquisitive, the slow discoveries which I gradually made, did not so much satisfy my mind, as they did incite it to more impatient desires. So that diverting from my ordinary course of studies, I fell to search for private papers, and public evidences, to examine chartularies, and other manuscripts, and by degrees to run over all printed volumes, which I thought might afford any manner of knowledge of this parish, and the adjacent parts of the country.

"As to the method, I proposed to make it as obvious and regular, as such disjointed matter would allow. Where I wanted authorities, I resolved my conjectures should be short and modest."

At the Norman Conquest, he says he found his matter more copious; and has gathered up many materials to improve Dugdale's Baronage, and thousands of charts and muniments to add to the Monasticon Anglicanum.

At length, as his matter increased upon him, he found it necessary to break off at the year 1460, "having thought it convenient to proceed by way of annals, that he might keep to the exact period of life and action, which are the soul of history, and the criterion of all truth."

Finding, in the progress of the sheets through the press, many terms and phrases unexplained, he has drawn up a glossary of about 118 pages, which furnish improvements to the excellent Glossary of Sir Henry Spelman,

Spelman, of which Du Fresne's Work, as to all the old terms of more peculiar use in this island, is merely an abridgment.

"I am sensible," he concludes, "there be some, who slight and despise this sort of learning, and represent it to be a dry barren monkish study. I leave such to their dear enjoyments of ignorance and ease. But I dare assure any wise and sober man, that Historical Antiquities, especially a search into the notices of our own nation, do deserve and well reward the pains of any English student; will make him understand the state of former ages, the constitution of governments, the fundamental reasons of equity and law, the rise and succession of doctrines and opinions, the original of ancient, and the composition of modern, tongues; the tenures of property, the maxims of policy, the rites of religion, the characters of virtue and vice, and indeed the nature of mankind."

In the Dedication to his patron, Sir William Glynne, Bart. he says farther on this subject: "As to the performance, I am under no concern to vindicate it from the slights and ridicules that may be cast upon it by idle witty people, who think all history to be scraps, and all antiquity to be rust and rubbish. Next to the immediate discharge of my holy office, I know not how in any course of studies I could have better served my patron, my people, and my successors, than by preserving the memoirs of this parish and the adjacent parts, which before lay remote from common notice, and in few years had been buried in unsearchable oblivion. If the present age be too much immersed in cares or pleasures, to take any relish, or

to

to make any use of these discoveries, I then appeal to posterity: for I believe the times will come, when persons of better inclination will arise, who will be glad to find any collection of this nature; and will be ready to supply the defects, and carry on a continuation of it."

The volume contains nine plates of churches and seats, by Michael Burghers, distinguished by a certain kind of character, like that of the Flemish school of painters, which is exceedingly amusing and attractive.

ART. XVIII. *A Register and Chronicle Ecclesiastical and Civil, containing matters of fact, delivered in the words of the most authentic books, papers and records, digested in exact order of time. With proper notes and references towards discovering and connecting the true History of England from the Restauration of King Charles II. Vol. I. Faithfully taken from the Manuscript Collections of the Lord Bishop of Peterborough. London, Printed for R. Williamson, near Gray's Inn Gate in Holborn.* 1728. *Fol. pp.* 938, *besides Dedication, Preface and Index.*

The Dedication of this work to the Queen is dated March 1, 1727-8, and the Bishop died 19 Dec. following, æt. 69.

The Preface commences with these observations.

"The common world will judge, that it has much more of reputation to be an author, than to be a bare collector: and this will be a standing reason, why the multitude

multitude of writers shall aim at the more creditable name, and why so few seem willing to submit to that lower character. But however to write for praise and popularity is one thing, and to write for public use and service is a different thing. The first indeed is more natural; the latter has somewhat of self denial and mortification in it.

"The author has not only the pleasure of hunting after the applause of others, but he enjoys a quicker taste of pleasing himself, being at liberty to indulge his invention, his judgment, his fancy, wit, oratory, or any other prevailing talent in him; while the dull collector is confined to the sort of mechanic drudgery, to the running, stooping, searching, poring, picking out, and putting together, a mass of authorities; and often revising, collating, and transferring of them, without being able to bring them soon into any regular form and fashion. As inglorious, as for the day-labourer to be throwing up a heap of stones and rubbish, while the noble architect alone has the satisfaction and credit of raising and perfecting his own model.

"And yet in compiling any history fit to be read, the proper materials are to be sought out with diligence, and before they are compacted, they must be examined, compared, corrected, and adjusted in due order, and marked out for the respective use and occupation of them. And therefore the dry collectors of original and authentic matter, such as acts, deeds, records, and other evidences, do somewhat more of service to the world, to posterity at least, than those finer pens, that upon slight materials strike out a goodly frame,

frame, to little better purpose, than the building a castle in that place, where there can be no foundation for it."

The volume however, useful as it is, remained for many years, and probably still continues, little better than waste paper in booksellers' shops. Such is public caprice!

Dr. White Kennett, the compiler, was son of a clergyman at Dover, in Kent, where he was born Aug. 10, 1660. In 1684, he became A. M. at Oxford, and in 1685, Vicar of Ambrosden. In 1691 he was chosen Lecturer of St. Martin's in Oxford, and Tutor, and Vice-Principal of St. Edmund's Hall. In 1695 he published his Parochial Antiquities; and in 1699 he became D.D. and was appointed Minister of St Botolph, Aldgate, London. About 1705 he prepared a third volume to the collection of Writers of English History; of which the second edition came out in 1719. In 1707, he was appointed Dean of Peterborough, and was promoted to the bishopric in November, 1718. *

His younger brother the Rev. Basil Kennet, D.D. well known for his "Lives of the Grecian poets," and other learned works, died 1714, aged 40.

Art. XIX. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

[continued from p. 192.]

Art. 18. *Three proper and wittie and familiar Letters lately passed betwene two Universite men touching the earth-*

* The Biographical Dictionary, with its usual deficiency, omits the mention of either of the works here registered.

quake

quake in April last; and our English reformed Versifying, with a preface by a well wisher to both.

Two other Commendable Letters of the same man's writing. Imprinted at London by H. Bynneman, dwelling in Thames Strete near unto Baynard's Castle, Anno 1580. *

Comprized in 70 folios, ornamented with large letters, &c. &c.

Art. 19. *The Paradyse of Dainty Devises,* 1578.

Contains a dozen or fourteen poems, not entered in the contents of the first edition, mentioned in CENSURA, No. III.

Art. 20. *Comedie of Alexander, Campaspe and Diogenes. Printed by Cadman,* 1584.

Art. 21. *The Sayings or Proverbs of King Solomon with the answers of Marcolpus. Imprinted by R. Pinson on* 8 *folios.*

Art. 22. *Opuscula Roberti Whittintoni in florentissima Oxoniensi Academia Laureati,* 1519, *by Wynken de Worde.*

This is remarkably finely printed on 36 folios.

Art. 23. *Copy of the Commandement General of the Abbot of Evyle Profytes. Printed by Peter Traverys.*

Art. 24. *The Lytell Treatyse of the Beautye of Weomen, newly translated of the French into Englishe. Printed by Richard Fawkes Durham Rents. With a frontispiece.*

The eighteen last mentioned are all of a size, and bound together in Russia leather, by the possessor, M. G. † who communicates this account of them.

* See Herb. II. 985. *Editor.*

† I hear they are since transferred to Mr. Heber.

Art.

Art. 25. *Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonnettes, newly written by Barnabe Googe. London, Imprinted by Tho. Colwell, for Rafe Newbery, &c. Small 8vo.*

Mr. Steevens, of whose library this book formed No. 876, said there was no scarcer book in the English language than this. It now belongs to Mr. Heber.

Art. 26. *Eccho, or the Infortunate Lovers, a poem, by James Sherley, Cant. in Art. Bacc. Lond.* 1618. *8vo.*

Primum hunc Arethusa, mihi concede laborem.

From a MS. note to Astle's copy of Wood's Athenæ. The first date to any of Shirley's works, in Wood, is 1629. Wood says, he went from Oxford to Cambridge, where he presumes he took the degrees in Arts. He died 1666.

Art. 27. *The Mirrour of Princely Deedes and Knighthood, wherein is shewed the Worthinesse of the Knight of the Sunne, and his brother Rosicleer, with the strange Love of the beautifull Princesse Briana and the valiant Actes of other noble Princes and Knights, translated out of the Spanish by Margaret Tyler, B. L. 9 parts in 3 vols. 4to. imprinted by Tho. Este, Tho. Purfoote, &c.* 1598.

It was No. 1158, of the library of Steevens, who says he never saw or heard of another copy.

Art. 28. *Laurus Leslæana explicata, sive clarior enumeratio Personarum utriusque Sexus Cognominis Leslie, una cum affinibus, titulis, officiis, dominiis, gestisque breviter indicatis, quibus a sexcentis et amplius annis Prosapia illa floret, ex variis authoribus Manuscriptis, et testimoniis fide dignis in unum Collecta, cum Figuris. Græcii,* 1692, *Fol.*

This is from Osborne's Harleian Catalogue, and is accompanied by the following remarks.

"This curious piece contains an account of all the illustrious

trious persons, of both sexes, appertaining to the noble family of Leslie; as also a genealogical table of all the families, deducing their original from Bertholdus, the great ancestor of the Leslies, who came out of Hungary, with Queen Margaret into England, about the year of our Lord, 1067, and from thence went into Scotland in the reign of Malcolm III. The author proves this noble family to be of Hungarian extraction, from the modern names of several places in Hungary, which plainly allude to the word Leslie, as Leslinia, Lessilia, Leles, &c. In short, nothing can be more worthy the perusal and regard of a member of any family springing from the illustrious Bertholdus Leslie, than this piece, as it gives an ample and full description of every noble family descended from him, in whatever country settled. It is dedicated to Count Leslie, one of the Emperor Leopold's most famous generals, whose effigies, extremely well done, is prefixed to the work. The Genealogical Table, abovementioned, seems to be invaluable, and consists at least of three or four sheets."

Art. XX. *Obituary.*

1801. William Cockin, author of a treatise on Arithmetic, and of a posthumous poem, entitled "The Rural Sabbath," 1805.

Nov. 1804. Major James Mercer, author of "Lyric Poems," 1804. See Edinburgh Review, Vol. VII. p. 472.

To Correspondents.

Robert Baron.

The Editor is much obliged by the hint of H. G. who having in his possession "*The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia, written by Sir Philip Sidney, Knight. Now the eighth time published with some additions. With the Supplement of a Defect in the third part of this History, by Sir W. A. Knight. Whereunto is now added a sixth Book, by R. B. of Lincolne's Inn, Esq. London, Printed for Simon Waterson, and R. Young, Anno* 1633. *Folio. With an engraved title-page,*" and finding on the authority of Chetwood, in the British Theatre, 1750, that R.B. was ROBERT BARON, supposes the age assigned to that poet in Vol. I. p. 166, of this work, is erroneous; but this Correspondent is not aware, that the authority of Chetwood is of very little value; and R. B. of Lincoln's Inn, could never be Robert Baron of Gray's Inn.

The Editor is much obliged to the Correspondent whom he addressed in his last Number, and whose explanation has amply satisfied him.

The articles of P. B. which arrived too late for the present Number, shall have place in the next.

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